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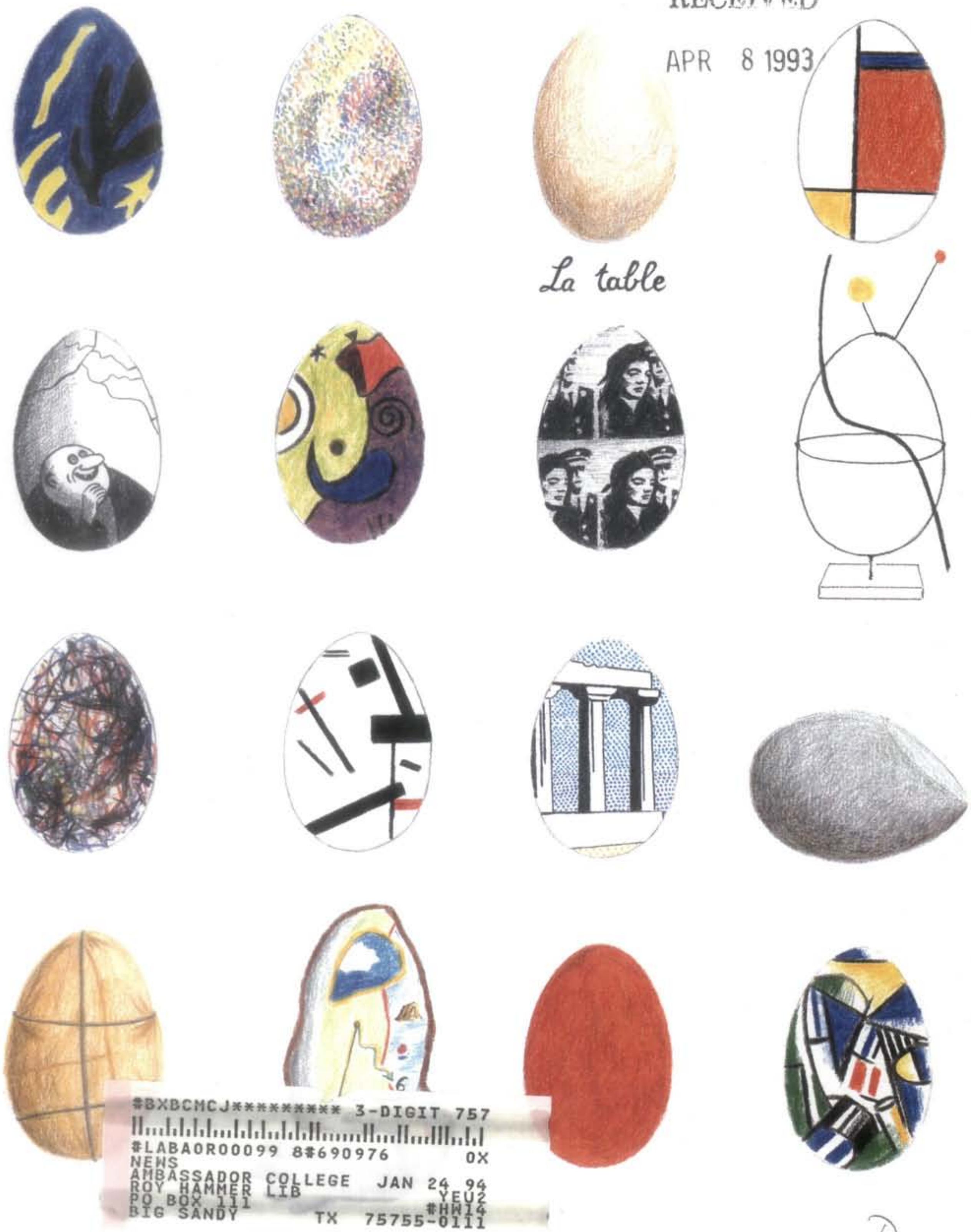

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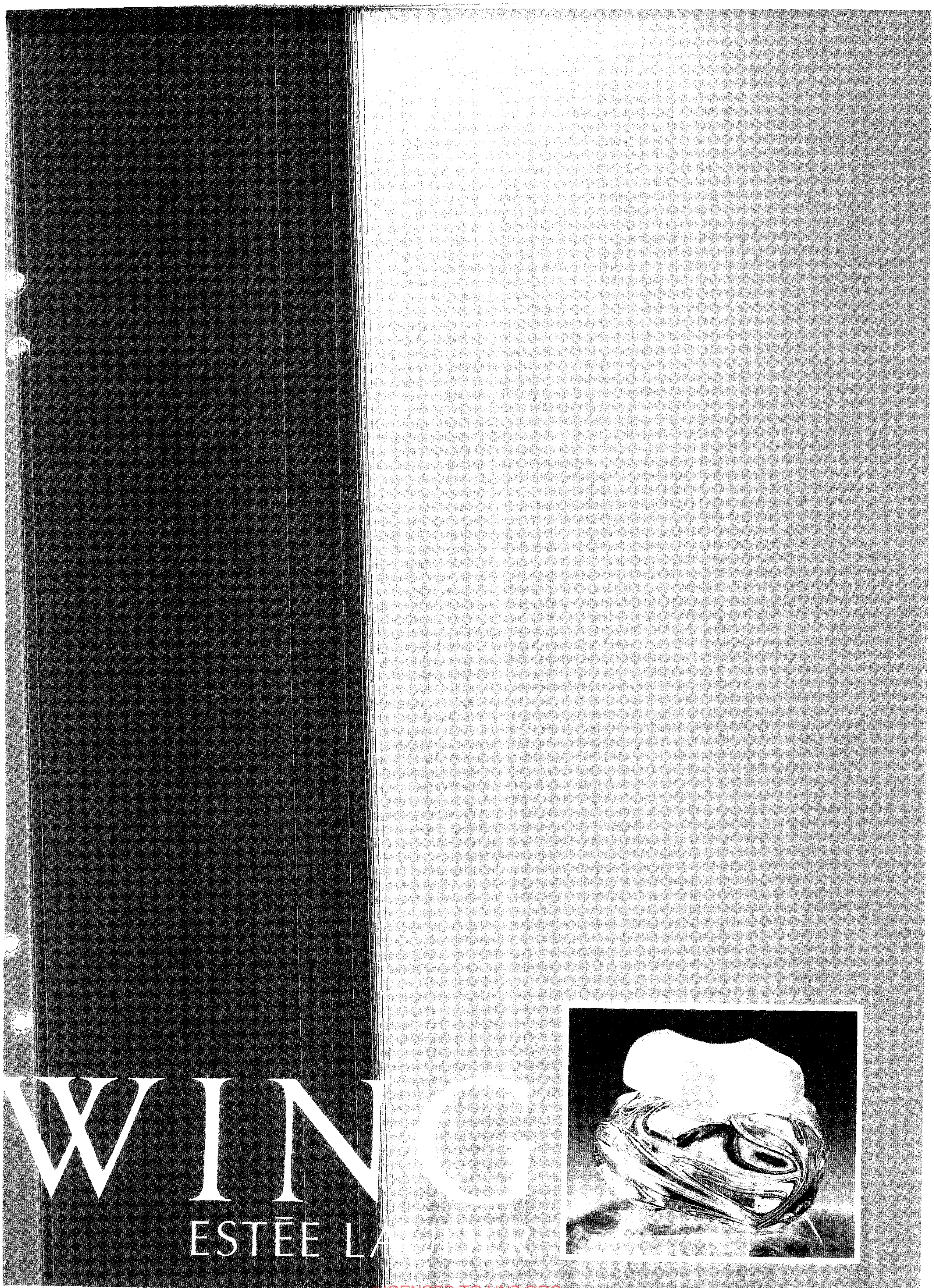
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THE NEW YORKER

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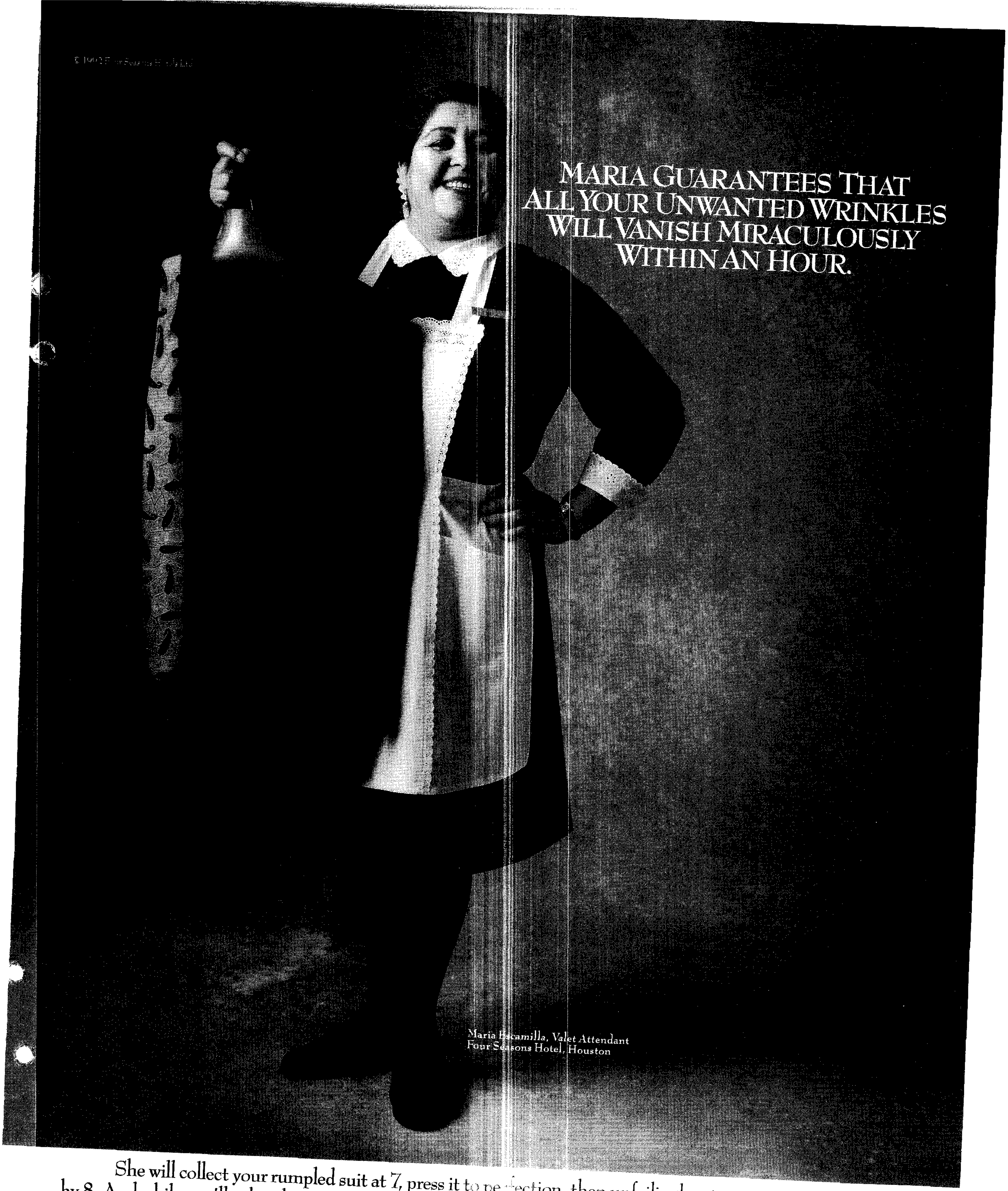
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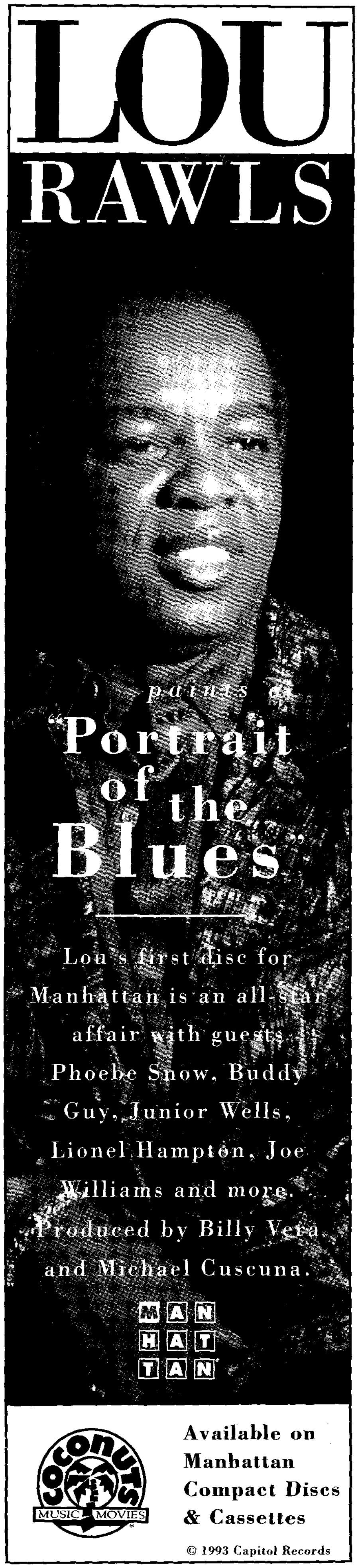

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COMMENT

OFF THE RAILS

The fish are evidently not biting the way they used to over at the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*. It's not for want of worms. On March 18th, the paper announced in its lead editorial, entitled "No Guardrails," that the murder, earlier in the month, of Dr. David Gunn by a Florida anti-abortion activist named Michael Griffin was the consequence of anti-war protests at the 1968 Democratic National Convention. A fundamentalist shoots a doctor in the back in 1993, and Jerry Rubin gets the blame. It's the forensic stretch of all time, the historiographic equivalent of a six-cushion bank shot into the corner pocket; and not even one big, gullible liberal seems to have risen to take the bait.

Possibly (and sensibly) deducing that big, gullible liberals don't reliably check the editorials in the *Journal* these days, the paper took an ad on the back page of the *Times* last Tuesday and reprinted the editorial there, along with the suggestion that "the views expressed are relevant to our times and our troubles, and merit thoughtful consideration by all who seek solutions." And it added, "Your comments will be welcomed."

The first comment that comes to mind is that it's a sad day for American conservatism when the editors of the *Wall Street Journal* are reduced to buying space in somebody else's newspaper to plead for abuse. It wasn't so long ago that "the sixties" still served as a kind of all-purpose official excuse for pretty much any moral or social problem we had, and that whenever a canard like the *Journal's* about the murder of David Gunn was let fly you could count on its being taken seriously by *someone*. Dan Quayle would go with the thing, or Bill Bennett. You could reasonably expect to get a "Nightline" out of it. Now these shots just seem to whizz harmlessly past their targets.

Who are the targets, anyway? It's not as though the landscape were swarming with unreconstructed sixties types. (Jerry Rubin, at last report, was running his own business, selling patent medicines.) But it isn't only the radicals of old that the *Journal* has in mind when it identifies the 1968 Chicago riots as the inspiration for contemporary civil violence. "The

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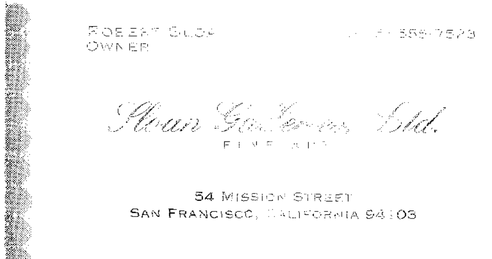

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larger responsibility," it explains, "falls on the intellectuals—university professors, politicians and journalistic commentators—who said then that the *acts* committed by the protesters were justified or explainable." (What most such people commented on at the time, when they weren't deploring the excesses of the demonstrators, was the *acts* committed by the Chicago Police Department—a banal fact that tarnishes the beautiful simplicity of the *Journal's* analysis.)

Intellectuals, professors, journalistic commentators—it's a group resurrected from last year's Presidential campaign, when it was called "the cultural élite." These are the people who, the *Journal* says, "provided the theoretical underpinnings" for the shift in American culture "away from community and family rules of conduct and toward more autonomy, more personal independence." They're the ones who "consciously and systematically took down the guardrails" that defined acceptable social and personal behavior. "Born with large reservoirs of intelligence and psychological strength," the *Journal* points out, these cultural *Übermenschen* continue to peddle permissiveness to the "weaker or more vulnerable" among us, and remain indifferent to the destruction they sow. "Most of the teenage girls in the Midwest who learn about the nuances of sex from magazines published by thirtysomething women in New York will more or less survive," the paper observes, in the zany climax of its argument, "but some continue to end up as prostitutes on Eighth Avenue." ("We gave her everything," the weeping parents explained, "but she just wouldn't stop reading *Mademoiselle*.")

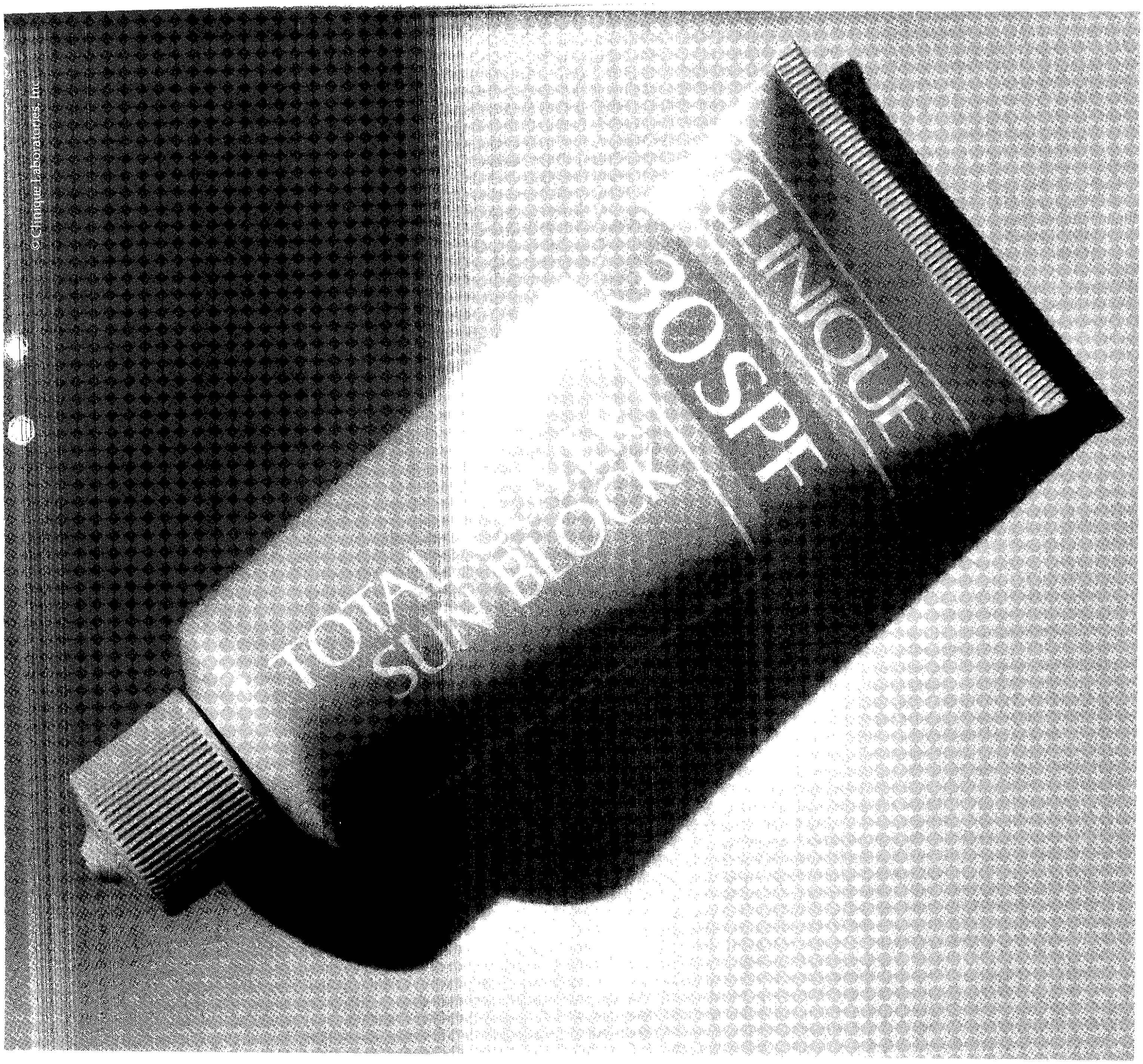
How Michael Griffin, who after his arrest requested a Bible in his cell, counts as a victim of permissivist brainwashing is a logical challenge that the *Journal* wisely avoids. The paper contents itself with reflecting, "Michael Griffin and Dr. David Gunn are merely two names on a long list of confrontations and personal catastrophe going back 25 years. That today is the status quo. The alternative is to start rethinking it."

Rethinking the killing of Dr. Gunn is easy to do. His assassin, Michael Griffin, was a member of a prominent anti-abortion group, Rescue America, whose local leader, a former Ku Klux Klansman named John Burt, remarked immediately after the crime, "No babies will die for the next three or four weeks. It's something good coming out of something bad." Mr. Griffin had apparently read a flyer distributed by another anti-abortion group, Operation Rescue, which began, "WANTED: We need your help to stop Dr. David Gunn," and provided a detailed itinerary of Dr. Gunn's visits to abortion clinics. "REWARD," the flyer said at the bottom. "Babies' lives will be saved if he stops!"

It is Dr. Gunn, of course, and not Mr. Griffin, who, as a man committed to making abortion a choice available to women, fits the *Journal's* description of a sixties type. Mr. Griffin fits another description—that of the rootless, involuted man who, unable to find his identity in a group, or even in an idea, seeks it in a spasm of murderous violence instead. People like Mr. Griffin don't represent a position on the political spectrum, because they aren't on any spectrum—they just turn up in every edition of the zeitgeist. Mr. Griffin evokes the sixties, all right: he evokes Lee Harvey Oswald, James Earl Ray, Sirhan Sirhan, and the still unconvicted killer of Medgar Evers, among others whose minds were entirely untouched by liberal intellectuals, professors, and journalistic commentators. These people didn't think violence was chic. They didn't know what chic was.

What seems to set this kind of mind off is the notion that there exists some group of unidentified villains secretly devoted to the destruction of what is valuable in life, and that if the villains can be eradicated the destruction can be prevented. "The cultural élite" has become a villain of this kind. No doubt such talk helps mobilize opinion, but it always relies on a certain vagueness about who "the enemies" actually are and what they actually do or say. (The *Journal's* editorial, for example, consists wholly of generalizations—no names, no specific examples.) When the enemy is given a proper name, he or she usually turns out to be only a person roughly as well intentioned, as humanly limited, and as needy as the rest of us. "He was a really great guy," Dr. Gunn's son told the Washington *Post*. "I'm just now beginning to understand that I won't ever see him again." ♦

CELEBRITY WITHOUT A CAUSE
I don't really want to use the power of my celebrity to talk about anything more important, so thanks for the award, and BYE!



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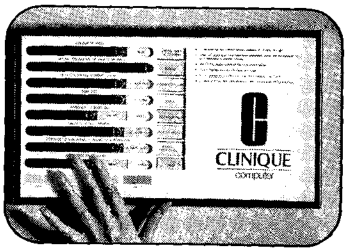

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

Changing Key

MANDY PATINKIN has made such a specialty of playing tremulous-voiced, high-strung types that the prospect of seeing him as Marvin, the troubled mensch in William Finn's musical "Falsettos," had more than a few committed theatregoers reaching for their revolvers. Well, put away the pistols: he's terrific. All the qualities that made him so unbalance the ensemble in "The Secret Garden"—in that musical about finding involvements outside the self he seemed merely self-involved—are kept in abeyance in "Falsettos." Has the experience of playing Jung, in the "Falsettos" number "Jason's Therapy," started him on a process of healthy individuation?

One is almost tempted to take the question seriously, particularly in the light of Mr. Patinkin's apt reading of Marvin and his controlled performance as the adult drifter, Nashe, in Philip Haas's forthcoming movie of Paul Auster's novel "The Music of Chance." His acting is so restrained that when Nashe sings a brief a-cappella portion of Parry's setting of Blake's "Jerusalem," during a dinner scene, it becomes an almost unbearably generous moment of self-expression. In tone, both his Nashe and most of his work in "Falsettos" seem far removed from the grandstanding of one of his other recent Broadway assignments, the solo songspiel "Dress Casual." Mr. Patinkin will probably extend his "Falsettos" stint through May, even as another above-the-title cast member, Stephen Bogardus, is replaced by Sean McDermott.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

AIN'T BROADWAY GRAND—Mike Burstyn portrays Mike Todd in this musical comedy. The score is by Mitch Leigh, the book is by Thomas Meehan and Lee Adams, and the lyrics are by Mr. Adams. Directed by Scott Harris. In previews. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

JENNY KEEPS TALKING—A new play by Richard Greenberg, with Leslie Ayvazian. Preview on April 7. Opens April 8 at 7:30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

JEWISH REPERTORY THEATRE—The third show of the season is **THE KING OF CARPETS**, a comedy by Joel Hammer. Previews through April 10. Opens April 11 at 7. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

LAUREEN'S WHEREABOUTS—A play by Larry Ketron. The cast comprises Mark Blum, Mia Dillon, Carolyn McCormick, Kevin O'Rourke, and Scott Sowers. Opens April 7 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

MEMORY TRICKS—Marga Gomez's one-woman show, which Roberta Levitow directed. Previews through April 12. Opens April 13 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

ANGELS IN AMERICA—"Millennium Approaches," the first half of Tony Kushner's epic work, starts previews on April 12. "Perestroika," the second half, will open in October and will run in repertory with "Millennium Approaches." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

ONE SHOE OFF—Jeffrey DeMunn, Daniel Gerroll, Mary Beth Hurt, Brian Kerwin, and Jennifer Tilly in a new play by Tina Howe. Directed by Carole Rothman. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

PRETTY FIRE—A one-woman play written by and starring Charlayne Woodard. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Jack Klugman and Tony Randall star in the National Actors Theatre's revival of a comedy by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. Previews through April 11. Opens April 13 at 8. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

THE WHO'S "TOMMY"—The Pinball Wizard comes to Broadway. Pete Townshend and director Des McAnuff have adapted the classic rock opera for the stage. In previews. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ANOTHER TIME—A 1989 play, by Ronald Harwood, about a Jewish family in South Africa. Malcolm McDowell, Marian Seldes, Joan Copeland, Michael Lombard, and James Waterston make up the cast. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes April 11.)

AVEN' U BOYS—The boys in question, as tough a gang as you're likely to meet, are of Italian extraction, live in Bensonhurst, spend much of their time punching one another, often give their girlfriends a rough time, and become tangled in racial hatred and violence. The actors are Ron Eldard, Michael Imperioli, Lucinda Jenney, Cynthia Martells, Adrian Pasdar, and Lili Taylor; the director was Frederick Zollo. Frank Pugliese's play has its ups and downs but it is performed as well as anything else in town. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

BACK TO BACHARACH AND DAVID—A new musical revue, directed by Kathy Najimy. The singers are Melinda Gilb, Steve Gunderson, Sue Mosher, and Lillias White. (Club 53, at the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. 261-5853.)

THE BEST OF FRIENDS—The friends are Bernard Shaw, as brilliantly impersonated by Roy Dotrice; Sir Sydney Cockerell, curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum, in Cambridge; and Dame Laurentia McLachlan, a nun. Hugh Whitemore has fashioned a play of sorts from the letters the three wrote to one another from 1924 to 1962; the letters, delightful in themselves, are read with such charm and animation by Mr. Dotrice, Diana Douglas, and Michael Allinson that they become the most engaging conversation imaginable. William Partlan directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/5/93.) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Playwrights Caryl Churchill ("Owners" and "Traps") and Tina Howe ("One Shoe Off").

EILEEN TRAVELL

CANDIDA—The setting by David Jenkins, as lighted by Peter Kaczorowski, has great distinction, which is all that can be said for this production of Shaw's play. (4/5/93) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF STEPIN FETCHIT—A play written by Matt Robinson and based on the life of the actor Lincoln Perry. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

DEEP IN A DREAM OF YOU—A collection of twelve monologues by David Cale. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

FOOL MOON—Bill Irwin and David Shiner are the inspired clowns in a show that is perfection itself. The only sound you'll hear is the merry music of the Red Clay Ramblers and the abundant laughter of the audience. (3/8/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This edition is as funny as most of its predecessors. Among the new shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and the holdovers include "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini, as if you had to be told, is the inspired writer and director, and Susanne Blakeslee, Dorothy Kiara, Brad Oscar, and Craig Wells are the splendid performers, doing a large assortment of roles. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

THE GOODBYE GIRL—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short, two brilliant, funny stars, transform this otherwise indifferent musical adaptation of Neil Simon's movie into a sporadically festive evening. The dances by Graciela Daniele are more than helpful, as is the comic support by John Christopher Jones. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by David Zippel. Michael Kidd directed. (3/15/93) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

JEFFREY—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE—A revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 17.)

NAKED ANGELS—Presenting a program of one-acts by or about women. The playwrights include Jon Robin Baitz, Craig Lucas, and Jacquelyn Reingold, and among the performers are Martha Plimpton, Fisher Stevens, and Nancy Travis. (114 W. 17th St. 727-0012. Closes April 10.)

OLEANNA—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other topics in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. Treat Williams and Mary McCann make up the cast. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

OWNERS and **TRAPS**—Two plays by Caryl Churchill. The first is from 1972 and the second from 1977. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

PUTTING IT TOGETHER—This celebration of Stephen Sondheim's music was first seen last year in Oxford, England. With Julie Andrews, Stephen Collins, Christopher Durang, Michael Rupert, and Rachel York. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

REDWOOD CURTAIN—Jeff Daniels stars in a play by Lanford Wilson. Marshall W. Mason was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

CRABTREE

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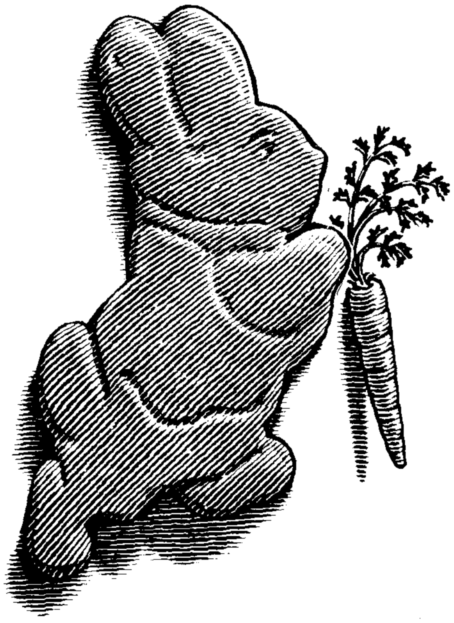

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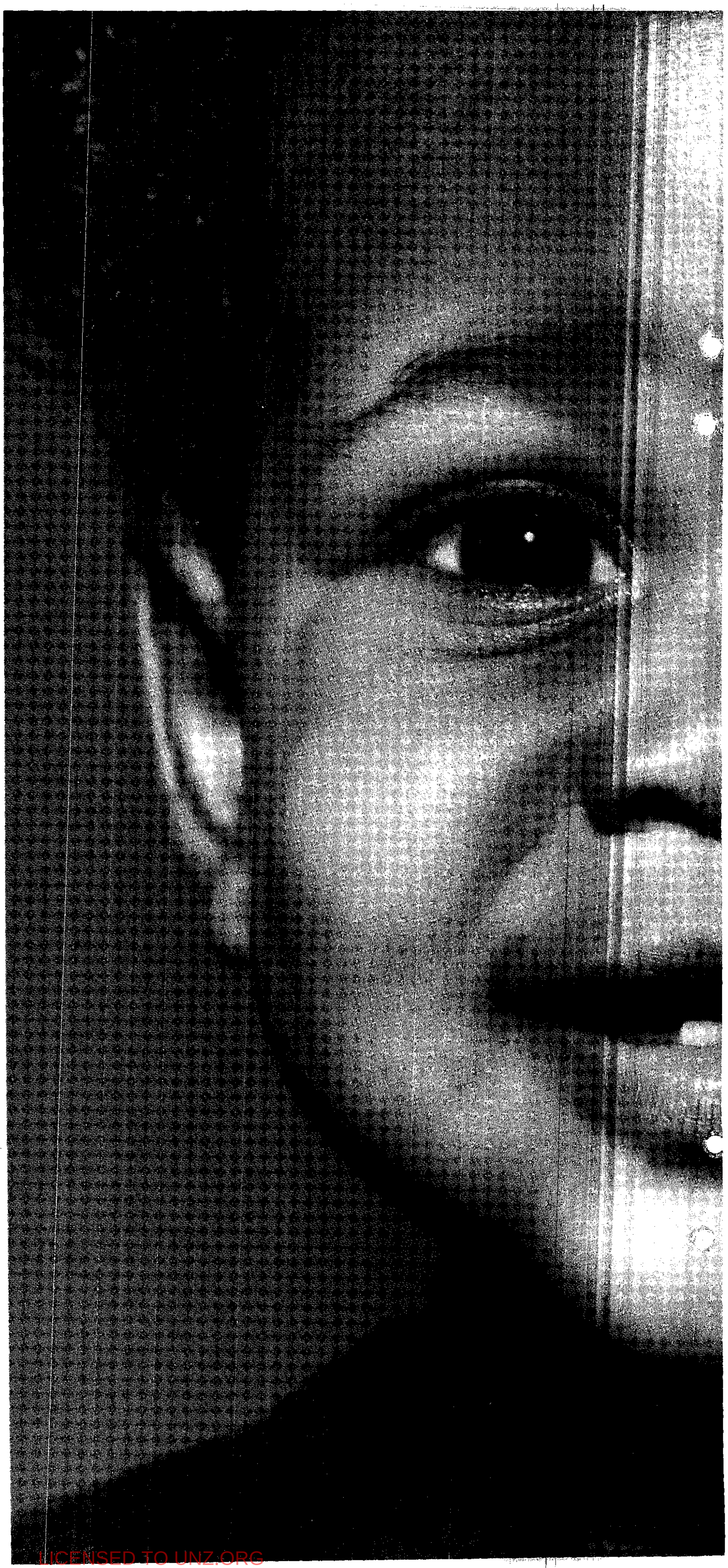

from economically disadvantaged backgrounds—are discovering the fun and relevance of studying math and science.

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For students of all ages.

PUBLIC TELEVISION

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Robert Desrosiers, Philip Drube, and Marie-Josée Dubois at the Joyce.

MICHAELE VOLLBRACH

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Michael York (English), Stephen Rea (Irish), and Chuck Cooper (American) portray hostages in Beirut in Frank McGuinness's moving and humorous play. Robin Lefèvre directed. (12/7/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Song of Jacob Zulu—A play by Tug Yourgrau, with the musical group Ladysmith Black Mambazo (led by Joseph Shabalala), Zakes Mokae, and K. Todd Freeman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Three Hotels—A new play by Jon Robin Baitz, with Christine Lahti and Ron Rifkin. Joe Mantello directed. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Wilder, Wilder, Wilder—Three one-acters by the invaluable Thornton—"The Long Christmas Dinner," "Pullman Car Hiawatha," and, best of all, "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." The actors, though most of them are comparatively inexperienced, do a very good job, so the real star of the occasion is Edward Berkeley, the director. Seen recently at the McGinn/Cazale, the plays start here April 9. (12/21/92) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Wings—This musical adaptation of Arthur Kopit's strong and beautiful play about a woman's recovery from a stroke works surprisingly well. Jeffrey Lunden's score and Arthur Perlman's book and lyrics are faithful in every way to the original, and Linda Stephens is a worthy successor to Constance Cummings, which is saying a lot. (4/5/93) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

The Wiz—Stephanie Mills and André De Shields return to their original roles in this revival of the 1975 musical. (Beacon, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Closes April 11.)

Wrong Turn at Lungfish—The play owes more to day-in, day-out television than it does to the theatre, but it does at least serve as an occasion to present George C. Scott as a grouchy, dying old professor. Mr. Scott does not let us down, and Tony Danza, making his New York stage début, demonstrates that he deserves a better part under happier circumstances. (3/8/93) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FALSETTOS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

Aficionado

MEL HOWARD just can't get enough of the tango. Several years ago, after having co-produced the smash Broadway revue "Tango Argentino," he travelled to South America, where he fell for a painting of a couple of *tangueros*, by the Argentine artist Ricardo Carpani. He met Mr. Carpani, who showed him many more tango paintings, and Mr. Howard was knocked out. On returning to New York, he learned that the Sexteto Mayor—the orchestra from "Tango Argentino"—was looking for work. "I said to myself, 'Wow! I have the Sexteto, and there are these paintings,'" Mr. Howard recalled the other day. "I thought of the choreographer Hector Zaraspe; he's ballet, but he really knows tango steps. And I heard about a new generation of professional tango dancers coming up in Argentina." That's how "Tango Pasión"—at the Longacre Theatre, with previews beginning April 23—was born.

As with "Tango Argentino," there will be lots of dancing and singing; but Mr. Howard promises there will also be more, well, *pasión*, too: flirting, feuding, and, at one point, a Carpani painting coming to life. From Buenos Aires to Bel Air, it's a tango world today, Mr. Howard seems to figure. "Remember the tango scene in 'Scent of a Woman?'" he asked. (That's where Al Pacino tells a young woman whom his character is teaching a palm-court version of the dance, "No mistakes in the tango, Donna. Not like life. Simple.") Does Mr. Howard tango himself? "Oh no," he said. "It's much too hard."

Philadanco—April 7-10 at 8: "Crossing the River," "Last Temptation," "Surfacing II," "Morning Songs," and "Sketches." . . . ¶ April 10 at 2: "Rosa," "Men Against the Wall," and excerpts from "A Rag, a Bone and a Hank of Hair." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Desrosiers Dance Theatre—Presenting the première of "Black & White in Colour." Opening night is April 13 at 8; the engagement runs through April 18. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

Rave New World

"THE main aesthetic is techno-organic," Mariano Airaldi said. Airaldi is one of the impresarios of El Sensorium, a new Williamsburg wormhole that is open on the last Saturday of every month, in the basement of a factory at 141-155 South 5th Street. The word "club" is nixed as too commercial by Airaldi, a twenty-five-year-old Argentine who, with five colleagues—the six collectively known as Lalalandia—produces raves and other "entertainment of the future" at various sites in Brooklyn's volatile bohemia, just across the Williamsburg Bridge. Each monthly gathering at El Sensorium is filmed by Lalalandia, and the décor is a kind of surreal set. The bar, for instance, is covered with topsoil in which lime-green weeds sprout, nurtured by a waterfall. On one recent Saturday, Airaldi and company installed a gigantic aquarium in which a scuba diver floated for hours making faces at passersby.

El Sensorium is subdivided into several lounges. One of them is tucked under a translucent plastic dome onto which images of water are projected from the outside. Another is in a sort of cave made out of golden wire mesh. As Airaldi's description implies, the music is a mixture of techno dance tracks, synthesized sound, and snippets of radio broadcasts. If all this isn't enough, you can try and tune in to word-of-mouth intelligence about El Sensorium's occasional disk-spinning parties given by Soul Slinger and Super DJ Dmitry Brill of Deee-Lite, where Lady Kier Kirby raves along with everyone else.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**WESLIA WHITFIELD** is currently making her Oak Room début. The singer, who made her name on the San Francisco cabaret circuit, counts Tony Bennett and Michael Feinstein among her admirers. Her four-week program, titled "Beautiful Love," focusses on classic American songwriters. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. After the show, be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams. **DAVE FRISHBERG,** a singer, pianist, and songwriter, is here through April 11. Frishberg has been compared to Sondheim for his craftsmanship and to Porter for his sharp social commentary. Many of his tunes—"Peel Me a Grape," "My Attorney Bernie"—have become cabaret standards. His pianistic skills aren't to be overlooked, either; in his early days, he played with a long list of jazz notables. Closed Mondays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Once you get past the rough bits here—the hordes of tourists, the cattlecar seating, the stiff prices—you're likely to find yourself face to face with some of the biggest names in jazz. The **TONY WILLIAMS** quintet and the **JACKIE MC LEAN** sextet trade sets through April 11. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, airy folk-and-rock club. **DARLENE LOVE** is here April 7-8. **SPIRIT** performs on April 9. The **INDIGO GIRLS,** a pair of harmonizing folkies from Georgia, are here on April 10. Their 1992 album, "Rites of Passage," surprised a lot of people who had written The Girls off as predictable narcissists. It was funny, sharp, and refreshing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is currently home to **DIXIE CARTER.** In the past few years, Ms. Carter has become something of a regular here, and with good reason. She's an engaging performer, with a strong voice, a comic flair, and abundant Southern charm. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

Denim and Diamonds, 511 Lexington Ave., at 48th St. (371-1600)—A new club whose emblem might be the full-size Western saddle, covered with tiny mirrors, that spins above the dance floor. The décor also features wagon wheels, lassos, and cowhide-backed bar stools. The staff were hired locally but they come from places like South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Texas. The d.j.s spin everything from Billy Ray Cyrus to Patty Loveless, and you'll be one sorry Urban Cowpoke if you think you can pass muster on the dance floor by trying the square-dance moves you learned at summer camp. Denim and Diamonds offers early-evening lessons not only in the two-step but in line dances with more intimidating names, like the Sixteen-step, the Cotton-Eyed Joe, and the Tush-Push. Once the real action starts and the boots begin thundering, there are occasional collisions and even spills on the dance floor, but helpful professionals are poised to lift you up, brush you off, and put you back in the saddle.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. The **JIMMY HEATH** quintet, featuring **SLIDE HAMPTON,** is in action through April 11. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, the space is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. **HERBIE MANN** and his Reunion Band are here through April 11 to celebrate the flutist's fortieth anniversary as a bandleader and jazz popularizer.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but that's part of its appeal. The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. The **HI-TOPS** hold forth on April 11. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

Judys', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boîte* attached to the Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour barbirds occupied. Vocalists work out in the dining room. Sherri Roberts will make her New York début here on April 8. Judy Kreston and David Lahm are in on April 10, with Eddie Caccavale and Jeff Morrow. Closed Sundays.

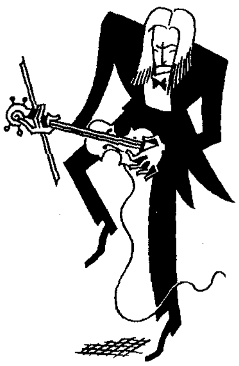
Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld drawings. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and bassist **FRANK TATE** work out through April 10.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it could have been the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) Upstairs, there's a display of vintage Gibson guitars. Downstairs, in the dining room, there's a stage, a dance floor, and caricatures of musicians who have blown through over the years. April 9 belongs to **MARIA MULDAUR,** and **WAYNE TOUPS & ZYDECAJUN.**

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the inherently square Upper East Side club scene. **HUBERT SUMLIN,** who's here on April 8, made his name as a sideman for Howlin' Wolf, a job he held down for two decades. His slashing, jagged guitar playing was a perfect complement to the singer's volcanic style. When Howlin' Wolf died, in 1976, Sumlin dropped out of sight and didn't resurface till about a decade later. As a leader, Sumlin is rather uneven. He's not much of a singer, and it can take him a while to hit his stride; once he does, though, his guitar playing can still lacerate.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot.* "A Grand Night for Singing," an appealing, well-produced Rodgers and Hammerstein revue, which includes a raft of fine young performers, continues through April 10. Closed Mondays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. The big-hearted Jamaican reggae singer **SISTER CAROL** performs on April 9. Her lyrics are often overtly political but she's such a high-spirited performer that she can turn a civics lesson into a good time. Dining. Closed Sundays.



STEVEN GUARNACCIA

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where you have to pass within inches of the stage to reach the rest rooms. **NAT ADDERLEY'S** quintet works out through April 11. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—In the heart of this legendary indoor-outdoor eatery is one of Manhattan's newer jazz spots, the Chestnut Room. **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** who winds up an engagement on April 10, is a luminary of the cabaret scene. She's a tall, willowy blonde with a silky voice and a natural, unforced performance style. Her sets are likely to include a mix of American material—Lester Young, Chet Baker—and Brazilian songs, which she might sing in either English or Portuguese.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Thanks to low lighting, muralled pillars, ironwork, and a beautifully restored old tin ceiling, this loft space manages to feel homey. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main orders of business here. The **BLIND BOYS OF ALABAMA** and **ALBERT COLLINS** share a bill on April 9. Collins is a blues guitarist from Texas who developed his trademark "cool" sound in the fifties and has held on to it ever since. Most of the songs on his early records are instrumentals that are carried along by his pensive guitar work; it was only later that he began developing his singing talents. In the late seventies, he joined up with Alligator Records, where "cool" has continued to be the operative word—among his album titles are "Frozen Alive," "Ice Pickin'," and "Cold Snap." The unofficial Lone-Star State blues fest continues on April 10 with an appearance by **JOHNNY COPELAND.** This flashy showman combines intense, down-in-the-depths singing with gritty, often spectacular guitar playing. (Copeland, who is sometimes called the Texas Twister, shifts back and forth between intricate lead and ferocious rhythm in the blink of an eye.) His excellent upcoming album, "Flyin' High," is his first new release since he won a 1990 Grammy for "Showdown." With Sonny Rhodes. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Max Gordon, the founder and longtime owner of this famous basement, passed away a while ago, but the club is much as he left it—the same beat-up red banquettes, the same dented horns and dusty black-and-white photos on the walls, the same hideous mural in the back. And patrons of the club probably wouldn't have it any other way. **KENNY BARRON'S** trio is in residence for the next couple of weeks. Through April 11, the trio's special guest will be David Sanchez. On April 11, in the afternoon, "Saxophones for Allyson," a tribute-benefit for a jazz fan (and Vanguard waitress) who has fallen ill, will feature **DAVID MURRAY** and **JOHN HICKS,** among many others. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.**

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

If bad taste makes you weak, five minutes at any record-industry party and you won't be able to switch on the lights with the Clapper. But if bad taste gives you a rush, such affairs will send you past your G-spot; and Radio City's opening-night bash for Prince, at the Grolier mansion, would have elevated you to the plane where you thought only Anaïs Nin resided. Hairburners up and down Madison Avenue must have been laughing their asses off, because recordians *looooove* their manes crimped, Jheri-Kurled (still), extended, cornrowed, and, yes, ponytailed—in fact, they'll proudly sport any do that propels big beyond the boundaries of Sunday-in-the-mall-with-Kim standards. White Rastas, skinny hair rolls atop buzz-cut scalps, bleached explosions with so many split ends that each shaft looked like the scene in "Auntie Mame" where she gets the switchboard all screwed up—it was gonna be a Stiff Stuff night.

Versace and Montana knockoffs were No. 1 and No. 2 with a bullet. Two-toned nail wraps, three-toned Western boots, enough leather to start a rodeo—this was a special night. After all, this was a special performer. But where was he? At 1:30, after most eyelets, crochets, chiffons, and straps had been peered through and were busy disappearing under wraps and coats, our Prince did come—wearing a tight cream-colored suit, huge heels, and more makeup than his surgery-happy rival, and with hair so high that from the back he looked like he was ready for a mah-jongg tournament in Boca. Fashion trends—they start at the top.

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IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus—In its hundred-and-twenty-third edition. (Madison Square Garden. Through May 2. For information about show times and tickets, call 465-6000.)

Cirque du Soleil—The Montreal-based outfit has a new show, "Saltimbanco." (Battery Park City. For information about tickets, call 809-6969.)

"The Easter Show"—A presentation of paschal pageantry, starring the Rockettes, of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through April 17. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

"Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!"—On weekend nights, in the dark and chilly loft of a jazz club, Penny Arcade presides over a foxy gang of male and female erotic dancers and the most heterogeneous audiences this side of Jones Beach. Ms. Arcade, who's been a fixture of the Downtown art scene for more than twenty years, tells her own coming-of-age story—from making gravel pancakes as a toddler to nursing innumerable AIDS-stricken comrades—with bawdy humor and sisterly warmth. There's nudity and bad language—and that title, of course—but it's all dazzlingly benign. One tip: when she invites you up onstage to dance, don't deny yourself the fun. You'll surely regret it. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Fridays and Saturdays at 8.)

ART

Finite Universe

When she was a child, Jane Hammond's heroes included visionary systematizers like Galileo, Linnaeus, and Mendel. As a student at Mount Holyoke, she was by her own admission something of an academic snob, who, for instance, thought that a heavy load of studio courses was strictly for dumb girls. In person, Hammond cuts a figure at once sunny and ineffably remote. Her sportive appearance and forthright manner suggest the classic American girl next door, but a sort of polar brightness—pure zeal, perhaps—seems to permeate the air around her, creating a glassy aura not unlike Glinda's bubble.

Her paintings, likewise, are bedazzling and frosty, at once empirical and irrational, sensuously textured and full of illusional effects yet also flat, iconic. A clippings cabinet of numbered pictures and diagrams—two hundred and seventy-six of them, to be precise, from anatomical drawings to swimmers and figure skaters to cross-dressers and clowns—constitutes Hammond's reservoir of images, the indispensable basis of her system. Each of the untitled paintings here is a recombinant structure composed of labelled elements from this cabinet variously juxtaposed. All Hammond's works have the graphic, linear but arbitrary quality of such maniacally visual Surrealist narratives as Raymond Roussel's literary picaresques or Richard Foreman's Ontological-Hysterical Theatre pieces. (Freire, 130 Prince Street; through April 24.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Daumier Drawings" is the first major exhibition devoted specifically to the drawings of Honoré Daumier (1808-79). Daumier was a working artist in the modern sense, a lithographer by trade and a savage pictorial satirist whose lampoons of King Louis Philippe once landed him in jail. The show contains more than a hundred of his caustic masterpieces, including "The Drunkenness of Silenus," "The Legislative Belly," and the saturnine "Doctor Prunelle." Through May 2. . . . ¶ "The Greek Miracle: Classical Sculpture from the Dawn of Democracy, the Fifth Century B.C." This remarkable exhibit of more than forty statues, stelae, busts, and figures from the fifth century B.C. features such archetypal works as the "Kritios Boy" and "Nike Unbinding Her Sandal." Through May 23. . . . ¶ Paintings from fifteenth-century China, in "Painters of the Great Ming: The Imperial Court and Zhe School." Through May 9. . . . ¶ "Splendid Legacy: The Havemeyer Collection." More than four hundred and fifty works—Islamic pottery, Tiffany Favrile glass, Manets, Monets, Degases, et cetera—from the Havemeyer family's modest agglomeration. . . . ¶ "The Waking Dream: Photography's First Century" features rare prints from 1839 to 1939. . . . ¶ The New Costume Institute's first show, "Infra-Apparel," puts in perspective the phenomenon—not at all confined to the present day—of underwear worn as outerwear. This feisty show ranges from a white American Empire-style day dress (circa 1799)—which would make the wearer look to us like chastity incarnate but to Victorians as if she had just got out of bed—to the gold-sprayed satin corset worn by Madonna in her "Like a Virgin" video. In between are designs by Balenciaga, Fortuny, Lagerfeld, Versace, you name it. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Max Ernst: Dada and the Dawn of Surrealism" comprises two hundred and thirty paintings, relief sculptures, collages, drawings, and prints. Through May 2. . . . ¶ "Thinking Is Form: The Drawings of Joseph Beuys." According to legend, Beuys (1921-1986) was always drawing. It was for him the medium of both reflection and regeneration, and a drawing sensibility pervaded most of his work. One issue that this very rich show is addressing, then, is the thorny one of just where drawing begins and ends with Beuys. For example, there's "Directional Forces," a massive work consisting of a hundred easel-size blackboards that Beuys covered with notations and diagrams during a marathon series of lectures about "social sculpture," which he delivered in London, in 1974. During those lectures, he would throw the blackboards on the floor as he finished with them. In this particular commemorative installation, the blackboards are arrayed in haphazard piles, with three left on easels—a pretty problem in classification. Through May 4. . . . ¶ "Thresholds: Structure and Expression," featuring the work of Spanish architect and engineer Santiago Calatrava, is announced as the first installation in a series devoted to architectural design. Through May 18. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 [illegible] 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Picasso and the Age of Iron" contains more than ninety works, by Picasso, Alexander Calder, Alberto Giacometti, Julio González, and David Smith. Sculpted iron, bronze, brass, and steel seem particularly suited to the austerity of the Guggenheim. As you wind along the ramp toward the summit, past Smith's arc-welded abstractions, González's woven rods and ribbons, and Calder's fragile mobiles, you find such masterworks as Picasso's Cyclopean "Head" (1964) and Giacometti's delicate, life-size "Capsizing Man" (1950). Through May 16. . . . ¶ "Osmosis," a collaborative installation by sculptors Ettore

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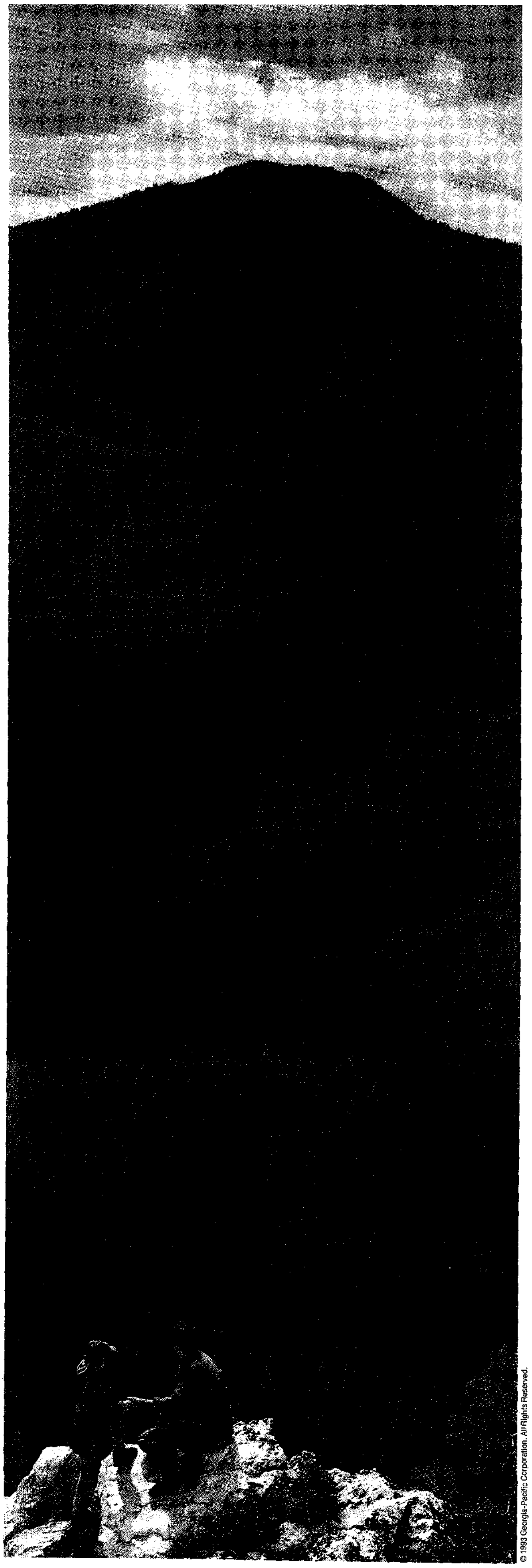
Stephen A. Delfs

Steve Delfs
Forester

Georgia-Pacific



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ART—Cont'd

Spalletti and Haim Steinbach. Through May 9. . . . ¶ "Photography in Contemporary German Art: 1960 to the Present." Through May 9. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—A small show of classic Pop-art paintings: Robert Rauschenberg's "Canyon," Jasper Johns' "Flag," Roy Lichtenstein's "Kiss V", Andy Warhol's "Orange Disaster," and Jim Dine's "Four Rooms." Also included is a gargantuan ball bound with household objects, which Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen made as a prop for "Il Corso del Coltello," a performance they staged in Venice, in 1985, in collaboration with the architect Frank Gehry. These evocative objects are like magnified fragments of a dream. Through May 31. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 10.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Like one of those Russian *matrioshki*, this Biennial, boasting the work of more than eighty American artists, is a show within a show within a show. You could spend days here if you were diligent about combing all the installations, reading all the texts, and watching all the videos—much of the material evincing a concern for sociopolitical issues. Better to go with the flow and not ask whither. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Women's age-old passion for stylish shoes is the subject of "Fancy Feet: A Historic Collection of Ladies' Footwear." Here is a pair of early sixteenth-century Venetian silk-taffeta-and-metallic-lace *chopines*, which resemble gaping fish; an Italian orange calf-leather mule (circa 1955) that, with its spike heel and razor-sharp toe, might suit a female Merlin; and an American "Pop Power" heel (circa 1980). . . . ¶ "Manet to Picasso: Prints and Drawings from the Brooklyn Museum." Thirty-five masterworks on paper, all made in France between 1870 and 1940, by, notably, Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Matisse, and, of course, Édouard and Pablo. Through May 23. . . . ¶ More than twenty paintings and works on paper by Leon Polk Smith. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

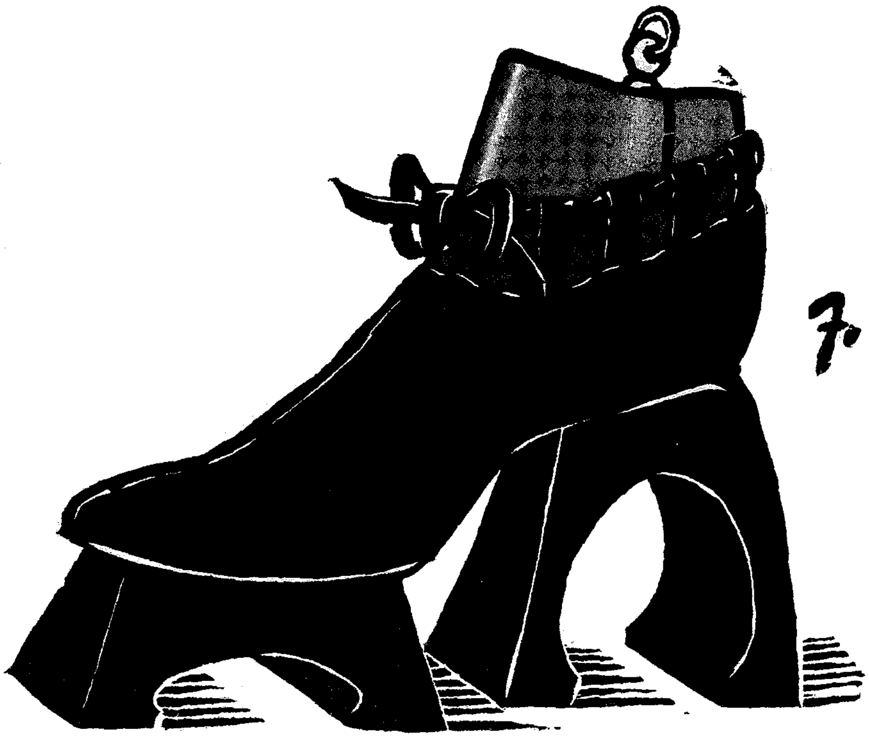
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Amazon Portrait." Photographs of the Tapirapé Indians of central Brazil. Through May 9. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Gods, Guardians, and Lovers: Temple Sculptures from North India, A.D. 700-1200." Medieval North Indian iconography reflects a notion of the divine as abstract, playfully erotic, and polymorphous. This wondrous exhibition presents such figures as the twenty-armed Ganesa, the elephant-headed god of wisdom and good fortune; Vishnu in his boar incarnation; a monkey untying the girdle of a celestial beauty; and other lasciviously smirking, prodigiously endowed guardians and lovers. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Czech Cubism: Architecture and Design" contains more than ninety works that illustrate the odd confluence of Moravian and Bohemian architecture with the artistic vocabulary of Picasso and Braque. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Great text and commensurate art, in "The American Livre de Peintre." James Joyce paired with Henri Matisse, Samuel Beckett with Jasper Johns, and so on, in more than sixty limited-edition books. Through May 15. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Thomas Jefferson had admirably legible penmanship, which makes the autograph letters and other documents here accessibility itself. And his lucid style is astonishing to ears accustomed to the inanities of modern bureaucrats. The exhibit also includes letters from Lafayette and Czar Alexander I, a copy of the first printing of the Declaration of Independence, and much more. Through April 18. . . . ¶ "Pursuit to the End." Strategic Civil War letters from Ulysses S. Grant to his subalterns. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



"Fancy Feet: A Historic Collection of Ladies' Footwear" at the Brooklyn Museum.

FRANÇOIS BERTRAND

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Secrecy: African Art That Conceals and Reveals." This inaugural exhibit showcases more than a hundred masks, figures, textiles, and architectural pieces, all from traditional sub-Saharan societies. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 8.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The hundred-and-sixty-eighth annual juried exhibition includes oil paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, pastels, and watercolors. Through May 2. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Assault on the Arts: Culture and Politics in Nazi Germany." The infamous Goebbels—who once tried, unsuccessfully, to become an artist—considered politics the ultimate art form and Fascism a way of "forming the solid and complete image of the people." This intriguing show of more than two hundred posters, prints, and paintings—some censored or banned, others state-sponsored and glorified—examines art under a regime that believed "blood and race will once more become the source of artistic intuition." Included here are a striking 1921 Paul Klee lithograph that was deemed "degenerate" and compared unfavorably with the work of an anonymous German mental patient, and a small placard about American jazz clarinettist Artie Shaw (whose real name was Arthur Jacob Arshawsky), who enjoyed wide critical acclaim in Germany until 1941, when the Nazis finally discovered that he was *not* the son of George Bernard Shaw. Through May 28. . . . ¶ "Christian Boltanski: Books, Prints, Printed Matter, Ephemera." Boltanski's haunting photogravure etchings—of apparition-like faces on the verge of vanishing—seem to suggest loss and unrealized experience. Through May 15. . . . ¶ "America Moves West: Images of an Expanding Nation." More than fifty drawings, watercolors, and photographs chronicling American migration in the nineteenth century. Through May 22. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—Ten works by Keith Haring: eight drawings, one sculpture, and a sixty-foot mural. . . . ¶ Twelve large photo prints and four installation works by photographer Barbara Ess. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Jay DeFeo (1929-1989)—Two distinct groups of works on paper by a San Francisco Beat Generation artist. In one group, from the early fifties, the artist is clearly searching for a way to move beyond Abstract Expressionism. These works suggest the geometry-in-formation of early Al Held, as enacted within the very big shadow of Franz Kline's heroic gestural painting; they also contain a hint of Surrealistic automatism, the technique that gave rise to Abstract Expressionism in the first place. The other group consists of drawings exhibiting a very precise treatment of line, and these are far more personal, mysterious, and haunting. For instance, there's a large drawing of a pair of knowing eyes that are cast on such a scale as to look like majestic, forbidding mountains; the image is interrupted by vertical lines resembling television static. Through April 17. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

Manny Farber—His first solo show here in more than a decade. From the forties to the mid-seventies, Farber pursued his first career as a New York film and art critic, forming friendships with Jackson Pollock, James Agee, Clement Greenberg, and other important figures. He began his second, artistic career as an Abstract Expressionist, and was a pioneer of shaped-canvas color-field painting. In 1970, he moved to Southern California, where he began making vivid bird's-eye-view paintings of everyday objects (candy bars, pushpins, Liquid Paper bottles, etc.) arrayed on tabletops. He has continued in this vein, adding pages from dream journals, wisecracking auto-critiques, images borrowed from Goya and Bonnard, film stills, even garden tools and vegetables, to create spatially intricate still-lifes. This show consists entirely of recent work. Farber's tabletop paintings have evolved in unexpected ways. They are sinuous, luminously colored, and prodigious with visual metaphors and correspondences. His experiments with perspective, in particular, are almost Cubist in their surprising variations. Through May 15. (Esman, 575 Broadway.)

Gretchen Faust and **Kevin Warren**—A collaborative series of fetishized furniture sculptures that are Muzak versions of Vito Acconci. The largest piece is a couch, titled "Sphinx." "Paris in June" is a bed that looks sort of like a mermaid. It is a testimony to the works' Conceptual roots that even though they are upholstered in attractive fabrics, they don't tempt weary gallerygoers to sit a spell. Through April 17. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Rochelle Feinstein—For some time now, Feinstein has been preoccupied with the grid in her paintings. In her previous show, the grids were colorful and a little bent out of shape; the paintings on view here have taken these attributes to an extreme—the lines blur or zigzag or, in some instances, meld and disappear. Her colors tend toward the cheerful—pink and violet and creamy white—but a subtext of anger and frustration undercuts this mood, and the contrast is pleasing. The grid paintings here, like "Big A Go Go," are more like hallucinations of grids, as though something ordered and pretty had begun to dissolve. Through April 17. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

Elliot Green—Paintings of a good-natured bawdiness, as if Chicago's Hairy Who had developed a taste for frou-frou decorativeness reminiscent of Dufy. This has become well-trod territory—Robert Greene and David Bowes got there first. What keeps Elliot Green's paintings engaging is a nice sense of design and easy-stretching figures as nimble as Gumby. Then again, there are an awful lot of paintings here, surely the artist didn't need to do quite so many variations on the same small theme. Through April 10. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St.)

Barry Le Va—Le Va's drawings help explain how his installations were configured but, at the same time, further obscure their coded nature. This is especially the case in this handsome show. The new works on view here—networks of overlayed sprayed black forms—have a rawer quality than one usually associates with Le Va. They include the artist's first representational images—masks, pickaxes, coffins—which are jarring but not out of character. Also on view are some jam-packed drawings from several years back. Through April 24. (Nolan Eckman, 560 Broadway)

Ed Moses—For the first time in his long, distinguished career, this diehard Los Angeles abstractionist has tried his hand at representation—it must be in the air—and the results are both intriguing and withholding. In certain spots, his skeins and smears of paint form profiles, usually shown sticking their tongues out at one another—a beginner's gesture of adolescent defiance. Beyond the novelty of recognizable images, the most compelling parts of these canvases are the backgrounds, which suggest the rocks and waterfalls in Chinese landscapes. Through April 24. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

James Rosenquist—A show of new paintings of the faces of baby dolls wrapped in plastic. These paintings are oddly satirical but also terrifying, the plastic being both protective and potentially asphyxiating—potent material for an artist who has a young daughter. From a distance, the paintings have the dry, almost Photo-Realist look typical of this artist, but up close it's clear that they contain all sorts of fanciful markings and unexpected color juxtapositions. Also on view is the thirty-foot-plus "Masquerade of the Military Industrial Complex Looking Down on the Insect World," the most recent in the artist's series of election-year murals. Through April 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway)

Allen Ruppersberg—For this installation work, "What was Literature," the L.A. Conceptualist has taken several of his earlier pieces, in which words were carved into bark-covered logs, and tossed them in a pile, forming a jumble of nonsensical sentences. To round out his celebration of the arcane, he has installed a locked door through which a lecture on Proust is dimly audible. Through April 24. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Richard Serra—"Intersection II" is a powerful new sculpture consisting of four Corten-steel walls, thirteen feet tall and more than fifty feet long, which run roughly parallel to one another and down the length of the gallery. The outer walls curve in and out in gentle balletic movements that belie their mass, and the inner walls curve out in the middle to form a concave, almond-shaped space. Compared with the artist's other, more threatening works, "Intersection II," though it is just as grandiose, harbors intimacy. It also makes clearer than ever Serra's inversion of sculpture and drawing—the lines of the heavy steel plates curve gently, as if freely drawn in space, while the solid black forms of his drawings stand rigidly on paper, like stone or metal. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. . . . ¶ A show of Serra's drawings is on view at Gagosian uptown, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Both through April 17.)

Short List—**ilan averbuch:** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through May 17. . . . **martin ball:** Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Through April 10. . . . **miriam beerman:** Klarfeld Perry, 472 Broome St. Through May 8. . . . **jonathan borofsky:** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Through April 24. . . . **michael chandler:** Ala, 560 Broadway. Through April 17. . . . **sarah charlesworth:** Gorney, 100 Greene St. Through April 24. . . . **ray ciarrochi:** Perlow, 560 Broadway. Through April 28. . . . **carmen cicero:** Kelly, 591 Broadway. Through May 4. . . . **arturo duclos:** Nosei, 100 Prince St. Through April 22. . . . **jene highstein:** Klein, 594 Broadway. Through May 9. . . . **pello irazu** and **carole seborovski:** Weber, 142 Greene St. Through April 17. . . . **donald judd:** Pace, 142 Greene St. Through April 24. . . . **on kawara:** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through April 24. . . . **john miller:** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. Through May 8. . . . **thomas nozkowski:** Protetch, 560 Broadway. Through April 24. . . . **nam june paik:** Solomon, 174 Mercer St. Through May 8. . . . **david rabinowitch:** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. Through April 30. . . . **odilon redon:** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Through May 28. . . . **mia westerlund roosen:** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway. Through May 8. . . . **mathew weaver:** Engelhorn, 470 Broome St. Through May 15.

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Nayland Blake/Roni Horn—This San Francisco artist was so lavishly praised during his New York début, three years ago, that it seemed as if he couldn't go anywhere but down. Fortunately, absence has somewhat tempered that skepticism; and, in any case, Blake's newest works—highly fetishized multimedia tableaux—are less theatrical in presentation than that earlier work, more ambitious for being more modest, stronger for their stance of vulnerability. Most of the scenes have to do with homosexual identity, and the artist, appropriately, likes to mix his metaphors. A hooded body suit, for example, which suggests sexual oppression as well as the K.K.K., is made of sheer, shimmery lingerie material, and a mask that has threatening slit eyes also has bunny ears. A rack of costume accessories includes crowns, bloody masks, elf shoes, and Father Time's scythe. / Four large watercolors by a post-minimalist sculptor. They are very attractively, even meticulously designed but are overly precious. Some involve poems. One especially clever one consists of stanzas about love, by Emily Dickinson, written out in lines that are grouped across the paper like clusters of pick-up sticks. Through April 24. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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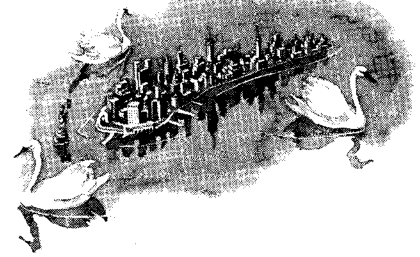

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ART—Cont'd

Tibor Csernus—This Hungarian artist's paintings owe a lot to Caravaggio's dramatic lighting and complicated figural groupings, and even to his subject matter. Some of the paintings have Biblical themes, but most depict darkened rooms in which some kind of sexual initiation seems to be occurring. The latter paintings, full of rosy-fleshed boys and girls, also have an unexpected resemblance to the work of Eric Fischl, not only in their content but in their expressionistic approach to traditional figuration. Through April 17. (Stiebel Modern, 32 E. 57th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Robert Mnuchin, the retired head of the equity-trading department of Goldman, Sachs, has allocated a floor and a half of his town house to a gallery, which he runs in partnership with James Corcoran, the veteran Los Angeles dealer. Their first public exhibition comprises paintings that de Kooning made between 1975 and 1979, and it is a stunner. At a time when younger painters seemed to lack all conviction, and following a period of unevenness in his own development, de Kooning was reborn as a painter, and wherever one turns in this impeccably installed show of lyrical, fiery abstract landscapes one sees the evidence. Through April 24. (C&M Arts, 45 E. 78th St.)

William King—A hilarious show of new stainless-steel and aluminum works by the master of the stiffly nimble figure. Most of them are larger than life-size. There are men frozen in the process of unbuttoning their wire or polyester-mesh pants and women caught forever in the act of hiking up their equally tacky skirts. Through April 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jack Levine/Group Show—New paintings by a veteran social satirist. The artist continues to work in his blurry, fractured style. What is most refreshing about these works, all of which depict Biblical stories, is that as the artist has aged—he is now seventy-nine—so have his subjects. Levine's Jonah looks like he has cataracts, and, in a hilarious "Adam and Eve: Expulsion," even the hand of God looks arthritic. / An attractive small show of good drawings, prints, and paintings by American social realists of the twenties, thirties, and forties, from Reginald Marsh to Peter Blume. Through April 17. (Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Thomas Schütte—An eerie, metaphorically rich, and gripping show of theatrically lit wooden constructions, representing basements, which one views from above. These multistoried structures contain lots of staircases, and sawdust is scattered everywhere. Schütte's miniaturized worlds are somehow operatic in scale, and at the same time intensely cerebral. Also on view is an installation of painted panels. Through April 24. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**PIERRE ALECHINSKY:** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through April 24. . . . **DENNIS ASHBAUGH:** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Through April 24. . . . **FRANCIS BACON:** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Through April 27. (Open Mondays). . . . **WILL BARNET:** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Through April 17. . . . **NELL BLAINE:** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Through May 1. . . . **MARCEL BROODTHAERS:** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Through April 17. . . . **RALSTON CRAWFORD:** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Through April 24. . . . **DANIEL DALLMANN:** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. Through April 17. . . . **GWEN JOHN:** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. Through May 28. . . . **WOLF KAHN:** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through April 10. . . . **YVES KLEIN:** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Through April 17. . . . **ROBERT LA HOTAN:** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through May 1. . . . **JOAN MITCHELL:** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through May 8. . . . **JOEL PERLMAN:** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through April 17. . . . **PAVEL TCHELITCHEW:** Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St. Through May 29. . . . **ROBIN UTTERBACK:** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through April 29. . . . **ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ:** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. Through May 8.

PHOTOGRAPHY

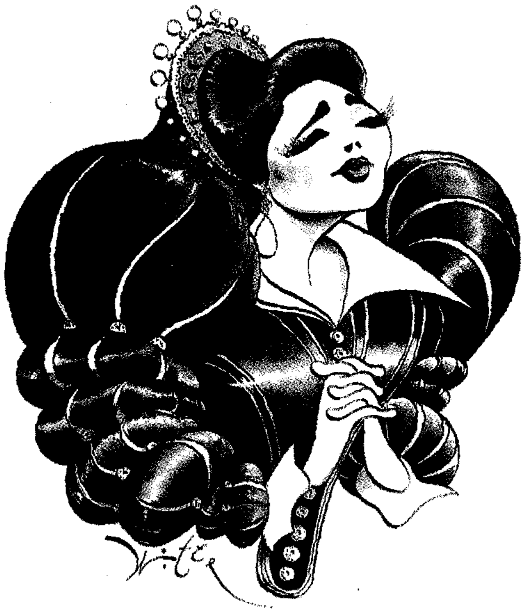
Free Associations

In Dennis Farber's show at the Laurence Miller gallery (138 Spring Street; through April 10), some of the works hold up and some don't. As a whole, the show is less fresh than the roomful of images by Farber that was featured at MOMA's "New Photography 8" exhibition, last fall. Still, when Farber strikes, associations flow from his work and stimulate one's memory and imagination. For the current show, he's taken old photographs by other people and incorporated them into fairly simple collages, then photographed these using a twenty-by-twenty-four-inch Polaroid.

All the works have a patina of age, and too many seem like mere exercises. But one work in particular has a mysterious narrative power that compensates for the more mediocre pieces. The ambiguity of what's going on in this subtle work, titled "Marty and Me," draws one in. The photograph depicts two young boys, both in old-fashioned dress, looking out a window—or is it a picture frame? Below them are two other boys, who seem to be trying to crawl in the window—or are these two, whom we see from the back, not young boys at all but something else—perhaps soldiers?

Short List—**CECIL BEATON:** Danziger, 415 West Broadway. Through May 1. . . . **KEITH CARTER:** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through April 10. . . . **WILLIAM CLIFT:** Equitable Gallery, 787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. Through June 12. . . . **STAN DOUGLAS:** Zwirner, 43 Greene St. Through April 24. . . . **NANCY GOLDRING:** Baum, 588 Broadway. Through May 1. . . . **EMIL HEILBORN:** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through April 10. . . . **ALEXANDER RODCHENKO:** Sander, 19 E. 76th St. Through April 30. . . . **THOMAS RUFF:** 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. Through April 17. . . . **PENELOPE UMBRICO:** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through May 1. . . . **ROMAN VISHNIAC:** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Through April 18. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8). . . . **JOEL-PETER WITKIN:** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Through April 24.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Guggenheim Museum, the American Museum of Natural History, the New York Public Library, and the Queens Museum.)



Carol Vaness in "Anna Bolena," at Carnegie Hall.

MICHAEL WITTE

MUSIC

Matched Temperaments

Hans Werner Henze has gone his own way for forty years. After helping himself voraciously to the smorgasbord of styles available in the years just after the Second World War, the composer left his native Germany, broke camp with the serialists, focussed on the theatre and on the politics of the left, and calmly developed a personal language of music: conservative, disciplined, inventive, non-transcendent. Though his output includes comic opera, he has generally been an earnest artist. So have the members of the Guarneri Quartet, surely by now the longest-lasting foursome (membership unchanged since 1964) at work in this nucleus of the classical repertory. So has the pianist Peter Serkin, whose steadiness of technique and of imaginative focus have been so remarkable throughout his career.

The Lincoln Center program note for Mr. Henze's new Quintet, to be played for the first time in New York, (at Alice Tully Hall, on April 7), describes no extramusical program but rather outlines a progression of musical events such as annotators for a century or more have done. One can count on these musicians to enact them with conviction.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000, and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,** with with Renée Fleming, Sally Wolf, Deon van der Walt, Mark Oswald, and Matthias Hölle; conducted by Donald Runnicles. (April 7 at 8.). . . With Manfred Hemm as Papageno. (April 10 at 8:30 and April 13 at 8.). . . **ARIADNE AUF NAXOS,** with Debora[illegible] Voigt, Tracy Dahl, Susanne Mentzer, Jon Fredric West, and Thomas Stewart; Ion Marin. (April 8 at 8.). . . **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,** with Sumi Jo, Alfredo Kraus, Haijing Fu, and Paul Plishka; Michelangelo Veltri. (April 9 and April 12 at 8.). . . **SIEGFRIED,** with Gwyneth Jones, Anne Gjevang, William Johns, Heinz Zednik, James Morris, Ekkehard Wlaschiha, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. (April 10 at 12:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

"Anna Bolena"—Eve Queler directs the Opera Orchestra of New York in a concert performance of Donizetti's opera, with soprano Carol Vaness in the title role. (Carnegie Hall. April 7 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

"St. Matthew Passion"—James Litton directs the St. Bartholomew's Choir and the period-instrument Orchestra of the Old Fairfield Academy in Bach's evergreen miracle. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. April 7 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 751-1616, ext. 249.)

Grace Church Choral Society and Orchestra—Bruce G. McInnes leads the oratorio version of Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ," in English. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. April 9 at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

Cathedral of St. John the Divine Choirs—Bruce Fifer directs the cathedral's combined choirs, plus an instrumental ensemble, in a staged production of Schütz's "Seven Last Words of Christ" (featuring baritone Nathaniel Watson), as well as penitential choral works by Gregorio Allegri (his "Miserere Mei") and Palestrina (his "Stabat Mater"). (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. April 9 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

"St. Paul"—Leon Botstein directs Mendelssohn's oratorio, with the Pro Arte Chorale, the American Symphony Orchestra, and soloists Benita Valente (soprano), Shirley Love (mezzo-soprano), John Aler (tenor), and William Sharp (baritone). (Carnegie Hall. April 11 at 3, with a pre-concert lecture at 1:45.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—David Zinman conducts the première of George Perle's Adagio for Orchestra, as well as Mozart's Piano Concerto in E-Flat (K. 482, featuring Emanuel Ax) and Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (with soprano Dawn Kotoski). (Carnegie Hall. April 13 at 8.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—Performing Haydn's Quartet in F Minor (Op. 20, No. 5), and (with Peter Serkin) quintets by Dvořák and Henze (the latter in its New York première). (Alice Tully Hall. April 7 at 8.) . . . ¶ In its annual acknowledgment of Easter, the ensemble plays the quartet version of Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. April 11 at 2. For information about tickets, call 229-5689.)

Bargemusic—Presenting piano quintets by Brahms and Elgar; with violinists Ik-Hwan Bae and Paul Rosenthal, violist Paul Neubauer, cellist Ronald Thomas, and pianist Staffan Scheja. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. April 8 at 7:30 and April 11 at 4.)

VineyardMusicke—Antebellum Union Square (or Union Place, as it was then known) was the site of grand residences and summer homes. But in 1854 the Academy of Music was completed at Irving Place and 14th Street (at a cost of $335,000), providing New Yorkers with the largest stage in the world and an auditorium that seated forty-six hundred patrons (a fifth more than today's Metropolitan Opera House). Theatres, music halls, and pleasure gardens quickly forsook their downtown locations to spring up in the environs of the Academy. To celebrate the heritage of the neighborhood in which they perform, the members of VineyardMusicke, a period-instrument ensemble, are embarking on a series of concerts that will present music that was (or might have been) heard in the salons and concert halls of nineteenth-century New York. The first installment features Jan Walters (playing an Érard harp that is thought to be the only functional single-action pedal harp in America), who will assist in performing chamber music from the opening years of the nineteenth century, by Jan Ladislav Dussek, Friedrich Wilhelm Rust, Louis-François Dauprat, and others. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. April 8 at 8.)

Ivo Pogorelich—The pianist, who seems recently intent on shedding his bad-boy image and acquiring a semblance of stage manners, will perform twelve sonatas by Scarlatti, some Brahms, and Liszt's B-Minor Sonata. (Carnegie Hall. April 8 at 8.)

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THE KEY SWISS BANK

Catskill Chamber Players—Performing compositions for string quartet by Cage, Henry Cowell, Lou Harrison, and Frank Bennett, as well a quintet for horn and strings by Carleton Clay. (Weill Recital Hall. April 9 at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—Performing Schubert's Quartettsatz (D. 703), Bartók's Quartet No. 1, and Brahms' Clarinet Quintet (with Charles Neidich). (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. April 10 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Marimolin—The hybrid thus described is half marimba, half violin; Nancy Zeltsman and Sharan Leventhal are the respective performers. They'll offer the New York premières of works by Gunther Schuller and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. April 10 at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Joseph Smith—Pianist, performing works by Mozart, Fauré (his Theme and Variations, Op. 73), Grieg, and Grainger. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. April 10 at 8.)

Easter Bells—Carillonneur Joseph Clair Davis's paschal playlist includes a chaconne and fugue on an Easter song, by Albert de Klerk. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. April 11 at 8:30 A.M., 10:30 A.M., 12:30, and 3, with the 10:30 recital including a "swinging peal" and the mid-afternoon installment veering towards the secular. No tickets necessary.)

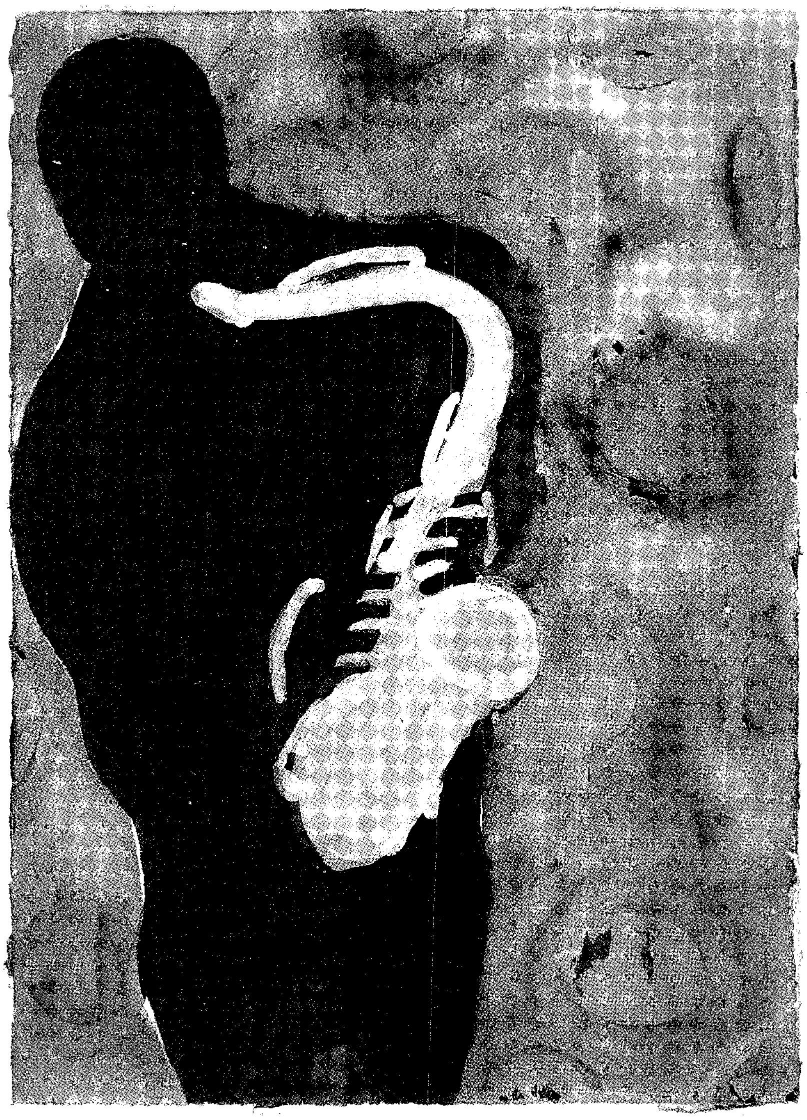
Gerald Ranck—The harpsichordist continues his traversal of Domenico Scarlatti's sonatas. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. 874-5210. April 11 at 3.)

Diana and André Solomon-Glover—The soprano and the baritone perform works by Copland, Roland Hayes, Hale Smith, and others; with pianist Richard Alston. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. April 11 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

New York Festival of Song—Mezzo-soprano Milagro Vargas, baritone Kurt Ollmann, and pianist Steven Blier perform French and American art songs from the late nineteenth century through the jazz age; including Poulenc's cycle "Le Bal Masqué," featuring Mr. Ollmann and an instrumental ensemble, conducted by Michael Barrett. (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. April 12 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

St. Lawrence String Quartet—The Canadian foursome, currently in residence on the Juilliard faculty, performs Oswaldo Golijov's "Yiddischbbuk," as well as quartets by Schubert (in A Minor, D. 804) and Beethoven (his last, in F Major, Op. 135). (Paul Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. April 12 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Sights and Sounds of Symbolism—An interdisciplinary exploration of the aesthetics of Symbolism, the late-nineteenth-century movement that embraced such eminent creative personalities as the artists Gustave Moreau and Gustav Klimt, the writers Maurice Maeterlinck and Stéphane Mallarmé, and the composers Claude Debussy and Maurice Ravel, among others. The evening begins with an illustrated lecture by Robert Rosenblum on Symbolist art, and continues with musical performances and readings of works by Symbolists, their predecessors, and their apostles. On the roster are De Falla's "Psyché," Sofia Gubaidulina's "Garden of Joys and Sorrows," songs by Debussy and Ravel, André Caplet's "Conte Fantastique," and Poe's "Masque of the Red Death" (the story on which Caplet based his work). Performers include soprano Faith Esham, pianist Yves Abel, and reader Sam Tsoutsouvas. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, enter at Broadway at 116th St. April 13 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 854-1540.)



MAX MILLER

Barros Classical Consort—Chamber works by Haydn, C. P. E. Bach, Beethoven, and Giovanni Battista Cirri, with flutist Anne Briggs assisting the period-instrument violin-cello-and-piano ensemble. (Clark Studio Theatre, Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza. April 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3892.)

Jean-François Duquesnoy—The bassoonist, who won first prize in the 1992 International Fernand Gillet Bassoon Competition, is a practitioner of his instrument in the French-system formulation, which is structurally and sonically distinct from its German (and, by extension, its American) cousins. In his American début recital, he'll perform a Telemann sonata, Glinka's "Sonatensatz," Weber's "Andante and Hungarian Rondo," Roger Boutry's "Interferences I," and Variations on Paganini's Twenty-Fourth Caprice (as proposed by Mr. Duquesnoy's former teacher Maurice Allard). Pianist Annie Audin assists. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. April 13 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Mudhoney—"Everybody loves us, Everybody loves our town. . . .It's so overblown." So went Mudhoney's contribution to the "Singles" soundtrack, a marvellous pinprick in the Seattle bubble. If only last fall's "Piece of Cake," the band's major-label début album, had more of that kind of carefree, shrugging wit. Then one wouldn't feel compelled to accept the conventional wisdom that says that the talent and success of Nirvana, Pearl Jam, and Soundgarden have made Mudhoney an also-ran in the grunge derby. But alas, the album's listless songwriting and pro-forma punk-rock sound contain no hint of the genuine surprises that made the Northwest moment seem so urgent and mind-altering. (Academy, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. April 9 at 8.)

Paco Peña—The Spanish guitarist and his company of fellow guitarists, singers, and a percussionist present the New York première of "Misa Flamenca," a gypsy folk mass. The Andalusian flamenco dancer Javier Cruz and the Elmer Iseler Singers, of Toronto, lend support. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. April 10 at 8.)

Run-D.M.C.—Straight out of Hollis and still tougher than leather. The group Onyx and a female rapper named Boss are also on the bill. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. April 11 at 10.)

Chaka Khan—With Gerald Albright, Hugh Masekela, Philip Bailey, and others. (Apollo, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. April 11 at 5 and 9.)

Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz—Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway. 966-4444. April 7 at 8.

"New Sounds Live" Concert—A program featuring La Monte Young and his Theatre of Eternal Brass Band, and the Katrina Krimsky ensemble. Mr. Young's group plays "The Second Dream of the High-Tension Line Stepdown Transformer" from "The Four Dreams of China," and Ms. Krimsky's group performs "Elise's Dreams" and "Four Moons." (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. April 8 at 8.)

"Highlights in Jazz"—Dick Hyman and a group (Milt Hinton, Warren Vaché, and Phil Bodner) perform Gershwin and Ellington. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. April 8 at 8.)

The Radiators—With Blue Rodeo. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. April 10 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Boston Celtics, April 8 at 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Bullets, April 13 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Detroit Pistons, April 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, April 10. (Game time, 7:30.)

Rangers—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, April 9 at 7:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, April 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Ottawa Senators, April 10. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Rangers, April 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, April 11. (Game time, 7:35.)

Yankees—The home opener is April 12, vs. the Kansas City Royals, at 1.

Mets—Vs. the Colorado Rockies, April 7 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Houston Astros, April 9 at 7:40 and April 10-11 at 1:40.

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; the Yankees at Yankee Stadium, 1-718-293-6000; and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except April 11, at 1. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights, except April 11 and 12, at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Via Ouija Board—The première of "Voices from Sandover," a made-for-television film based on James Merrill's narrative poem, "The Changing Light at Sandover," and featuring Merrill himself. Actors take the roles of characters in the poem, which is an account of conversations held with the dead. Mr. Merrill will be there to introduce. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-6529. April 12 at 8.)

Auto-Da-Javits—Those hot rods are back in town. The Dodge Viper GTS coupé, the Plymouth Prowler, the Ford Mustang Mach III, and the Chrysler Thunderbolt will be among the concept cars on display at the 1993 New York International Automobile Show. Sensitive New Age guys in the crowd should look for the Jeep Ecco, which is made entirely from recyclable material. In addition to nearly twelve hundred cars, there will be displays of things like alternative-fuel vehicles and safety exhibits about airbags and crush zones. (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. April 9, from 11 to 5; April 10 and 12-13, from 11 to 10:30; and April 11, from 10 to 8. Through April 18. Tickets at the door on the days of the show.)

All in the Family—Maria Tucci will read "The Evolution of Knowledge," by Niccolo Tucci, her father, as part of the Selected Shorts series. Stories by Larry Brown and Barbara Kingsolver will be read, respectively, by Michael Genet and Christine Baranski. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 7 at 6:30.)

fter Ellis Island—By concentrating on the stories of a dozen individual immigrants, "New New Yorkers: The Changing Face of the City" constructs portraits of the ethnic neighborhoods of twelve different immigrant groups, from Haitians to Poles. The show includes photojournalists' pictures of the subjects' home lives and families, along with brief essays based on interviews. There are also maps showing ethnic concentrations and overlaps. (Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 11 to 5. Through April 21.)

By Way of Minnesota—Garrison Keillor's live two-hour American Radio Company variety show, featuring singing, sound effects, and droll wit, will be broadcast from Town Hall. In addition to regulars Ivy Austin, Tom Keith, and Rob Fisher, there will be special guests, for individual shows, including Marilyn Horne and Joel Grey. (123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturdays in April at 5:45.)

Women's Words—April 7 at 6:30: In Praise of Women, a network of women artists, is sponsoring a panel discussion by Carolyn Heilbrun and others talking about their achievements. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—April 7 at 6:30: Cristina Garcia will read from and talk about her novel "Dreaming in Cuban." (New York Public Library, Jefferson Market branch, Sixth Ave. at 10th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ April 7 at 7: Poets Billy Collins, Julio Marzán, and Chase Twichell will read from their own work. (Poetry Society of America, 15 Gramercy Park S. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ April 8 at 8: Playwright and humorist Mark O'Donnell and novelist Mark Richard will read from their own work. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ April 12 at 7:30: Donald Antrim and Jeff Eugenides will read from their first novels. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ April 12 at 8: Doris Grumbach will read from a work in progress, as well as from some recently reissued books. (A Different Light, 548 Hudson St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ April 12 at 8: Mary Morris and Carol Shields will read from their own work. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ April 12 at 8: Fiction and poetry from the twenties will be read by Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach, among others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.). . . ¶ April 13 at 7: Poets Brenda Hillman and David St. John will read from their own work. (French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ April 13 at 8: Irish poets Eamon Grennan, Seamus Heaney, and Paul Muldoon will read from their own work. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—April 7 at 6: Mary Frances Berry, author of the recent "The Politics of Parenthood," will talk about "Child Care, Women's Rights, and the Myth of the Good Mother." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.). . . ¶ April 7 at 7:30: Dustin Hoffman will talk about his career. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.). . . ¶ April 8 at 7: Cecilia Vicuña will read and discuss the poetry of Rosario Castellanos. (Poets House, 72 Spring St. Tickets at the door on the night of the talk.). . . ¶ April 10 at 7: Robert Faust and Paola Styron will give a lecture-demonstration titled "The Mask Messengers." (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.). . . ¶ April 12 at 7:30: Mary Gordon and Robert Stone will talk about sexual harassment. (McGraw-Hill auditorium, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ April 15 at 6:30: David Gordon and Eduardo Machado, among others, will discuss theatre in nontraditional spaces. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. 870-1671.)

Weekend Walks—April 10 at 1: Big Onion Walking Tours will stroll through historic Catholic New York. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ April 11 at 1: The Lower East Side Tenement Museum will tour religious sites in its neighborhood. For more information, call 431-0233. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2: N.Y.C. Cultural Walking Tours will take in the Central Park West neighborhood. For more information, call 979-2388.

Memoranda—Sotheby's is holding a benefit auction of paintings, including work by Richard Merkin and Martin Mull, on April 7 at 6:30. (York Ave. at 72nd St. For more information, call 633-0155.). . . ¶ Good Friday is on April 9. . . . ¶ Easter is on April 11.

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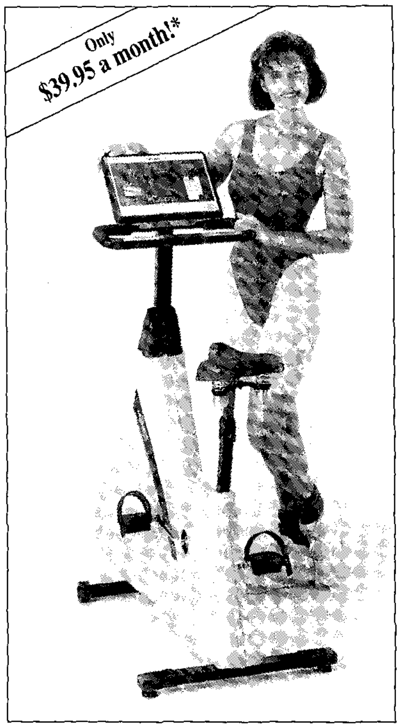

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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11	12	13				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 27.

SARAH DURHAM

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Mac" (directed by John Turturro), with Turturro.

Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).

Theatre 3: "Léolo" (†).

Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).

Theatre 5: "Okoge" (Takehiro Nakajima, in Japanese).

Theatre 6: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through April 8: (Separate admissions) "Jit" (Michael Raeburn); "Nosferatu" (1922, F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck; and "Rock Hudson's Home Movies" (Mark Rappaport).

From April 9: Five different programs of animated films by Faith Hubley.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Passion Fish" (John Sayles), with Mary McDonnell and Alfre Woodard.

Theatre 2: "Jack the Bear" (†).

Theatre 3: "Point of No Return" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "El Mariachi" (†).

Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).

Theatre 3: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

Theatre 4: "Just Another Girl on the I.R.T" (Leslie Harris).

Theatre 5: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.

Theatre 6: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas.

Theatre 7: "Groundhog Day" (Harold Ramis), with Bill Murray.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 8: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge; and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.

From April 9: "Nitrate Kisses" (Barbara Hammer), a documentary.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "The Last Days of Chez Nous" (Gillian Armstrong).

Theatre 2: Through April 8: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons and Miranda Richardson. From April 9: "Bodies, Rest & Motion" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (Stephen Sommers), with Elijah Wood and Courtney B. Vance.

Theatre 4: "Aladdin," an animated film.

Theatre 5: "Howards End" (†).

Theatre 6: "Born Yesterday" (†).

Theatre 7: "Unforgiven" (†).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Born Yesterday" (†).

Theatre 2: "Watch It" (Thomas Flynn), with Peter Gallagher, John C. McGinley, Jon Tenney, and Tom Sizemore.

Theatre 3: "Point of No Return" (†).

Theatre 4: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

Theatre 5: "Fire in the Sky" (Robert Lieberman), with D. B. Sweeney, Robert Patrick, Craig Sheffer, Peter Berg, and James Garner.

Theatre 6: "Unforgiven" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

(Separate admissions) "A River Runs Through It" (Robert Redford), with Craig Sheffer and Brad Pitt; and "A Few Good Men" (Rob Reiner), with Tom Cruise and Jack Nicholson.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Hear No Evil" (Robert Greenwald), with Marlee Matlin, D. B. Sweeney, and Martin Sheen.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "Married to It" (†).

Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).

Theatre 3: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (Stephen Sommers), with Elijah Wood and Courtney B. Vance.

Theatre 4: "Born Yesterday" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

Theatre 2: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.

Theatre 3: "Point of No Return" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Jack the Bear" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "The Crying Game" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Jack the Bear" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Mac" (John Turturro), with Turturro.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (†).

Theatre 2: "CB4" (Tamra Davis), with Chris Rock, Allen Payne, and Deezer D.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

(Matinées only) "Aladdin," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Lorenzo's Oil" (George Miller), with Nick Nolte and Susan Sarandon.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Hear No Evil" (Robert Greenwald), with Marlee Matlin, D. B. Sweeney, and Martin Sheen.

Theatre 2: "The Sandlot" (David Mickey Evans).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Born Yesterday" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (Stephen Sommers), with Elijah Wood and Courtney B. Vance.

Theatre 3: "Howards End" (†).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).

Theatre 2: "Groundhog Day" (Harold Ramis), with Bill Murray.

Theatre 3: "A Few Good Men" (Rob Reiner), with Tom Cruise and Jack Nicholson.

Theatre 4: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.

Theatre 5: "Watch It" (Thomas Flynn), with Peter Gallagher, John C. McGinley, Jon Tenney, and Tom Sizemore.

Theatre 6: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Point of No Return" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Rich in Love" (Bruce Beresford), with Albert Finney and Jill Clayburgh.

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas.

Theatre 2: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Last Days of Chez Nous" (Gillian Armstrong).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through April 8: "Ethan Frome" (John Madden), with Liam Neeson, Patricia Arquette, and Joan Allen.

From April 9: "This Boy's Life" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ellen Barkin, and Leonardo DiCaprio.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.

Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.

Theatre 2: "Just Another Girl on the I.R.T" (Leslie Harris).

Theatre 3: "Married to It" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (Stephen Sommers), with Elijah Wood and Courtney B. Vance.

Theatre 5: "Watch It" (Thomas Flynn), with Peter Gallagher, John C. McGinley, Jon Tenney, and Tom Sizemore.

Theatre 6: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).

Theatre 7: "Point of No Return" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (†).

Theatre 2: "Born Yesterday" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: "The Appointments of Dennis Jennings" (1989, directed by Dean Parisot), "Pets or Meat: The Return to Flint" (1992, Michael Moore), and "A Sense of History" (1992, Mike Leigh).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media" (Mark Achbar and Peter Wintonick).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Sandlot" (David Mickey Evans).

Theatre 2: "CB4" (Tamra Davis), with Chris Rock, Allen Payne, and Deezer D.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.

Theatre 2: "Indochine" (†).

Theatre 3: "Riff-Raff" (Ken Loach).

Theatre 4: "Masala" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "The Sandlot" (David Mickey Evans).

Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Theatre 3: "Passion Fish" (John Sayles), with Mary McDonnell and Alfre Woodard.

Theatre 4: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.
Theatre 5: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 6: "Jack the Bear" (†).
Theatre 7: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.
Theatre 8: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).
Theatre 9: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "CB4" (Tamra Davis), with Chris Rock, Allen Payne, and Deezer D.
Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (Stephen Sommers), with Elijah Wood and Courtney B. Vance.
Theatre 3: "Mad Dog and Glory" (John McNaughton), with Robert De Niro, Uma Thurman, and Bill Murray.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Adventures of Huck Finn" (Stephen Sommers), with Elijah Wood and Courtney B. Vance.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Sommersby" (Jon Amiel), with Richard Gere and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (Alain Corneau, in French).
Theatre 4: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.
Theatre 5: "A Few Good Men" (Rob Reiner), with Tom Cruise and Jack Nicholson.
Theatre 6: "Groundhog Day" (Harold Ramis), with Bill Murray.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Passion Fish" (John Sayles), with Mary McDonnell and Alfre Woodard.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 8: (Matinées only) "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham); and (evenings only) "Untamed Heart" (Tony Bill), with Christian Slater, Marisa Tomei, and Rosie Perez.
From April 9: "Bodies, Rest & Motion" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Jack the Bear" (†).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"El Mariachi" (†).

Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Howards End" (†).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Unforgiven" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The Sandlot" (David Mickey Evans).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Léolo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Indochine" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 5: "Olivier Olivier" (Agnieszka Holland; in French).
Theatre 6: "Stolen Children" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Scent of a Woman" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Born Yesterday" (†).
Theatre 2: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas.
Theatre 3: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.
Theatre 4: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).
Theatre 5: "Point of No Return" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.
Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (Stephen Sommers), with Elijah Wood and Courtney B. Vance.

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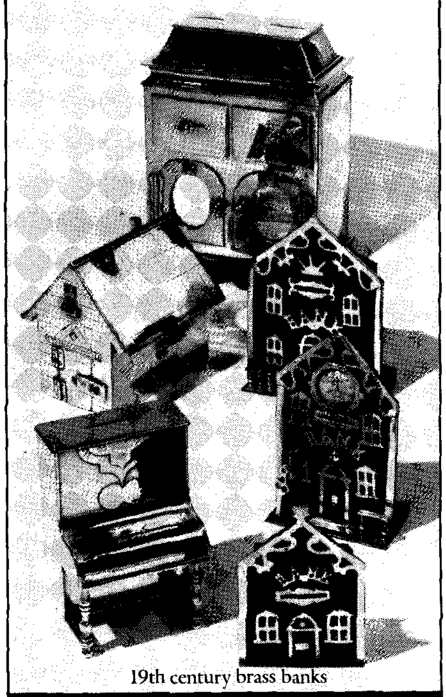

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MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Mad Dog and Glory" (John McNaughton), with Robert De Niro, Uma Thurman, and Bill Murray.
Theatre 2: "CB4" (Tamra Davis), with Chris Rock, Allen Payne, and Deezer D.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Just Another Girl on the I.R.T" (directed by Leslie Harris).
Theatre 2: "Hear No Evil" (Robert Greenwald), with Marlee Matlin, D. B. Sweeney, and Martin Sheen.
Theatre 3: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas.
Theatre 4: "The Sandlot" (David Mickey Evans).
Theatre 5: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.
Theatre 6: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 7: "Point of No Return" (†).

Embassy I, *B'way at 46th. (302-0494)*
"Born Yesterday" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Married to It" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Far Off Place" (†).
Theatre 3: "Aladdin," an animated film.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "CB4" (Tamra Davis), with Chris Rock, Allen Payne, and Deezer D.
Theatre 2: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through April 8: "Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography" (†).
From April 9: "Tales of the Brothers Quay" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 7: "North by Northwest" (see page 27); and "I Confess" (1953, directed by Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.
April 8: "Scarface" (1932, Howard Hawks), with Paul Muni; and "Hell's Angels" (1930, Howard Hughes and James Whale), with Jean Harlow and Ben Lyon.
April 9-10: "Citizen Kane" (1941, Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942, Welles), with Dolores Costello, Cotten, Tim Holt, and Moorehead.
April 11: "Witness" (1985, Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis, and Lukas Haas; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983, Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt.
April 12: "Night Is My Future" (1947, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Mai Zetterling; and "The Devil's Wanton" (1949, Bergman; in Swedish), with Doris Svenlund, Birger Malmsten, and Eva Henning.
April 13: "Golden Earrings" (1947, Mitchell Leisen), with Marlene Dietrich and Ray Milland; and "Morocco" (1930, Josef von Sternberg), with Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—April 8 at 2:30 and April 10 at 5: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, directed by Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney. . . . ¶ April 8 at 3 and 6: "Fare Game" (1992, Bill Simonett), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: "Sabrina" (1954, Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2:30: "Love in the Afternoon" (1957, Wilder), with Gary Cooper, Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. . . . ¶ April 9 at 3 and April 10 at 2:30: "Les Carabiniers" (1963, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). . . . ¶ April 9 at 6: "Secret People" (1951, Thorold Dickinson), with Valentina Cortese, Serge Reggiani, and Hepburn. . . . ¶ April 9 at 6 and April 11 at 2:30: "Histoire du Cinéma" (1988-92, Godard; in French). . . . ¶ April 10 at 2: "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler), with Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. . . . ¶ April 10-11 at 5: "Comment Ça Va" (1976, Godard and Anne-Marie Miéville; in French). . . . ¶ April 11 at 2 and April 12 at 6: "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" (1919, D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Carol Dempster, Richard Barthelmess, and Robert Harron. . . . ¶ April 11 at 5 and April 13 at 2:30: "The Mother and the Law" (1919, Griffith; a silent film), with Mae Marsh, Harron, and Marion Cooper. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2:30 and April 13 at 6: : "True Heart Susie" (†). . . . ¶ April 1[illegible] at 3: "The Crazy Ray" (1923, René Clair; a French silent film). . . . ¶ April 12 at 6: A program of short films by Clair, Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, and Hans Richter. . . . ¶ April 13 at 3: "The Seashell and the Clergyman" (1928, Germaine Dulac; a French silent film); and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928, Luis Buñuel), a short silent film, with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself. . . . ¶ April 13 at 6: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1948, Richter).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—April 7 at 2 and 6:30: "Black Girl" (1966, Ousmane Sembène). . . . ¶ April 7 at 4:15 and 8:45: "Mandabi" (1969, Sembène). . . . ¶ April 8 at 2 and 8: "Badou Boy" (1970, Djibril Diop Mambety). . . . ¶ April 8 at 3:45 and 9:30: "La Circoncision" (1978, Moussa Bathily). . . . ¶ April 8 at 6 and April 9 at 2: "Letter from My Village" (1975, Safi Faye). . . . ¶ April 9 at 4 and 8:15, April 10 at 4, and April 11 at 2: "Africa, I Will Pluck You Clean" (1992, Jean-Marie Teno). . . . ¶ April 9 at 6 and 10:15, April 10 at 8:45, and April 11 at 6:15: "Laafi" (1991, S. Pierre Yameogo). . . . ¶ April 10 at 2 and 6:15 and April 11 at 4 and 8:45: "Wheels and Deals" (1991, Michael Hammon). . . . ¶ April 13 at 2 and 7:15: "Emitai" (†). . . . ¶ April 13 at 4:15: "Camp de Thiaroye" (1987, Sembène and Thierno Faty Sow). . . . ¶ April 13 at 9:15: "Guelwaar" (1992, Sembène).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"The Ghost Writer" (1985, Tristram Powell), with Mark Linn-Baker, Sam Wanamaker, and Claire Bloom. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2.) . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: "Lemon Sky" (1988, Jan Egelson), with Kevin Bacon, Tom Atkins, Lindsay Crouse, and Kyra Sedgwick. . . . ¶ April 9 at 6:30: "True West" (1984, Allan Goldstein), with John Malkovich and Gary Sinise.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—April 9 at 6:30: "Narayamabushi-ko" (1958, Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese), with Kinuyo Tanaka; and "In Revolt" (1957, Kozaburo Yoshimura; in Japanese), with Hiroshi Kawaguchi and Tanaka.

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—April 13 at 7:30: "Lenny" (1974, Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman, Valerie Perrine, and Gary Morton; and a documentary about Mr. Bruce. Mr. Hoffman will be present.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"Masters of Cinematography: A Haskell Wexler Retrospective." April 10 at 2: "Bound for Glory" (1976, Hal Ashby), with David Carradine. . . . ¶ April 10 at 5: "The Bus" (1963, Wexler), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2: "Coming Home" (†). . . . ¶ April 11 at 4:30: "Introduction to the Enemy" (1975, Christine Burill, Jane Fonda, Tom Hayden, and Wexler), a documentary.

Le Cinematographe at Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—April 8 at 10: "Here and Elsewhere" (1972, Jean-Luc Godard and Anne-Marie Miéville; in French).

MOVIES IN BRIEF

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Spies vs. Spies

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S 1959 thriller "North by Northwest" (playing April 7, at Theatre 80 St. Marks) is one of the director's most enjoyable and influential movies. It probably had as much impact on the tone, the attitude, and some of the specific set pieces of the James Bond series as any of Ian Fleming's books. Hitchcock and his screenwriter, Ernest Lehman, create an amoral fantasyland stretching from the mansions of Long Island to the Black Hills of South Dakota, and people it with men and women who banter coolly as they live by their wits. Cary Grant brings sportive precision to the role of an ad executive sucked into espionage involving a suave master agent (James Mason) and a mysterious beauty (Eva Marie Saint). The mutual seduction of Grant and Saint as they ride the Twentieth Century Limited showcases the adult sexiness of Hitchcock at his best. The director mounts a succession of unpredictable action scenes, including the crop-duster chase at a Midwestern bus stop and the climactic pursuit across the faces at Mt. Rushmore—visually, it's like Chutes and Ladders with human tokens. The entire movie is peerlessly insouciant.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

BODIES, REST & MOTION—With Bridget Fonda, Phoebe Cates, Tim Roth, and Eric Stoltz; directed by Michael Steinberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village East Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse; starting April 9.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Or maybe the day before. Garson Kanin's 1946 play was always a rickety contraption with one prize screwball rattling around inside it: Billie Dawn, the hard-shelled consort of a coarse tycoon who pays a Washington journalist to tone her mind. Instead of sharpening and toughening Kanin's play, the screenwriter, Douglas McGrath, dips it in aspartame. At the nadir, Billie gets D. C. bigwigs to sing along as she sets the Constitutional amendments to the tune of "The Twelve Days of Christmas." John Goodman brings welcome joviality to the millionaire (unlike Broderick Crawford in George Cukor's 1950 film), but Melanie Griffith just squeaks through the role that made Judy Holliday a star, and Don Johnson acts too earnest and smiles too easily as the reporter (a part that stymied even William Holden in Cukor's movie). The director, Luis Mandoki, grows one more inch of mold on the material; his pacing is flaccid, his staging soggy.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

COMING HOME (1978)—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Then the movie, which started out to be about how the Vietnam war changed Americans, turns into a movie about a woman who has her first orgasm when she goes to bed with a paraplegic, and the porny romanticism of this affair has a morbid kick to it. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. Though it was shot by Haskell Wexler, a wizard of fast-moving strong graphics, it has a Waspy glaze to it—a soft pastel innocuousness, as if all those involved were so concerned to get their blandly humanitarian message across without offending anyone that they fogged themselves in. With Robert Carradine and Penelope Milford.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; April 11.)

THE CRYING GAME—This amazing new movie by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Miracle") has the sure grip and the unstoppable momentum of a dream. Jordan tells the story of Fergus (Stephen Rea), a troubled I.R.A. gunman who undergoes a thorough emotional metamorphosis, and he makes the hero's change of heart moving and persuasive; the film inspires an irrational sort of trust, a willing suspension of something deeper and more fundamental than disbelief. The script is full of reversals and abrupt dislocations and, halfway through, the movie springs a huge, jaw-dropping surprise. Disorienting us isn't the ultimate aim of Jordan's artistic strategy, though; he jars us out of our accustomed responses to prepare us for the purer, more penetrating ones he really wants from us. The picture is a splendid entertainment—an elating, charmed sprint through all sorts of contemporary terrors. With Jaye Davidson.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/16/92.) (Angelika Film Center, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Criterion Center.)

EMITAI (1971)—A film by the Senegalese writer-filmmaker Ousmane Sembène about black villagers who are pushed closer and closer to resistance by the inhuman demands of a colonial power (the French, during the Second World War). Yet they delay. Even after their women and children are rounded up and put in the sun, the men postpone taking action; they make sacrifices to their gods, hoping to learn what to do—but the gods are silent. (Emitai is the Master of Thunder.) The film deals with the interrelationships in the village between the men and the women, and between the men and their gods—and in both cases they turn out to be complex, ironic, puzzling. Ousmane Sembène's approach is thoughtful and almost reticent; the viewer contemplates a series of tragic dilemmas. Yet for all its intelligence, the movie isn't memorable—partly because the last section is unsatisfying. In Wolof, an African language.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; April 13.)

A FAR OFF PLACE—Critically drubbed as too bloody for a Walt Disney picture, this loose adaptation of two Laurens van der Post novels ("A Story Like the Wind" and "A Far Off Place") is actually one of Disney's better live-action adventures—for sixth graders and up. The director, Mikael Salomon, brings a former cinematographer's visual flair to the saga of brutally orphaned teen-age friends (Reese Witherspoon and Ethan Randall) fleeing for their lives across the Kalahari Desert with the aid of a sagacious Bushman (Sarel Bok) and a loyal Rhodesian ridgeback. The bad guys are ivory poachers. The film has some of the pop appeal of Tarzan movies—there's a great shot of an elephant herd helping the heroes by covering their tracks. Randall's coddled American and Witherspoon's hardy African-bred girl go through the usual joke-filled dance of opposites attracting, but every now and then Bok's Bushman does something unforgettable—like pressing all his

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fingertips against those of a pal in a delicate gesture of solidarity.—M.S. (Embassy)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Adaptation by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Cinema 3.)

Indochine—The director, Régis Wargnier, uses his star, Catherine Deneuve, largely for her classical, indomitable profile—the same attribute that made her the 1985 model for the French national symbol, "Marianne." Indeed, in this wannabe epic about the waning of French Indochina, Wargnier reduces all his actors and characters to symbols: Deneuve, as a French plantation owner who's lived in Indochina all her life and carries on the spirit of pioneer colonialism; lovely Linh Dan Pham, as Deneuve's adopted daughter, an Annamese princess who becomes a revolutionary leader; and blank Vincent Perez, as a confused French naval officer who wows both mother and child, sparking romance and rebellion. This monument-like picture lacks urgency and staying power—the material oxidizes onscreen. With vistas by cinematographer François Catonné that should increase the tourist traffic in Vietnam and Malaysia. In French.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Jack the Bear—The hero and narrator of Marshall Herskovitz's movie is twelve-year-old John Leary, Jr. (Robert J. Steinmiller, Jr.), nicknamed Jack the Bear, who lives in a run-down Oakland neighborhood with his father (Danny DeVito) and a three-year-old brother (Miko Hughes). In the smart, tough-minded 1974 novel, by Dan McCall, on which the movie is nominally based, the nickname refers to the great 1940 Duke Ellington record; in the film, the name suggests a cuddly toy, and that's exactly what Herskovitz and the screenwriter, Steven Zaillian, have turned Jack into. They've drained the life out of the material, eliminated anything that an audience might find ambiguous or disturbing—or interesting. The movie is a faded, forlorn thing, and a real missed opportunity. Jack the Bear might have been a great film character—perhaps the American counterpart of Antoine Doinel in "The 400 Blows"—but here he's just a scrubbed sitcom cutie: Beaver Cleaver with a hint of attitude. Also with Gary Sinise and Julia Louis-Dreyfus (who hangs around in the background of several scenes, as if she were waiting in the on-deck circle, and has about three lines).—T.R. (4/5/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Léolo—Directed by Jean-Claude Lauzon. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

El Mariachi—This first film by twenty-four-year-old Robert Rodriguez was made for seven thousand dollars, and part of its enormous charm is that it really looks like a seven-thousand-dollar movie. It's a grubby little thriller, set in a Mexican border town, about a wandering mariachi musician (Carlos Gallardo) who is mistaken for a killer. The picture is a virtually unbroken series of chases and shoot-outs, and the non-stop action should be tiresome, but it isn't. Rodriguez establishes a delirious pace, and keeps the bullets flying and the corpses crumpling for a brisk, and appropriately terse, eighty-two minutes. The movie has the sort of dry, bracingly unwholesome humor that relentless mayhem can produce if the characters are mean and abject enough and the storytelling is speedy and laconic. This young filmmaker is no visual wizard; he's just an energetic and imaginative manipulator of tried-and-true genre conventions. But if you enter his seedy world with expectations as low as the picture's aspirations, you'll probably have a very good time. In Spanish.—T.R. (2/22/93) (Village Theatre VII, and Angelika 57.)

Married to It—In this seriocomic screed, aging boomers and eager yuppies learn the beauty of marital commitment; the theme song is Joni Mitchell's "The Circle Game" and the theme is getting by with a little help from your friends. The screenwriter may be a woman (Janet Kovalcik), but she thinks in female clichés—the Earth Mother (Stockard Channing), the rich bitch (Cybill Shepherd), the Midwestern farm girl (Mary Stuart Masterson). The gals' husbands are stereotypes of a separate but equal kind: the bitter sixties idealist (Beau Bridges), the unhappy hustling businessman (Ron Silver), the naïve Republican youth (Robert Sean Leonard). The film means to inspire viewers to renew their wedding vows; instead it makes them want to swear off moviegoing. Arthur Hiller directed.—M.S. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Embassy.)

Masala—Middling karma. The title, a Hindi word for a spicy, colorful mixture, is an unfortunately familiar one for a comedy about Indian immigrants in North America (Canada this time, not Mississippi). It's also unfortunately apt. The writer-director-star, Srinivas Krishna, uses his first-hand knowledge of the Indian-Canadian community—and his grasp of Bombay musicals, teen-rebel movies, and "My Beautiful Laundrette"—to ladle a lumpy multicultural marinade over a story of an alienated youth. Krishna himself plays the hard-luck lead—also named Krishna—who loses his immediate family in a plane crash and becomes the odd man out in his extended clan. Krishna the moviemaker hops through time and space and breaks into bouts of mystical comedy, striving in vain to make a virtue of confusion—his own as well as his character's. Happily, there's yet another Krishna involved: the rascally deity Lord Krishna (Saeed Jaffrey), who appears to a feisty grandmother (Zohra Segal) via her VCR. In their hilarious duel of wills, Jaffrey's divine imp and Segal's determined matriarch are surprisingly well matched. According to Krishna's view of Indian-Canadian family life, a grandma can guilt-trip even a god. Jaffrey appears in two additional roles (a sari tycoon and a postman who's also a stamp collector); his daughter, Sakina Jaffrey, plays Krishna's love interest.—M.S. (Quad Cinema.)

Point of No Return—John Badham remakes Luc Besson's chic Eurostinker, "La Femme Nikita" (1991), as a big, square, stupid American action movie. It's a slight improvement, but so what? Return to sender. With Bridget Fonda, Gabriel Byrne, Anne Bancroft, Dermot Mulroney, and Harvey Keitel.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Scent of a Woman—Director Martin Brest and screenwriter Bo Goldman labor mightily to design a holiday-season heart-warmer about a middle-aged blind man and a troubled teen-ager (Chris O'Donnell), but fortunately their low intentions are undone by the star, Al Pacino, whose performance taps emotions too complex and too frightening to be resolved by the simple moral victory that ends the picture. His Frank Slade, a retired Army officer and former aide to L.B.J., is a bitter, misanthropic, profoundly depressed man, and the actor makes us feel the full weight of the character's hopelessness. This is acting that chills the heart beyond any possibility of warming. The filmmakers may dismiss the audience with a banal lesson written on the blackboard—"Smell the roses" is the gist—but by the end we're not paying much attention. We're still sorting out the ambiguities and uncomfortable truths that Pacino's great performance has let us in on.—T.R. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Regency.)

Stolen Children ("Il Ladro di Bambini")—Neo-neorealism about a decent young officer in the Carabinieri (Enrico Lo Verso) and his attempt to connect with two troubled kids: an eleven-year-old girl (Valentina Scalici) whose mother turned her into a prostitute, and her sickly younger brother (Giuseppe Ieracitano). The quest to find a place for the siblings takes them all the way from the outskirts of Milan to Sicily, and becomes what used to be called "a journey of understanding." The officer strives to reawaken the kids' innocence but finds that he's as much a prisoner of institutions as they are. The director, Gianni Amelio (who co-wrote the script with Sandro Petraglia and Stefano Rulli), is honorable and sensitive; the movie has some tense, emotionally saturated moments, such as when the girl remarks to the officer that she used to receive compliments for her "lovely mouth." But the odyssey is a bit drawn-out and flat. The film lacks the heightened lucidity of its major models—the movies of Vittorio De Sica. Basically, you see three withdrawn people warming to each other between naps. In Italian.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Strictly Ballroom—Baz Luhrmann's first film brings good news: Australian cinema is on the move again, with a vigor not seen since the days of "Mad Max." There's no violence in "Strictly Ballroom"—the general lack of unpleasantness, in fact, is quite unnerving—but the speed of it still leaves you reeling. A young dancer, played by Paul Mercurio, acquires a new partner (Tara Morice), dreams up a flash routine, and sets out to break the Old Guard. The plot is cut-rate melodrama, and Luhrmann knows it; but he never sneers at his hero's ambitions. Besides, there are so many other things to laugh at—the costumes, the minor characters with their major obsessions, the psychedelic makeup, the trashy music. The movie is over before you know it, and is not one to linger in the mind, or indeed pass through the mind at all; but it's a good-humored ride for the senses, never too sickly, and who can say no to that?—A.L. (2/15/93) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Tales of the Brothers Quay—Even at their most opaque, the animated puppet films of the Brothers Quay (Philadelphia-born identical twins who now live in London) are eerily moving, like ancient volumes brought from the obscurity of a Borgesian library into the light. The camera dances gracefully, but the dolls move with the awkward gestures of sleepers only half awakened; they seem to be covered in layers of fine dust, as if layers of meaning had settled on them during years of neglect, and the Quays bring them to life with enormous tenderness, careful not to shake off the history their dazed puppets have acquired. These astonishing artists, working in an unlikely form, awaken our senses, too. They combine a demiurgic, Caligari-like mastery over their creations with the gentle dream archeology of Joseph Cornell: their puppets look less like things invented than like things discovered. This program includes six short films: "Anamorphosis" (1991); "Are We Still Married" (1992); "Long Way Down (Look What the Cat Drug In)" (1993); "Rehearsals for Extinct Anatomies" (1988); the classic "Street of Crocodiles" (1986), based on the writings of Bruno Schultz; and "The Comb" (1991), which is the most ambitious and the most beautiful of their recent films.—T.R. (Film Forum 2; starting April 9.)

True Heart Susie (1919)—A lovely, simple pastoral romance—one of the most charming of all D. W. Griffith films. Close to perfection, on a small scale. Lillian Gish is Susie, Robert Harron is William, and Clarine Seymour is Bettina, William's pleasure-loving bride, who sneaks out to a party and can't get back into her house. Scott Fitzgerald must have seen the film before he wrote "Babylon Revisited." Silent.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; April 12-13.)

Unforgiven—Set in eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming, this engrossing, moody Western is the sixteenth film Clint Eastwood has directed, and by far the best. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, revives the old story about the retired gunfighter (Eastwood) who picks up his firearms again for one last score. But there's no easy resolution, and the movie is stronger because of its loose ends: the filmmakers acknowledge that the bloody chaos of an outlaw's life can't be settled in two hours and eleven minutes. The action begins when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute, and her co-workers pool their money to offer a reward for the murder of him and his partner. Jaimz Woolvett is the upstart who enlists Eastwood in the bounty hunt. Morgan Freeman plays Eastwood's longtime partner, Gene Hackman a megalomaniac sheriff, Richard Harris a flamboyant English gunslinger, and Saul Rubinek a dime novelist. This is the finest set of performances ever to grace a Clint Eastwood movie, and this time Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood. Every bullet in this movie matters; under its leathery hide is a genuine compulsion to deromanticize Western gunfighting.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, and Columbus Circle.)

Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography—This documentary, directed by Arnold Glassman, Todd McCarthy, and Stuart Samuels, is much more fun than its college-catalogue title suggests. The movie is cheery, convivial, and swift: for ninety minutes, stunning images, drawn from all eras of movie history, pass before us, and we listen to a couple of dozen veteran cinematographers speaking about what they do. The craftsmen are a likable and unpretentious bunch, and it's easy to share their delight in the achievements of their colleagues and masters: the film is a joy to look at. (The clips are taken from the best possible prints, and they're all shown in their original aspect ratios.) Movie-lovers can argue with some of the filmmakers' choices—the near-total exclusion of images from Westerns is the most serious flaw—but, in a strange way, that's part of the picture's charm. It has the power to revive senses that have been dulled by the crushing predictability of recent movies. The cinematographers interviewed include Allen Daviau, Caleb Deschanel, Haskell Wexler, John Bailey, and the late Nestor Almendros (to whom the film is dedicated).—T.R. (4/5/93) (Film Forum 2; through April 8.)

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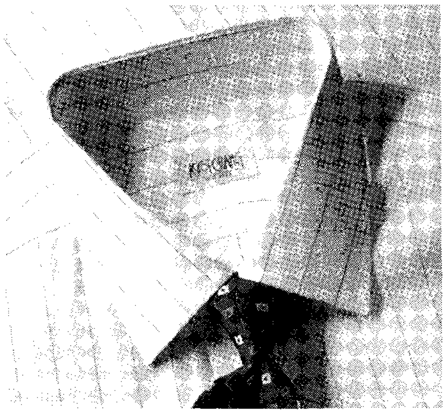

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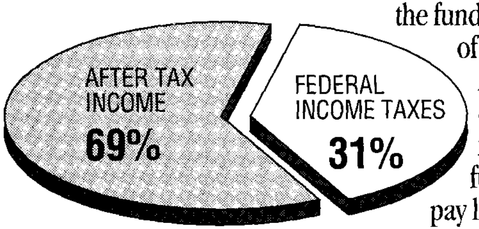

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

GOTHAM WANNABE

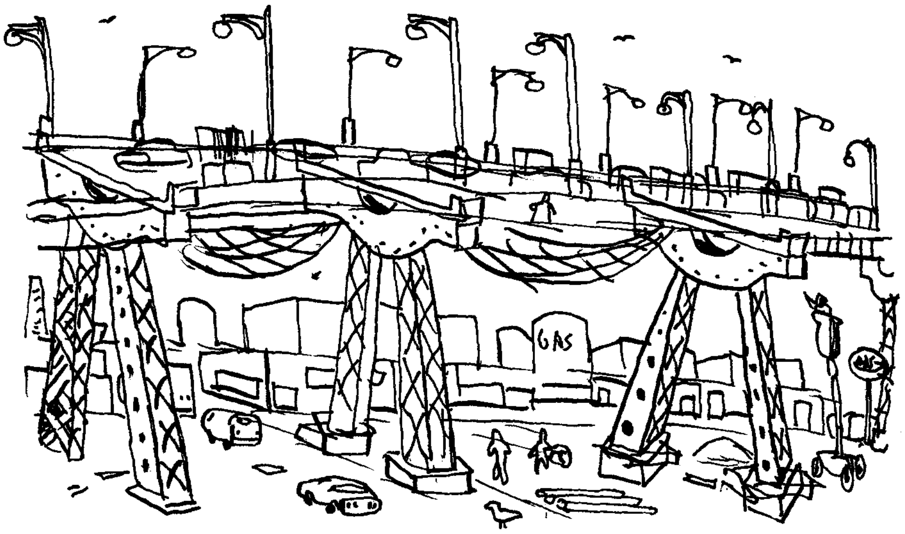
On the very day that New York proclaimed itself finished with the World Trade Center disaster, and the second tower was finally opened to the public, a small band of people in Portland, Oregon, were doing their best to keep the disaster alive. Actually, they had been doing their best since about a week after the explosion, but it was on that day that filming officially began for what has tentatively been titled "Terror in the Towers," an NBC Movie of the Week.

Unfortunately, a couple of obstacles have already presented themselves. The first is attitude. Portland prides itself on being more laid-back than Seattle, to say nothing of New York, and, as a result, the project has acquired something of a foreign-film feel. It's like those spaghetti Westerns which Clint Eastwood used to make in Spain. The second obstacle is the scope of the physical tasks at hand. Re-creating a terrorist explosion in the middle of the Pacific Northwest is a little like remodelling Wall Street for a movie about the Oregon Trail.

Nevertheless, Portland is trying. "We're going to be making the crater new," says Michael Lowe, the president of ACME Scenic & Display, which is building the set. "The real crater is just too big to be moved." Last week, a d.j. at an AM radio station made calls to pay phones in Manhattan, asking how Portland might manage to look more like New York. "I got the numbers from my producer's cousin's Australian husband, or something like that," Bob Miller, the d.j., says, "and at first the guy who answers, he was talking in this high voice, like a woman, and I was calling him 'Ma'am.' He said you don't just pick up a pay phone in New York and start talking, because people like to call pay phones in New York to ask sex questions. After that, all he said was that we should throw some dirt around. He also told me that there are trees in New York, so this thing should work."

Evidently, it's difficult to sew up the rights to an entire disaster, and the movie is thus a hodgepodge of stories that the producers were quick enough to buy—the children trapped in the elevator, the maintenance worker turned rescuer, and the woman in the wheelchair, among others. And, because it's being filmed in Portland, the movie will also include a hodgepodge of the Rose City's tallest buildings: in this case, the Bank of California Tower and the First Interstate Tower—coincidentally, the two ugliest edifices in an otherwise beautiful downtown. Portland's own World Trade Center, which consists of three buildings, the tallest just seventeen stories, is in the running for a possible helicopter-rescue scene, which may be done without the helicopters. "What we're doing is piecing together the Trade Center," one production person says. "For instance, they'll use the Bank of California for the West Street exit. Of course, I've never been to New York, so that doesn't mean a thing to me."

This is not the first time that Portland has masqueraded as Manhattan—it served as the location for the Marla Hanson story—and lately it has been experiencing a film-production boom of sorts. Madonna sightings were all the rage last spring, when she filmed "Body of Evidence" in Portland (and redecorated her room at the RiverPlace Hotel). "The Temp," "Fire in the Sky," and the latest installment of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles epic were recently filmed nearby. The Governor Hotel, three blocks off Portland's version of



GARY PANTER

Broadway, appeared in Gus Van Sant's "My Own Private Idaho," and the adjacent Princeton Building was once used as a stand-in for the Vatican. (It has great ceiling paintings.)

The man in charge of building the Portland crater is Jan Pederson, a tall, bearded bald guy with a demeanor that remains relaxed no matter how much New York energy manages to seep out of the site—and no matter how uneasy the producers are about the other Trade Center films rumored to be in the works. Pederson has taken over the previously abandoned Foremost Dairies complex, and is busy orchestrating the arrival of two dozen mangled or soon to be mangled cars, sixty tons of rubble, and lots of other junk; the dairy complex is currently the only place in Oregon guarded by blue-and-white N.Y.P.D. patrol cars. He is also overseeing the construction of three simulated Trade Center offices with easily explodable walls, ready at the director's notice to be blasted with behind-the-scenes sand cannons. "Originally, they wanted us to find some demolition that was already going on," he says. "But since we couldn't find anybody who would let us blow up his building, what we're doing is re-creating the whole explosion scene right here. On half of the floor you'll be looking down into the crater, and on the other half you'll be looking up. We figure we can get at least four stories of debris out of that."

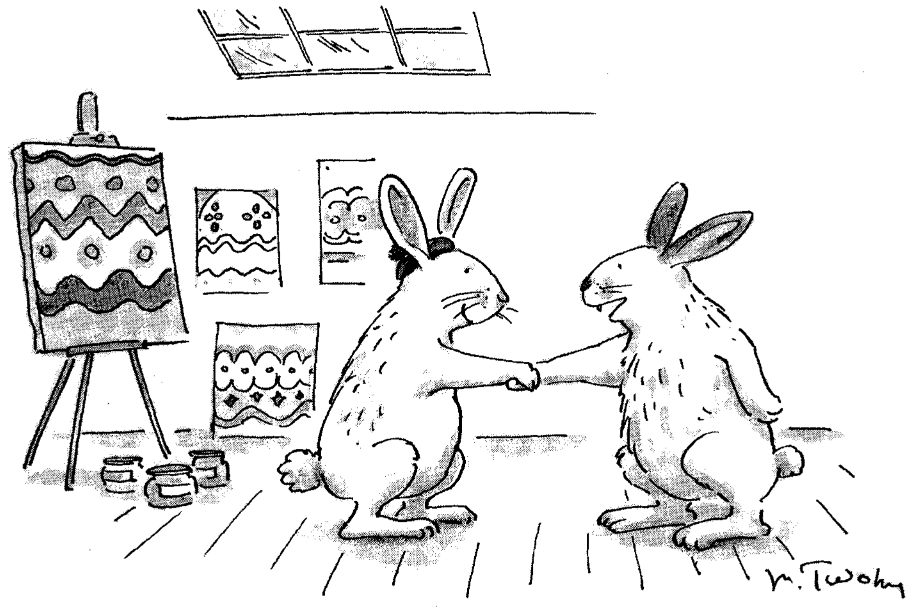
Writers have been jetting in to help Pederson, who is a Hubbard, Oregon, resident, with New York-specific details, and he has been given videotapes of the actual news coverage. And he is one of the few Oregonians on the project able to draw upon personal experience of New York. "I loved it," he says. "I mean, I was only there for five minutes, but it was great. I did the whole thing. Went to see the museums—you know, the Guggenheim and all that. The real New York you can't miss. I mean, you walk right through it. Just after I got off the plane, a guy was knifed right in front of me, and people walked right by. But then, yes, people do come together after a while. And I think that's what they're going for here with this movie. You know, pulling at your emotions, and all. I mean, that's how they try to get you with these things."

WORD FROM OLYMPUS

THE gods of literature are on a first-name basis, and this was never more in evidence than last Friday night, when Joseph, Susan, and Simon gathered on the second floor of the Italian Consulate, at Park Avenue and Sixty-ninth Street, to pay homage to a new book by Roberto. The book is "The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony," a heady but crowd-pleasing meditation on Greek mythology, which is just coming out in this country, from Knopf, after several prize-winning years in Europe; Roberto is Roberto Calasso, the publisher of Adelphi Edizioni, which is the Knopf of Milan; Joseph, Susan, and Simon are, of course, Joseph Brodsky, Susan Sontag, and Simon Schama. Leon Wieseltier, of *The New Republic*, who was the moderator, said, simply, "I won't introduce the panelists. You know who they are." Derek—that's Walcott to ordinary mortals—was there, too, sitting off to the right in the front row; Oliver (Sacks) was way in the back; and the dapper gentleman chewing his pipe was greeted by everyone, in the one exception to the first-name rule, with kisses on both cheeks and an Italian-inflected cry of "Professor Eco!"

If the number of laureates and luminaries gathered to hear readings from Roberto's work suggested that the evening was an occasion for international glitterary hobnobbing, or that the book is sexy because of his reputation as a jet-setting publisher, this impression was corrected—or at least substantially revised—when Leon Wieseltier started talking soberly about how long it's been since myths were valued as truths, as real explanations for the governing principles of nature and human life. He asserted that, in spite of having given up belief in myths, we still look for meaning in them. "Think of meaning as the poor man's truth," he said. From that moment on, the evening was one of high-velocity intellectual traffic—as tough as a grad-school seminar, but grander, and more entertaining. Joseph claimed that the tone of "The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony" is godly, because, like the gods, it is intimate and highly impersonal at the same time, and he proposed that Roberto himself had been invaded by one of the gods—or, at least, become the mouthpiece for one of them. Susan explained what makes a book "noble"—it must invoke something from the past, some historic milestone or ancient struggle—and Simon discoursed on the schism between the poetic and the rational in the study of history, the two poles personified originally by the fanciful historian Herodotus and the facts-are-facts historian Thucydides. He praised Roberto for uniting the poetic and the rational voices, and then, as illustration, read a favorite passage from Roberto's book, on the implications of Sparta.

Roberto himself, dressed in a publisher's elegant blue suit, but with a



"I hear you've been doing exciting things with eggs and dye."

writer's flash in his eye and stray lock of hair on his brow, sat in the first row listening intently. He joined the panelists after their tributes, and when a member of the audience asked him if his book was postmodern he replied fervently, "I never felt in my life the need of using the word 'postmodern.' " Then he smoked pensively and sparred with Susan about whether or not the fact that he is a man had any impact on his approach to the ancient gods and heroes. "Susan, do I need to remind you that literature is genderless?" he demanded. The discussion that followed was nothing like the usual polite and politically correct panel chat at New York literary events; it was more like a rarefied argument between Talmudic scholars long familiar with each other's biases, or—to take a prototypical debate much analyzed by the panelists—the argument between Zeus and Hera over who gets more pleasure from sexual intercourse, the man or the woman.

Neither Susan nor Simon nor Joseph could quite define what kind of book "The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony" really is, and it was this that seemed to delight them most. Apparently, it is not fiction, history, or literary criticism, not a collection of aphorisms or rhapsodic Cliffs Notes on the classical, but a little of all these; like the deities themselves, it is constantly changing form. Joseph said, "It combines—well, God knows what! Sometimes it lurches into poetry." He gave an example, declaiming a few lines about the isle of Leuke in his sonorous Russian accent: "It's an island for castaways and people who want to offer up a sacrifice. No one has ever dared stay there after sundown. . . . The temple guards are sea gulls. Every morning they wet their wings in the sea and sprinkle water on the stones. And with their wings they sweep the floor." Joseph also said, waving an unlit cigarette and sounding refreshingly mortal, "Second only to the pleasure of reading this book is the pleasure of writing it—and I'm a little mad at my friend Roberto for depriving me of the opportunity to do it."

NOTHING TO DECLARE

Over dinner one night during the recent round of European fashion shows, at the house of a famous Italian designer who had better remain nameless, the conversation at a table of people who work in the fashion business was about how to smuggle through customs a fresh load of plunder from their favorite boutiques. The famous designer's brother-in-law, whom I'll call Bill, said that after being stopped time and again he finally figured out that it was because he was wearing sunglasses; he took them off, and he's never been stopped since. He also said that he makes it a policy not to go through customs with his wife—let's say her name is Ursula (it isn't)—because the customs people always single her out and search her. Maybe it's that she travels with nine suitcases, Bill said. Or that she still insists on wearing her Ray-Bans.

Joanne (not her real name, either), who works for a newspaper, said that she once interviewed a United States Customs inspector and asked him if there was a profile of the sort of person the inspectors would be sure to stop. "We always stop people who are perspiring," he told her.

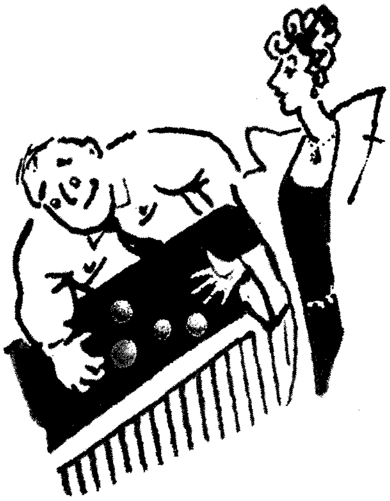
"I find that the best technique is to declare absolutely nothing," confided the fashion director of a New York department store who, for the purposes of this account, will go by the name of Chuck. "That way, you don't call any attention to yourself."

Julie (an alias), who is a writer, admitted that five years ago, by accident, she hit on a decoy strategy that has turned out to be foolproof. Flying into J.F.K., she innocently asked the customs inspector if she was obliged to relinquish four clementines she had bought before leaving Milan. He confiscated them immediately, with an air of enormous satisfaction, and never even glanced at the suitcase stuffed with seven Prada bags. "So now," Julie explained, "I always take along some contraband food—a stale loaf of bread, a bag of figs, a bunch of carrots—to surrender, and then the customs people feel that they've done their job."

A publicist, a veteran shopper known to her friends as Sandy (not the name on her passport), offered her technique: she mails back to herself all the receipts for the things she bought, so that customs officials can't find any evidence on her.

I said that Anna Wintour (her real name), the editor of *Vogue,* once told me that she declares "absolutely everything."

"But then you have to pay!" Chuck protested. Julie winced.

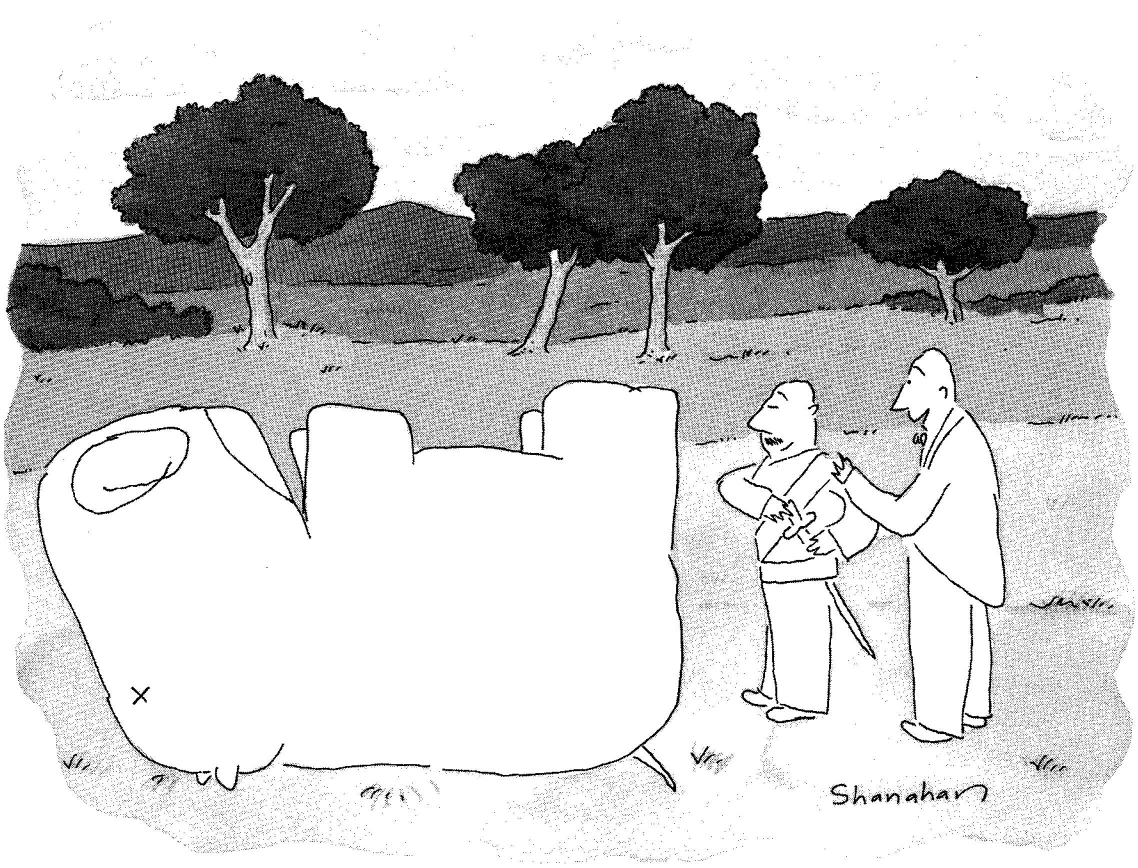


All present agreed that the prize for ingenuity went to a consultant—a Chinese-American woman whom I'll refer to as Dorothea. Half an hour before landing, she told us, she goes to the lavatory and prepares for her performance. She removes her Hermès scarf and her jewelry; she takes out her contact lenses, washes off her makeup, and puts on her horn-rimmed glasses. Then she changes out of her Chanel jacket into a frumpy cashmere twin set, which she buttons all the way up to the throat, and a beat-up khaki raincoat. When she gets to baggage claim, she begins to shuffle slightly, dragging her heels "like an arthritic Chinese immigrant," and she continues to walk that way until she gets to the taxi stand. This time, Dorothea said two weeks later, back in New York, the customs inspector waved her through, saying, "Welcome home."

—Holly Brubach

BRENTWOOD DUET

Houses in Los Angeles that have survived unchanged for many years have a way of collecting ghosts. In



"Good show, Mitty!"

• •

a large off-white frame house in the neighborhood of Brentwood, the presence of a departed spirit is inescapable. It is there in a marble bust with a penetrating gaze, which presides over the front hall. It is there in a portrait hung not far from paintings by Degas and Monet, Rouault and Toulouse-Lautrec. It is there in photographs that include images of such departed figures as the violinists Jascha Heifetz and Nathan Milstein, the pianists Artur Schnabel and Arthur Rubinstein. And it is there, most powerfully, in two cello cases lying under the grand piano, like caskets that will never be disturbed.

The ghost is that of Gregor Piatigorsky, the great cellist, who lived in this house for twenty-seven years, before his death, in 1976. In midafternoon, with the front draperies closed against the California sun, the house seems hushed, as if taking a nap. But Jacqueline de Rothschild Piatigorsky, the great man's widow, is wide awake. A white-haired, fine-featured woman dressed in a black leather skirt and a white cotton shirt embroidered with figures of dogs, she opens the door and says, "I hope you didn't come all this way just to see *me!*"

She is happy, though, to talk about the Piatigorsky Legacy concert at Carnegie Hall—which she attended last week, to honor her husband's memory and to hear Michael Tilson Thomas conduct the New England Conservatory Symphony Orchestra in music by Bernstein, Stravinsky, and the British composer John Tavener. The featured soloist in Tavener's "The Protecting Veil," a concerto for cello and strings, was the British cellist Steven Isserlis, who is this year's winner of the NEC / Piatigorsky Artist Award.

The award—whose recipient is chosen by Laurence Lesser, the president of the New England Conservatory, on the basis of recommendations by established musicians and conductors—is not given by competition, because Piatigorsky did not believe in competition. ("Music is not a footrace," he said.) "The award gives ten thousand dollars to help outstanding cellists under the age of thirty-five," Mrs. Piatigorsky says, acting as though she had little to do with its inspiration. "It had its origins in a series of memorial concerts founded by our daughter, Jeptha, and our son, Joram, after their father's death."

Her modesty seems appropriate to the memory of her husband, who, along with Pablo Casals and Mstislav Rostropovich, was one of the century's three cello superstars—a romantic figure, famous for his daring escape from the Soviet Union in the nineteen-twenties, and a towering stage presence, who was once described as "one of the two handsomest men in Hollywood." (The other was Gary Cooper.) But it's a modesty that belies her own accomplishments: she has been a nationally ranked chess player, an amateur pilot, and a bassoonist; she's an artist, and the author of an unusually honest memoir; and just a few weeks ago, in Baton Rouge, she won the doubles division of a national seniors tennis tournament and was a finalist in the singles. "I am eighty-one," she says matter-of-factly.

The bust in the front hall and several other marble pieces, whose elegant lyricism recalls that of Brancusi and Arp, turn out to be hers. "My father was Baron Edouard de Rothschild, the head of the Banque Rothschild in Paris, and I had a very luxurious but very sheltered childhood, which made me afraid of a lot of things," she says. "As a girl, I was not expected to do anything. My first means of expressing myself was chess, which a nanny taught me to play at six, when I was sick. I studied the piano obsessively but unsuccessfully. After I married Grisha, in 1937, I taught myself to play the bassoon, because it had the same register as the cello. Finally, I had to admit that I had no real musical gift. I took up chess seriously and became the No. 2 ranked player in the country. But chess competitions are strenuous—they go on late at night in smoke-filled rooms—and I gave it up for tennis. I suppose the sculpture connects to the chess. To be good at chess is not a sign of great intelligence. It requires merely an unusual ability to see in space. I began my memoirs forty years ago, then put the manuscript in a drawer. After Grisha's death, I took it out and worked with an editor, who rewrote everything. I threw that out and started from scratch. Now every word in it is mine."

She produces a copy of the book, which was published in 1988, and is called "Jump in the Waves." It begins with this unlikely sentence: "Fear is the story of my life." Did her husband help her conquer her fears? "Once, when he was driving home through a dangerous neighborhood, a man jumped in front of his car and stood there, daring him to get out. Grisha just glanced at him, lit a cigarette, and began reading the paper. Pretty soon, the man got bored and left. A few nights later, we heard a noise outside the house. Grisha was too frightened to go out and look, so I did. It was a little stray kitten. My husband wasn't afraid of a dangerous man, but he was afraid of a kitten!" She smiles tentatively, but it is just enough to suggest that if she is still wondering about the remarkable man she married, she is in no doubt about the remarkable woman she has become.

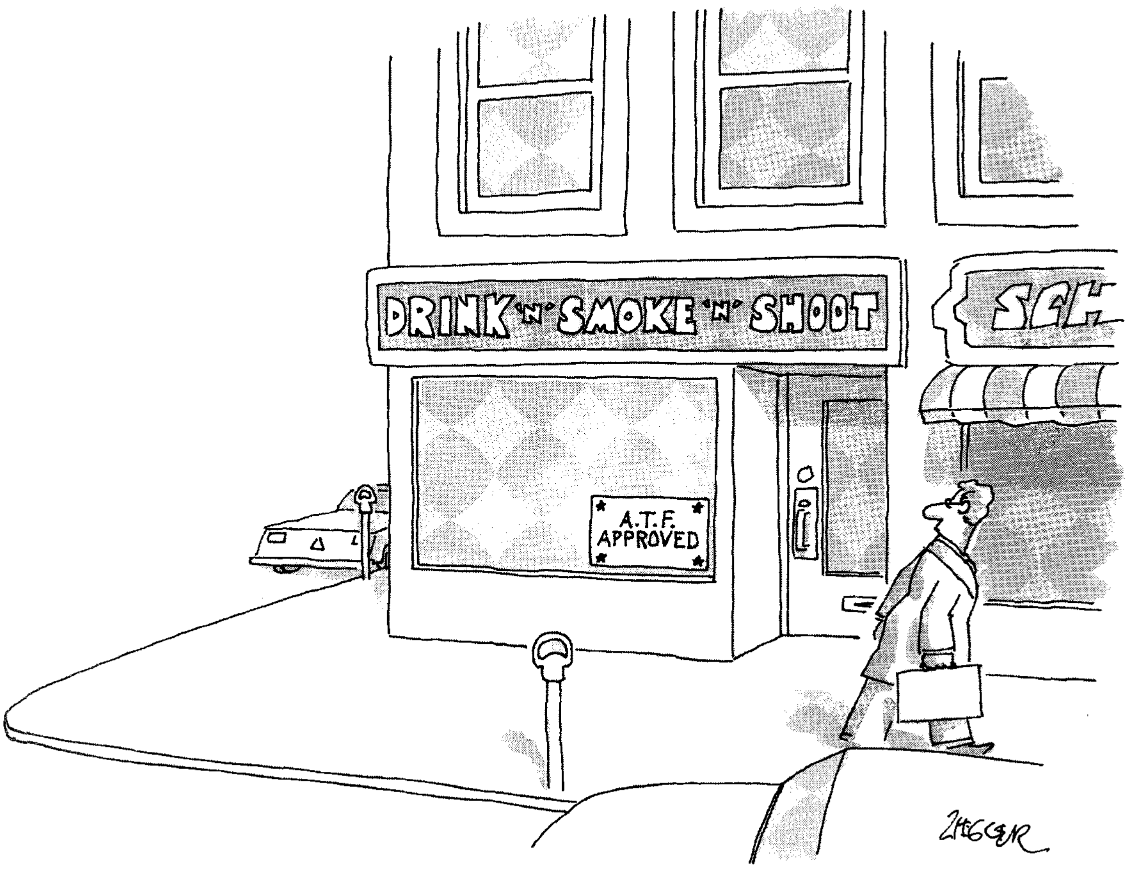
ROLE OF ROLES

It was refreshing to see, on the first full city day of spring sunshine, a man who looked an awful lot like Jesus Christ taking his ease at the Carnegie Deli, near a pot of pickles. Outside, along Seventh Avenue, people were sweating in their winter coats. But he wore a light cotton jacket, and a sportsman's black-faced watch, and when he unfurled his long brown hair the waitress drew back. When he tried to order cappuccino, she said there was no such thing at the Carnegie Deli. So he ordered coffee, smoothed his beard, and spoke of his travels. "It's an amazing town, New York—it's a weird town." San Francisco, he said, was more his speed. "I liked the house colors. I liked the sea."

Jean-Marie Lamour is a young French actor who for eighteen months now has been playing Jesus Christ onstage in Europe. The show is called "Jesus Was His Name," and it will be coming to Radio City Music Hall in June, right before the Moody Blues. The United States cast will eventually play the Miami Arena, and the Sun Dome, in Tampa, but first it's going to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, for rehearsals. "For me, that name is strange," Lamour said. "Maybe it can be something beautiful, I don't know." He's from Paris, where his father sells futons for a living. He has a firm, gracious manner and a soft voice, and seems pretty well adjusted, everything considered.

"There's a few guys who play Jesus, they become crazy, because it's very heavy," he said. He didn't elaborate. "I had only one strange dream. It was before the Iraq war, and I was Jesus, standing in the desert. I put up my hand and stopped the bombs. It was amazing, but that's all, my only revelation." Some dishes clattered in the deli. The show's publicity man was sitting at another table, trying to read the newspapers. "Acting is my passion, but I'm a believer, too," Lamour went on. "So who was I to play Jesus Christ? I decided to play him as a man. He loved like a man, he died like a man; then came the Resurrection. I believe that. If other people don't believe that, it's O.K."

Jean-Marie Lamour is six feet two, which may be tall for Jesus. He marvelled at the huge deli sandwiches as they went by, and said he would come back to feast. The press kit says he's descended from Vikings, which he doesn't deny. His mother had nightmares the first time he was crucified, he said, but she's fine now. He'd never worn a beard until this role, and he broke up with his girlfriend just before the first production. "I had a long love story with that girl, but now I am single," he said. "Maybe I have to be." ♦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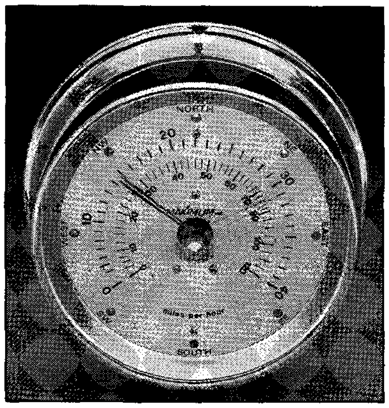

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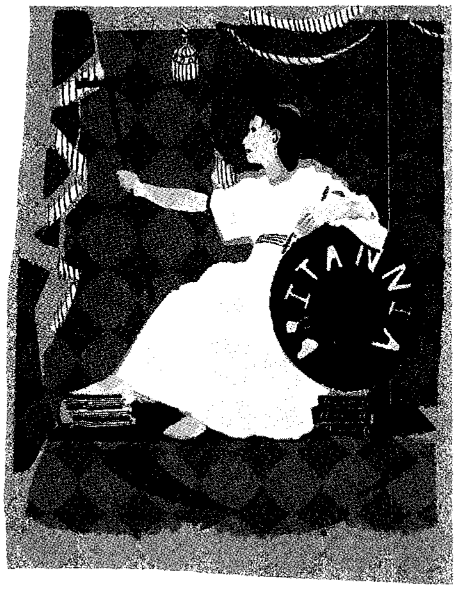
LETTER FROM LONDON

REAL BRITANNIA

As a search for symbols befitting the realm throws the Royal Mail and the Royal Mint into Britain's identity crisis, a new warrior queen arises from the suburbs.

BY JULIAN BARNES



Karin Craddock posed as Britannia for the new stamp designed by her husband, Barry, who discovered that tampering with the nation's iconography can be a tricky business.

MARK GAGNON

PIOUS moralists and historical depressives like to comfort themselves with the notion that Britain is downwardly mobile. This is abundantly true in the geopolitical sense: Dean Acheson's 1962 remark that "Great Britain has lost an empire and not yet found a role" continues to sting, because it continues to be accurate. But snufflers after signs and symbols often prefer the small instance to the large denunciation. So what better news than that Britannia herself, the very image of the nation, had become déclassée? Last month, a new ten-pound postage stamp was put on sale, and its design featured a new Britannia. In France, a replacement for the seriously sexy national figurehead of Marianne might have led to an open competition, a national canvas, a TV phone-in; the Minister of Culture, if not the President himself, would have had to interfere before the announcement of a successor to Brigitte Bardot, Catherine Deneuve, and Inès de la Fressange. In this country, too, the corporeal model for Britannia has had her moments of social glitter. When she was reintroduced onto the coinage of modern times, in 1672, King Charles II used the occasion to promote his mistress Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, as the national icon. Samuel Pepys had seen her image on a commemorative medal a few years earlier and wrote in his diary for February 25, 1667, "At my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medal, where in little there is Mistress Stuart's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by." In looking for a successor to the Duchess of Richmond, the "pretty thing" might have been to choose Prince Charles's long-standing friend Mrs. Camilla Parker-Bowles. But nowadays the royal writ does not run so far; we live in times that are more squeamish, or hypocritical, or democratic. And so in 1993 the tufted helmet of Britannia alighted on the unlikely head of Karin Craddock, the photographer wife of the illustrator Barry Craddock; they dwell in Deptford, a less than fashionable quarter of southeast London.

Charles II chose his own Britannia, and also his own designer, Jean Roettiers, whom he invited over from Antwerp to work at the Royal Mint. Nowadays, the process has become bureaucratized. Royal Mail Stamps auditioned several design teams before choosing the Roundel Design Group. Roundel, in turn, considered the work of several possible illustrators before selecting Barry Craddock, one of whose strengths is an ability to draw in a way that resembles engraving. ("Brush on white scraperboard and then cut back with a tool," he explains.) His contribution is the first thing that strikes you about the new stamp, but in design terms he was last on the timetable. The Royal Mail's Stamp Advisory Committee and the Roundel Design Group worked together for almost two years;

Mr. Craddock was only involved in the final six weeks of the process. Three weeks of discussions; then three weeks of putting brush to paper. Not surprisingly, given such a deadline, the illustrator did not scour the model agencies looking for some breakthrough Face of the Nineties; he whistled up his wife. Did he pay her? "No," she replies. "We don't work like that."

Mr. Craddock is a short, dapper man with discreetly graying hair and a neat mustache; the unpaid Britannia is delightfully unregal—a cheery, direct woman with the sort of London accent recently classified by a linguistic demographer as Estuary English. They are both out of their thirties, but pedantic impertinence about establishing Britannia's precise year of birth is laughingly met with the answer "55 B.C.," that being the date of the first Roman invasion of our islands. The Craddocks live in surroundings of appropriate Englishness: William Morris wallpaper in the hall, bronze plaque of Queen Victoria in the kitchen, and, down on the lawn, the lolloping figure of a large pet rabbit, white with black ears and an uncannily thin black line along the backbone. The breed, fittingly enough, is called Old English, though the Craddocks suspect it to be Chinese. Equally confused are the racial origins of the new Britannia, who would certainly be failed by some vetting committee obsessed with *pur sang*. Karin is half Danish, with a "possibly Lapp grandfather," and on her other side there are smidgens of Yugoslav, Irish, and French blood. Still, at least she has a patriotic modelling pedigree, having previously featured in a TV commercial as Queen Victoria, sitting on a beer barrel.

On this occasion, she posed for Barry in a domestic parody of her mythical embodiment. She sat, draped in a sheet, on top of a board balanced on a picnic hamper and a pile of books; the trident in her right hand was a garden rake, the circular shield against her left hip an old tabletop; in her left hand a chunk of tree from the garden served as her olive branch. In this context, of course, modelling didn't mean twitchless pose-holding but, rather, trying out stances for a series of photographs from which the final drawings would be made. Even so, did Karin Craddock, in the gravity of the moment, reflect that she might be defining the nation's image for the next generation? "I didn't think about it," she replies with an insouciant grin. "It was just a job of work, helping him to get it right."

Barry already had a track record with the national image, having depicted Britannia in various commercial settings. This time, "getting it right" was a more complicated process, not least in terms of constant consultation—or, if you prefer, interference. ("At all times I had about a dozen heads over my shoulder.") A slew of rough drawings marks his progress from the petite, fizzy, homely, broad-faced Karin, looking left, to the monumental, stern, public, Roman-nosed Britannia, looking right. Karin is five feet three and a half inches tall, whereas the stamp, she says, makes her look "almost like an eight-footer." "She's a very, *very* big girl," Barry agrees, almost awed by what he's drawn. Of course, pictorial icons are often far from the original truth: though the Duchess of Richmond was by all accounts a great beauty (and a great ninny), by the time she appeared on the coinage she had suffered a disfiguring attack of smallpox. And in Marianne's case some of the adjustments might have been made at an even earlier stage, if the undying rumors of Catherine Deneuve's face-fixing are to be believed.

Britannia didn't just get bigger; her posture also improved. "As the design developed, she got taller and taller," Barry says. "In my first design, she was very reclined." A pencilled note at the top of one preliminary drawing reads "THINGS DONE. REDUCED HELMET. NEW HAND. NEW BUSTLINE. NEW SHIELD, ETC." There were constant adjustments to her hips, her legs, and her torso. There was earnest and particular discussion of Britannia's bra size. "It was quite crucial," Barry recalls. Mike Denny, of the Roundel Design Group, explains: "Britannia must look powerful and imperial, but she also has to be feminine. When we started out, her chest was almost flat, which looked ridiculous. Then we went to the other extreme. Eventually, we settled for a 36B size." This was at least democratic: 36B is currently the standard bust size of this nation, having crept up, Gossard, the bra manufacturers, confirm, from 34B seven years ago. The pill and better nutrition are held to be two contributing factors; and, indeed, at this very moment the

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femme moyenne sensuelle is gently swelling toward a 36C. Barry Craddock remembers the moment when "a lady from the Post Office, Angela Reeves, took her pen and said it should be *that* big." He seems relieved that the final decision was not his: "A standard 36B—they told me."

Aside from Karin's Amazonian extension, there were stylistic and decorative accoutrements to be argued over. Britannia's first appearance on a coin—a brass sestertius issued under the Emperor Hadrian (117-138 A.D.)—shows her in her original, subservient form, as a captive standing on a rocky crag with a spiked shield to hand. In modern times—that's to say, since the seventeenth century—she has been conqueror rather than conqueree, a resolute, imperial figure, who presents herself with mild paradox as the bringer of both war and peace. She has always carried a circular shield on which is emblazoned the national flag; she holds either a spear or (more recently) a Neptunian trident; and her two most familiar accessories are a warrior's helmet and an olive branch, which come and go according to the temper of the times. She is often portrayed vigilantly guarding the shoreline, and her maritime status may be emphasized by the addition of a ship or a lighthouse, sometimes both. Unusually, as on the fifty-pence coin in 1969, she is united with that other imperial beast, the lion.

Mr. Craddock's Britannia is a severe, imposing, and largely traditional icon. Shield, helmet, trident, olive branch, the familiar figurehead of Pax Britannica: first we conquer you, and then we call your state of submission peace. Barry made various attempts at softening the image, but he cannot be said to have succeeded. Karin recalls that at one point when she was posing "he asked me to hold the rake more gently," and there is perhaps something a touch limp-wristed about the way Britannia grasps her trident on the stamp. But Mr. Craddock's other initiatives met with committee resistance. "I suggested putting in doves," he recalls. "But they didn't like doves." Mike Denny agrees: "No, we didn't like doves. We wanted it to be symbolic, but we didn't want it to be a picture." Out, for the same reason, went a sailing ship Barry tried to introduce, as well as some vestigial White Cliffs of Dover. "What about these storm clouds in the background?" I ask, since it looks as if Hurricane Craig or Donna were blowing up over Britannia's shoulder. "Doesn't mean anything," Barry replies swiftly, and a little nervously, as if apprehensive that his weather might be taken for a subversive political subtext. Sometimes storm clouds are only storm clouds, it seems.

Then this adjusted, contested, examined, and agreed-on eight-foot, 36B Britannia was shoehorned into the space allotted to it by Roundel. Any presumption that the rest of the design paraphernalia would be fitted round the main image on the stamp is misconceived: before his six-week stint began, Craddock was handed a mock-up of the finished item, in which Britannia was the only discussable element. The layout had been fixed; so had the colors (an olivey-green and a rather noisy purple); and so had the bossily modern typeface for the "£10" symbol. What looks to the untutored eye like a nasty clash of design elements is explained by Mike Denny as "trying to get across the sense of a contemporary nation with a heritage." In addition, there was a range of features to the stamp which had already been incorporated. The nine pustular uprisings beneath the Queen's head turn out to be Braille dots—the first time they have appeared on a British stamp. The four scallop-shaped bite marks that munch into the stamp at top and bottom are there to discourage back-kitchen counterfeiters. "If you forge a stamp," Mr. Denny explains, "it's dead easy to do the perforations on a sewing machine." Britannia has found herself on what is termed a "high-security stamp." Mr. Denny says that it is "designed to be incredibly difficult to print"—and therefore, presumably, to reprint. Several different-colored inks are used as a deterrent; Mrs. Craddock is carpet-bombed with a host of tiny marks in purple, red, green, and orange, which spell out "ten pounds"; even the thin lines of the sea which extend outward from Britannia's shin are revealed, on magnified inspection, to be murmuring "ten pounds ten pounds ten pounds ten pounds." Finally, there is a grid of twenty-five small silver-foil crosses overlying the central figure: these outwit the criminal by turning black when photocopied. To the ordinary eye of the stamp-buying non-forger, however, the crosses shine rather disagreeably in the light, as if they were part of some connect-the-dots game. One of them falls directly below Britannia's right ear, like the centering mark in a sniper's sights. Mr. Craddock was even asked to move his figure sideways to avoid this conjunction, but he dug his heels in and declined. The general effect of all this overprinting is a little bizarre, and undoubtedly diminishes the visual quality of the stamp. It's like seeing a rather elegant house surrounded by mesh fencing and razor wire, with gaudy burglar-alarm boxes on every wall and throaty Alsatians on the front lawn. Which does, if unwittingly, add an extra symbolic subtext to the image.

As Barry Craddock discovered ("They didn't like doves"), tampering with the nation's iconography can be a tricky business. The design for the new ten-pound stamp was sent to the Queen for official approval (as all stamps must be), and duly received it on October 7th; around the same time, in another part of Buckingham Palace a small storm in a silver-gilt epergne was brewing. Whereas with postage stamps the royal presence is lightly felt and only at the very end of the process, there is much closer involvement when it comes to coins of the realm. Prince Albert, consort to Queen Victoria and a zealot for the collaboration between Art and Industry, took a close interest in coin design. The Royal Mint Advisory Committee on the Design of Coins, Medals, Seals and Decorations was founded in 1922, and its president since 1952 has been His Royal Highness Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., K.T., O.M., G.B.E. The other committee members, a dozen or more, are drawn from numismatists, heralds, artists, designers, calligraphers, ornithologists, botanists, and wordsmiths, all bringing their cumulative expertise to bear on the complex, bureaucratic, delicate, and agreeable task of recommending to the Queen what the British circulating coinage should look like. Needless to say, they are not paid, though they do receive proof copies of the Maundy money—a set of tiny coins, no bigger than a child's fingernail, that are minted annually for distribution to an equally tiny section of the deserving poor on Maundy Thursday.

Most of the committee's members are men, with a good splatter of knights and professors among them, but there have occasionally been women, including the sculptor Elizabeth Frink and, currently, the Marchioness of Anglesey. Until recently, there was also the novelist and cultural historian Marina Warner. When I asked how she came to be appointed, she said, "Well, it was that very English thing. I was placed next to someone at dinner, and we started talking about the American dollar bill and its Masonic symbolism. He turned out to be John Porteous, the numismatist, and I told him about my book 'Monuments and Maidens,' and he put me up for the committee." The appointment couldn't have appeared a more natural one: Ms. Warner, a woman of incandescent intelligence and Apulian beauty, is one of the country's most scholarly and perceptive writers on the significance and interpretation of cultural symbols. However, even before her appointment—to succeed the late Poet Laureate Sir John Betjeman as "words representative"—it became clear to her that sitting among the numismatic great and good was not going to be a matter, or at least not *just* a matter, of discussing what should be couchant and what should be rampant. The committee lies at one of the many intersections of royalty and politics: while the Mint is naturally Royal, its official master is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the time of Warner's appointment, in 1985, the Chancellor, under Mrs. Thatcher, was Nigel Lawson. Ms. Warner recalls, "I was rung up and asked, 'What have you been up to in your past? There's some trouble getting you on.' It turned out that Nigel Lawson didn't want me. He only let me go through with the protection of three Thatcherite sympathizers." And what had she done in her past? "I expect Lawson thought me a leftie." Since Ms. Warner is an impeccable liberal, he probably did. Perhaps she was rendered just capable of legitimacy in the eyes of the Tory establishment by the fact that her grandfather was P. F. (Plum) Warner, a distinguished prewar captain of the England cricket team.

Asked about her numismatic prefer-

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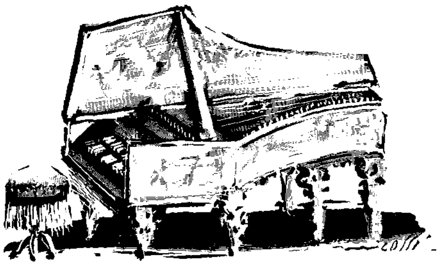
ences, Ms. Warner immediately cites the famous Greek coin minted in Syracuse which shows Arethusa as a girl with flowing locks and dolphins leaping round her head. "I wish we could go back to that. There doesn't have to be heavy nationalistic meaning—a coin can be something that gives *pleasure*," she says emphatically. "Pleasure" is not, however, a word that crops up too frequently in the deliberations of the Royal Mint Advisory Committee. More often than not, members will be discussing heraldic solecisms, symbolic minutiae, the fussiness of lettering, or the insoluble problem of Northern Ireland. It's a tiny reflection of the intractability of the Irish situation that it infects even these scholarly and largely dispassionate discussions in a wing of Buckingham Palace. The difficulty lies in the fact that, while each of the three other parts of the United Kingdom has a fair choice of uncontentious ancient emblems for public iconic use, Northern Ireland does not. How to represent the province on a coin? The Red Hand of Ulster would lie uneasily in a Catholic pocket, and the Protestant thumb might snag on a harp or a shamrock. The ancient crown of St. Edward is deemed acceptable, but crosses can stir trouble: the cross of St. Patrick, already familiar from flags and arms, is allowable, but the Celtic cross, which might be taken by some Protestants as an offensive religious symbol, is disbarred. One recent solution has been found in the torc—a ceremonial collar, often in heavy chiselled gold, worn by the old chieftains in Hibernia. Other safe options come from hedgerow and field: flax, the yellow pimpernel, the rowan. There was an attempt not long ago to push the elk as a symbol of the province, but this ran into the difficulty—of which the poor designer was forgivably unaware—that it is heraldically questionable to place an elk upon a shield. This sort of impasse drives artists to ever greater ingenuity: one recent submission represented Northern Ireland as an adolescent girl innocently playing a tin flute while striding the Giant's Causeway.

Who actually delineated this tin-flute option would not have been known to the committee; the members would merely have been examining "Submission 1(d) from Designer No. 1 of Item 3: Regional Designs for £1 Coin." The anonymity of artists is scrupulously guarded, although over the years personal styles inevitably become recognizable. Sometimes—as with the commemorative crown piece to be issued later this year to mark the fortieth anniversary of the Queen's coronation—there is an open competition. More often, specific artists are invited to submit ideas. Such was the case with the new regional designs for the reverse of the one-pound coin. The coin itself was introduced in 1983, and it has been the practice to change the reverse design every year. In the first year of issue, there was a Royal Arms reverse, then a four-year cycle celebrating each of the constituent parts of the United Kingdom, then the Royal Arms again in 1988, followed by a different regional cycle. After the current buffer year, the next regional cycle will begin in 1994. A dozen artists were therefore asked to send in preliminary drawings to the Royal Mint by December 31, 1991. They were requested to provide designs connected by a common theme or otherwise unified in style; they were reminded of the Irish problem, and told of their reward. Those who submitted one set of four drawings would be paid two hundred and fifty pounds; those short-listed and asked to supply plaster models of their designs (no larger than seven inches in diameter) would be paid five hundred pounds per model; and the winner would receive two thousand five hundred pounds for each of the four models given the final royal approval, in return for which he or she would assign full copyright to the Crown.

Nine of the twelve submitted work, and the Advisory Committee met for its first appraisal on February 11, 1992, in the Chinese Dining Room of Buckingham Palace. Committee members enter the building by the Privy Purse Door, on the right-hand side of the palace façade, where they are met by military equerries. Here the men's coats are removed, and, instead of being hung up, are folded in neat military fashion into fat cubes, which are placed on a table. (Fortunately, they don't try this with the women's coats.) Then members go up to the first floor, passing, until recently, an admonitory Landseer, a sort of Victorian circus version of Daniel in the Lions' Den; they glimpse an endless red-carpeted corridor lined with busts and urns, before being ushered into the committee room. This is early-nineteenth-century scarlet and gold chinoiserie—"the mantelpiece astir with a thousand dragons spitting at you," Marina Warner recalls. All remain standing and examine the designs to be discussed until the formal arrival of the president, Prince Philip; then they take their places at a long table. Asked to describe the meetings, Ms. Warner replies, "Well, it's rather like the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. Everyone is a bit falling asleep. There's a sense of pomp, and a feeling of being lulled by ceremony. It's the culture of deference—an atmosphere which does tend to tie people's tongues." At its first meeting, tongue-tied or not, the committee reduced the field for the one-pound coin reverse to a couple of finalists: Designer 8, who had submitted a series of ploddingly traditional heraldic schemes, and Designer 9, whose elegant drawings, in positive danger of producing pleasure, featured wild birds—the avocet for England, osprey for Scotland, red kite for Wales, and roseate tern for Northern Ireland. The thematic link among these four birds is that each had been close to extinction earlier in the century but had made a successful breeding return.



By the next meeting, on May 26th, it was clear that both designs had their disadvantages. The heraldic series was criticized by both the Scottish and the Welsh Offices. The Scottish Office, having consulted Lord Lyon, King of Arms, pronounced the Scottish design in Series A of Designer 8 a confusing and incorrect marriage of emblems, while the Welsh Office pointed out the shocking heraldic solecism of imposing a Welsh dragon upon what looked to their eyes like the cross of St. George. The birds, too, were running into trouble. Both the Scottish and the Welsh Offices, while finding them attractive, wondered if people would recognize the species as properly representative of their countries. The Duke of Edinburgh had an objection to the presence of vegetation: the avocet grasps an oak twig, the osprey a thistle, and so on. The design for

Wales showed the red kite grasping a leek, rather as if it had swooped down on a greengrocer's stall and carried off the vegetable to feed its young. An ornithologically inclined member of the committee pointed out that red kites are not as yet known to eat leeks.

There were other criticisms, too: that the heraldic designs were heavy and dreary; that the Scottish lion should be made larger; that the birds be shown in flight rather than crouching; that the raven replace the avocet as the English symbol. A more menacing threat to the birds was voiced by the Deputy Master of the Mint and chairman of the committee, Mr. A. D. Garrett, who said that, since the pound was the premier circulating coin, the question of its design could not be approached with "complete flexibility." Also at this meeting was the Economic Secretary, Mr. Anthony Nelson, M.P., representing the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His presence was a novelty: in the seven years of Ms. Warner's attendance, this was only the second time a Treasury Minister had turned up. Traditionally, the committee had done its work and reported to the Mint, which, in turn, reported to the Treasury. Now there was a minder sitting in. Mr. Nelson expressed the view that the adoption of the bird series might be seen as demoting coins to the status of mere stamps. Perhaps he was forgetting that one of the most popular British coins of the century, the now defunct farthing, featured a wren on its reverse side. It was a neat conjunction of image and value: the smallest British bird on the smallest circulating coin.

Still, it was agreed that both series should be "progressed." Designer 8 was to have all four designs redrawn by the College of Heralds to make them heraldically kosher, while Designer 9 was to amend the birds, first by showing them in flight, and, second, by adding the crowns of the four regions as extra identifying badges (though in truth the percentage of the British population likely to be able to tell one regional crown from another is wren-sized). The committee then met on November 3rd to decide upon its final recommendation to the Mint. It first approved the minutes of the previous meeting and discussed the new two-pound coin to be minted for the tercentenary of the Bank of England, in 1994. Then came "Item 3—New Series of Regional Designs for the Reverse of the £1 Coin." Scarcely had the topic been raised, however, than the Deputy Master of the Mint instructed the committee that it was not even to consider the bird designs. For an obedient while, members argued the pros and cons of the revamped heraldic series, which still had many faults and to some eyes had even been made worse, until Ms. Warner stirred up the Mad Hatter's Tea Party by demanding to know why they were not allowed to discuss the birds. "When we asked why," she recalls, "there was all this flannelling and red-faced puffing from this senior civil servant"—the Deputy Master. The reason, apparently, was that the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Norman Lamont, had decided to preëmpt the decision. The birds, held to lack the gravitas the coinage demanded, had been shot from the sky, whatever the Royal Mint Advisory Committee on the Design of Coins, Medals, Seals and Decorations happened to think.

Of course, the committee is only advisory: in 1991, it had recommended a design for a Gulf War medal—coincidentally, by the same artist who drew the birds—only to have it rejected by the Queen and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. (This must have led to some interesting pillow talk at Buckingham Palace. "What did you do today, dear?" "Turned down your lousy medal, darling.") "The Queen interfering is one thing," Ms. Warner comments. "It's annoying, but it *is* constitutional." To have the final decision-making process merely squelched from the agenda, however, was more than just annoying. "It was all so desperately irregular," Ms. Warner says. "You can't have a competition in which sums of money are involved, and then cancel the competition. Later, it became clear from my own inquiries that Lamont had decided he wanted the heraldic series. The Economic Secretary was also heard to say, quite casually, 'It's just that the Chancellor doesn't like the birds.'" Warming to her theme, Ms. Warner continues, "It seemed to me that this rather epitomized the way this Government has an interfering, tinkering attitude without taking advice from people

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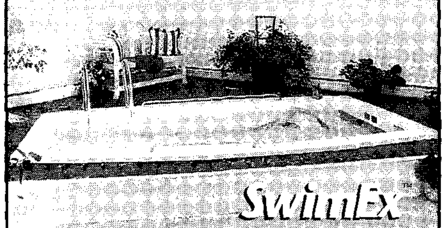

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Marina Warner waited until the next meeting, on February 10, 1993, to see if there was any last chance of recycling the birds on a lower-denomination coin, and also to see how the whole kerfuffle was minuted; then she resigned. "I really saw no point in turning up just to rubber-stamp Norman Lamont's taste in art," she crisply concludes. Then she passes me one of Charles Addams' last drawings, torn from *The New Yorker*. A medieval king is leaning from his castle battlements and addressing the assembled peasantry: "And now, as an experiment in democracy, I'm decreeing free elections to choose the national bird." Perhaps she shouldn't have been so surprised by events? "I think I was wrong to be surprised," she agrees.

You could say that Lamont's short-circuiting of the committee was the sort of thing Ministers, whether of left or right, are often tempted to do, and perhaps the more tempted when relentlessly criticized for feebleness in their main sphere of activity. You could say that the natural condition of any committee is that of the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. You could say that Ms. Warner's experience was almost predictable: the Adventures and Misfortunes of a Female Liberal in a Male, Conservative, Royalist World. Even so, the question she left the committee with in her letter of resignation, about "the central problem of U.K. coinage today," is a proper, living one: "The political changes since the Middle Ages mean that the iconographic language of heraldry, rich and beautiful as it is, has to be pulled and pushed until it is out of shape in order to convey today's reality. Unicorns, dragons, etc., no longer meet the full needs of representation. . . . Some other image store has to be dug into in order to communicate the historical condition of the U.K." Or, as she put it more pungently to me: "It's a question of how we see ourselves. Do we want to live in a Laura Ashley, pot-pourri, National Trust, olde-worlde land, or do we want to present ourselves as a forward-looking nation, on the threshold of a new world, a new Europe?" The answer is for the moment depressingly clear. Place your bets that the next time Britannia is refurbished, with her bust size rejigged to a 36C, she will appear swathed in Laura Ashley. ♦

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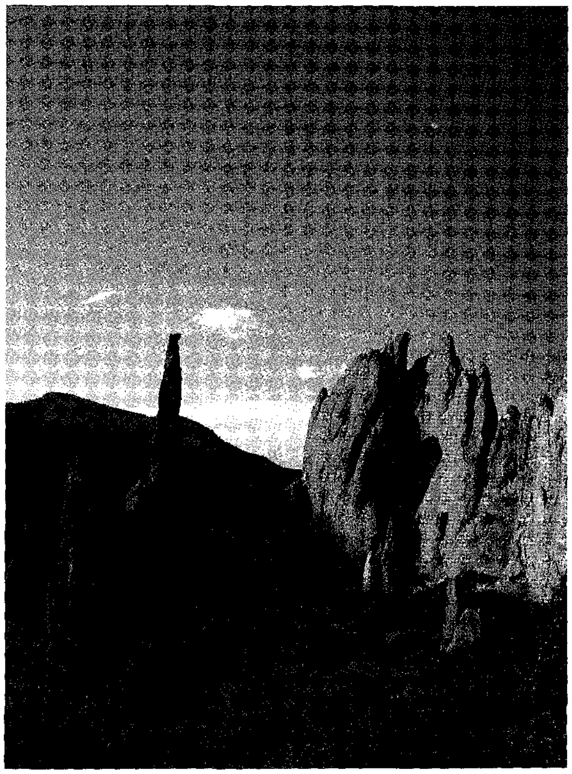

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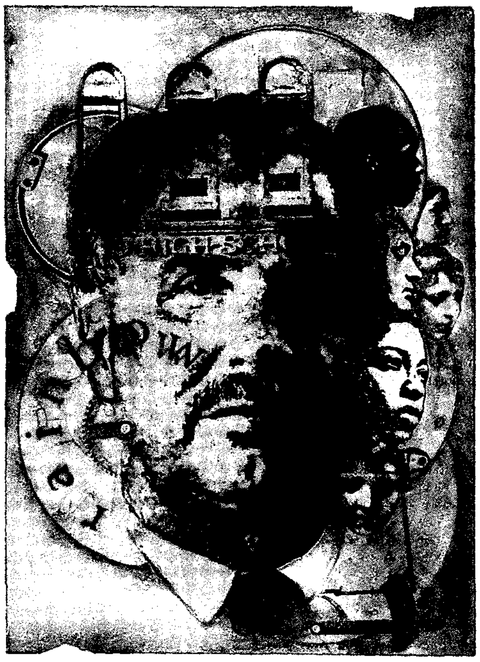
ANNALS OF EDUCATION

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

Controversial school chancellor Joe Fernandez was beginning to make New York City's archaic public-school system work for its nearly one million students. So why did the system turn against him?

BY TONY HISS

IN September of 1989, the New York City Board of Education was so desperate to bring Joseph A. Fernandez north from Miami to save the city's public schools that it offered him a salary of a hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars a year—far more than the mayor, the governor, or any other public official in the state has ever made. And then it threw in a town house and guaranteed him the full pension and all the unused vacation days he would be giving up if he left Miami. The board did this not only because Fernandez, a former math teacher who was already being called the best school administrator in the country, had been consistently finding new ways to teach both inner-city and suburban kids and to give them, along with knowledge, self-regard and pride in being citizens. Another reason was that Fernandez had just signed an extension to his contract as Dade County school superintendent, and he was as deeply entrenched and as formidably popular there as the County prosecutor, Janet Reno, who recently became President Clinton's Attorney General.



DIANA CRAFT

Fernandez seemed to have arrived here at the ideal moment. "So much is happening," Robert F. Wagner, Jr., who was then the president of the Board of Education and is now a partner, with Louis Harris, in the market-research firm LH Research, said recently. "And so much can happen, and is ready to happen. We're so close to making public education one of the things that are really moving in the right direction." This February, just three years after the best man for the job took over the biggest public-school system in the country, a bitterly divided New York City Board of Education, bowing, it seemed, to what local newspapers called a sudden "firestorm of hostility" against Fernandez, voted four to three to dismiss him as of the end of June. If they had wanted to, they could have rehired him for two more years. Even as recently as late last fall, a five-to-two majority had probably been prepared to do so.

What went so quickly and horribly wrong for Fernandez? The answers to this question, which people in the school system still urgently ask one another day after day, turn out to be complicated, for they include both great deeds and ludicrous mistakes, and are intimately bound up with one of the biggest problems the city confronted: what is to happen to the nearly one million children who attend its public schools? The full story has to be pieced together from several months of conversations with former chancellors, past and present teachers, principals, politicians, administrators, and school-board members; with Fernandistas, as Fernandez's supporters sometimes call themselves, and with people who think that Fernandez is a fool. In the hypercharged

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atmosphere continuing to swirl around Fernandez, people are eager to open up, and talk and talk about him, but only when they know they won't be quoted by name.

The pattern to Joe Fernandez's story became clear to me when, prowling through the corridors one day at "central," as the Board of Education headquarters building, in downtown Brooklyn, is known, I ran across two old-timers—people who have watched six chancellors come and go—exchanging glances and referring to Fernandez's dismissal, which they never mentioned directly, as "Joe's third-envelope time."

They were recalling an old joke: A new superintendent, on his first day, enters his office and finds his desk empty except for three numbered and sealed envelopes. He has been told only that the envelopes can help him handle the worst that will ever come his way. A year goes by, a sudden crisis overwhelms him, and he opens the first envelope. "Blame your predecessor," he reads. So he does, and all goes well for another year. Then a second crisis shakes him, and he opens the second envelope. "Acknowledge the problem, and reorganize" is the advice inside. The words save him. A year later, a third crisis looms. Opening the third envelope, he reads, "Prepare three envelopes."

The joke makes it possible to reconcile the stories Fernandez and his friends tell about his days as New York's school chancellor—stories that are themselves widely at variance with one another—and the accounts put forth by his opponents, which are also an extraordinarily mixed lot. As things stand at present, some of the friends remain ardent supporters and some have become dismayed, while the opponents include both would-be friends full of hurt and people whose great joy seems to be hating. In the eyes of many of his opponents, Fernandez is a man who miraculously escaped four or five envelopes before finally being toppled, and their lists of reasons for his dismissal cite (depending on who's doing the indicting) his temperament, described as aggressive, overbearing, and unable to seek compromise; his shortsightedness in not cultivating friends in the school system who could find ways of getting his ideas into the classrooms; his battle to make condoms available to high-school students, to help fight AIDS; his plan to teach grade-schoolers about how people catch H.I.V.; his new multicultural curriculum, called Children of the Rainbow, which celebrates the various races, groups, and family situations found in New York, including, most controversially, children being raised by gay and lesbian couples; and his autobiography, "Tales Out of School"—published just after New Year's, and already "that goddam book" even to many of his friends—which openly criticizes school-board members, the mayor, and the governor.

When you talk to Fernandez himself, you find not only that he expresses no regrets for his actions but that he still sounds as confident as a man who has yet to open the second envelope. And once you knit all these stories together you begin to see a single thread running through Fernandez's entire tenure as chancellor: an unexpected budget crisis of enormous proportions, which allowed him to show his strength but also started to undermine his leadership almost as soon as he assumed it.

JOE FERNANDEZ believes that this country can make all its schools good enough to help every child in every classroom. The great urgency in his life is to continue the momentum that pushed him up through the ranks from teacher to principal and then to administrator, and to accelerate all the people around him up to his own speed. Impatience, he decided years ago, is a virtue if it serves children. His staff members quickly learned to use the fewest words possible, because he had usually picked up the point they were making when they were halfway through a sentence. Joseph Tekerman, his executive assistant and best friend in Miami, used to dread Monday mornings, because Fernandez would have been thinking all weekend about ideas for changing Florida schools: on Mondays, the ideas would come pouring out and have to be acted on instantly.

Fernandez, at fifty-seven, is big, burly, and handsome—"pure linebacker," a reporter once called him—with dark hair combed straight back, a bushy mustache that is going white, and large, wide-open brown eyes. A native of Manhattan, Fernandez is an elegant, poised man who speaks with a hard-boiled "Noo Yawk" accent. He is no good at staying still; one leg jiggles constantly whenever he sits in a chair, and he always has a lot to say—right now, right away. "We have to think, and think again, about things that years ago seemed to have been settled once and for all," he said at lunch one day a few weeks before his dismissal. Lunch was a cup of coffee and a plate of cookies at his desk. "We got stuck at a few key points. Could you even imagine, for instance, that what we're all taught in high school, the list of subjects we plow through, has barely changed since 1918, when most schools adopted a uniform curriculum? But that's why our science classes still offer only biology, chemistry, geology, and physics, and ignore ecology. Ecology wasn't recognized as a science at the time of the First World War. Latin and Greek are long gone, but eleventh-grade math still makes you sweat through trigonometry rather than computer science—something all kids need to learn these days.

"And the whole setup—how we learn what we learn—is even older. The standard American high school—the 'factory-model' high school, as it's called—was invented here in New York more than a hundred years ago, because a huge wave of immigrants had just swamped the city's old one-room schoolhouses. What was the latest thing in America back then? The mass-production assembly line. And the result is that, in post-industrial 1993, American high-school students have to move from one room to another every forty-five minutes, at the clang of a bell. And at each new stop the business of learning has been chopped up into small, specialized tasks. And until just a few years ago teachers had to punch time clocks."

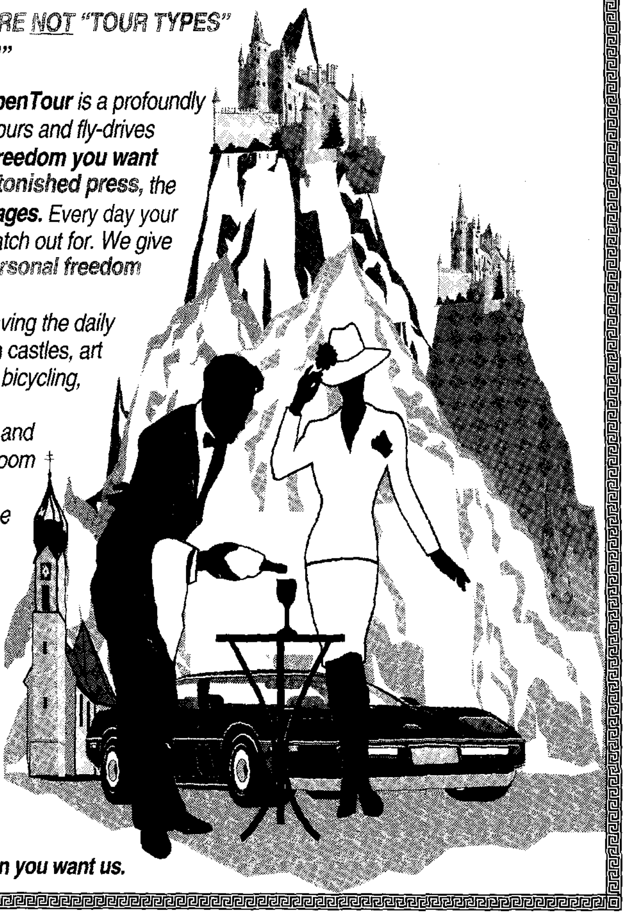
Shaking his head, Fernandez went on, "Only about twenty per cent of the kids do well in these schools. And for decades that set off no national alarm bells—because what difference did it make? In the first years of the factory-model high school, over ninety per cent of the students left the system well before graduating. In the early nineteen-sixties, half of almost every high-school class in the country faded away, and no one blinked an eye."

It turns out that as recently as twenty years ago, if kids left school without finishing, their chances of finding a job were two out of three—the odds were still good. But by the end of the eighties they had dropped down to a one-in-three chance, and that one job up for grabs paid only half as much.

"So," Fernandez told me, "for the first time in our history, there's now a premium on having a high-school education. Frank J. Macchiarola, who became chancellor here in 1978, was the one who made 'dropout' an unforgettable and a shameful word. We're failing our children if all our children are not in school, he said. And the same schools that earlier chancellors had bragged about instantly looked mediocre, or worse. Even before I got to this city, I could see two things going on here. No chancellor, however beloved, could count on having all the time he'd need. And New York was still terribly stuck in a couple of areas that could cripple any chances for further reform; namely, getting new teachers licensed, and controlling the principals already on the job. Mayor Koch and the speaker of the State Assembly both earnestly assured me that I could never get anywhere on either score—both issues were embalmed in state law—but when I heard this I knew at once that my first order of business would be to take on these two problems simultaneously."

Before Fernandez, New York, unlike any other city, gave its elementary- and junior-high-school principals "building tenure," which in effect guaranteed them that once they had been on the job five years they could never be removed from that school, even if they had neglected their students. And the city's Board of Examiners, which ruled on the qualifications of prospective teachers and principals, routinely gave exams that were twenty years out of date. Everyone had favorite horror stories about the board, which had been under attack by reformers for more than forty years—such as the time it rejected a man who had been an outstanding principal at a school in Syracuse, because of a low score on the board's exam, or the time it refused to let a woman who was a summa cum laude graduate in economics from Stanford teach junior-high-school math in Brooklyn, because her economics courses did not count as math preparation.

It took Fernandez close to two hundred days to abolish both building tenure and the Board of Examiners. "Many people have said that wiping out building tenure is a particularly important victory, because all principals from now on will have to take responsibility for everything they do," he said. "And we clamped down on other abuses, too, as soon as we found them—which didn't take long. My second day on the job, I had to fire the principal of a Brooklyn high school that was out of control—it had had several riots in recent weeks, and science equipment was still sitting around in boxes months after being delivered. I made headlines, because the principal, like me, was Puerto Rican. And a few weeks later I had to force the dismissal of a district superintendent in the Bronx—she'd used ten thousand dollars that was supposed to be spent on children with disabilities to decorate her office, and had then phonied up the invoices. And I immediately announced that all departments at central would be open at seven-thirty every morning." Fernandez made sure that they were, by calling offices at random at seven-thirty-



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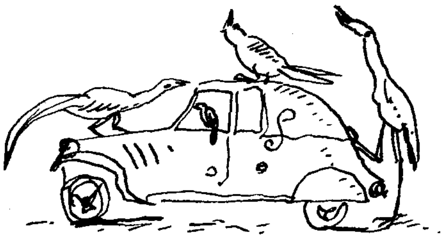
one—something that was easy for him to do, because he was always at his desk by seven.

"I think we were also showing people right away that we were serious about creating a climate in which new ideas would have a chance to get somewhere," he went on. "When I was a teacher, I must have had a new idea every week—but what good are ideas if you can't use them? One of my best ideas—School-Based Management / Shared Decision-Making, which came with me from Miami—is all about encouraging and nurturing ideas. It has now been voluntarily adopted by two hundred and eighty of New York's thousand schools. All the people in and around a school—the principal, the teachers, the parents, and even community members—take on responsibility for what happens to the children.

"In New York, every S.B.M. team is at least half teachers, but the real point isn't a new form of government. It's a way to mobilize and focus all the energy and the caring of everyone in a place. And, when you do that, new ideas pop out. It can be slow going—teachers' colleges don't train teachers even to think about being school managers, and people have to give up free time for long meetings after hours. And every reformer will tell you that changing the way a school operates can take years to gel. But we've got statistics that show that after only a year or two of working together S.B.M. schools either are holding their own or are already doing better than other schools in reading and math scores. Attendance is up—by both students and teachers. But what excites me is seeing how new ideas can transform the whole feeling in a school. At Theodore Roosevelt High School, for instance, in a Latino neighborhood up in the Bronx, the teachers, most of them white, decided they could teach a whole lot better if they knew more Spanish. So they set up an after-school program, and hired their own students to tutor them."

Fernandez also talked briefly and passionately that day about the programs that have infuriated so many people—AIDS education, including making condoms available, and the Rainbow curriculum. "A lot of people call this a social agenda that's irrelevant to the three R's," he said. "But I think it's the fourth R—respect for yourself and others. In the first place, schools have to teach things that, for one reason or another, aren't getting taught elsewhere. For instance, people's fathers used to teach them to drive, but now you learn this in school, because who has time to teach driving? And schools have always taught values—'civics' is the old word—because only mutual tolerance allows us to keep the first three R's on the front burner. And if we're truly here for all children, then we have to keep faith with them, whatever their situation at any given moment—perhaps they're pregnant, or they're confused about who they are, or they're substance abusers. Ultimately, when history is written, this administration will be shown to have saved lives, to have mended lives."

HUNDREDS of magazine articles, newspaper stories, columns, editorials, op-ed pieces, letters to the editor, and radio call-in shows have tried to explain Fernandez's fall, most of them in one of two ways: either his job is uniquely impossible or all big-city school systems are unmanageable. Anthony J. Alvarado, a Manhattan superintendent who is himself a former chancellor, wrote in the *Times* that the size and the structure of the New York school system would defeat even a superhero who happened to be "a combination of Lee Iacocca and Phil Donahue," and concluded, "No sane individual should apply." Raising the ante, a New York *Newsday* editorial said that if Horace Mann, the father of American public education, could reappear, he would now have to be endowed with "the tenacity of a Sherman tank and the suggestive powers of a sideshow hypnotist" to make the system work. A front-page piece in the Washington *Post* argued that no one has much of a chance anywhere, and pointed out that the superintendents of forty of the country's forty-five largest urban school districts have all been on the job three years or less. Both Los Angeles and Chicago, the second-largest and third-largest school systems, it noted, are now looking for new leaders, and Miami, the fourth-largest, has had three superintendents since Fernandez moved to New York. Everywhere you look, "it's a 'keep-your-bags-packed' job," the dean of the Harvard School of Education told the *Post*.



The system in New York does have a couple of extra contortions, which have kept everyone scrambling for almost twenty-five years. The chancellor, thanks to a 1969 decentralization plan, has direct authority over high schools but only indirect control over junior-high and elementary schools, which are under the day-to-day supervision of thirty-two local districts. And in 1969, in part because Nelson Rockefeller, then the governor, hated John Lindsay, then the mayor, control of the central school board was also decentralized—in this case, away from City Hall's control. The mayor, who once appointed the full board, now appoints two members, and each of the five borough presidents appoints one.

Despite such complications, the fiercest of Fernandez's opponents are infuriated by any explanations of his downfall that let him off the hook. "Look, Connie Clayton has been superintendent in Philadelphia, the sixth-largest system, for more than a decade," one man who works in the New York school system called me up to say. "And any big business has tangles of bureaucracy. You have to keep your wits about you and work with people, not against them."

A few weeks after the dismissal, I sat down with a much more reluctant Fernandez detractor, a reformer long associated with New York schools. He told me—anonymously, of course—why he had slowly and sorrowfully concluded that it made sense for New York to be saying goodbye to Fernandez now.

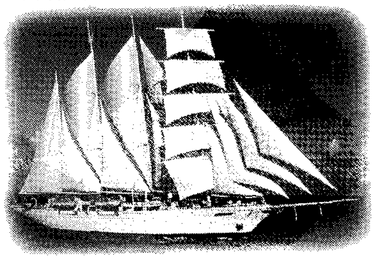
"I think Joe Fernandez got killed by a ghost," he began. "The spectre of Richard Green. Green was the chancellor just before Joe—another tough guy, who came here from Minneapolis. He died on the job, from an asthma attack, after only fourteen months. When Green first got here, he electrified the city: at a press conference, he innocently told Mayor Koch to sit down—something no one in the city had ever dared to do. And yet, as chancellor, Green hit the ground barely creeping, telling everyone that he needed at least a hundred days just to study the schools. And he moved so cautiously that months before his death many people had given up on him. I think Joe was haunted by Green's failure. On the night of his appointment, Joe set up an unprecedented three-month-long transition blitz that included a hundred and sixty-two weekend meetings in New York—three on Fridays, twelve on Saturdays, and six more on Sundays—and he was still the Miami superintendent. These meetings, which gave him the chance to talk to and be seen by the political leaders and the power brokers in the city and the state, and all the top people in the school system, handed him enough contacts outside the system to start lobbying hard on his very first day against building tenure and the examiners—his two I'm-not-Richard-Green initiatives.

"I'm all for getting rid of building tenure—it's probably one of Joe's great achievements. But Joe got fooled into thinking that the power structure that helped him out was the real New York. There were huge gaps in the range of people he got to know, and he never cultivated some key insiders, many of them would-be allies—principals of good schools, supervisors who know how to move things along, people who can get things done without just bulling them through." This idea was confirmed during the most frenzied days of the Rainbow-curriculum fight, when one elementary-school principal told me—and could have been telling Fernandez—that the whole debate had always been a non-issue. There had been so many retirements among principals this year that most schools in her district, at least, never even got copies of the teachers' guides for the Rainbow curriculum—so they were in no position either to use it or to reject it.

The reformer went on, "The real problem is that, even though Joe Fernandez grew up in New York, he came back here as an outsider and surrounded himself with outsiders—specifically, Stan Litow, his deputy, who's brilliant with money, and Jim Vlasto, his press secretary, who once worked as Governor Hugh Carey's press secretary. Vlasto is unbudgingly loyal, a great campaign strategist, but he has a habit of looking at conflicts as if they were dirty campaign tricks. When Mary Cummins, the head of a local school board in Queens, called the Rainbow curriculum 'propaganda' for 'sodomy,' Joe's inner circle got volcanically mad. Fernandez suspended Cummins and her whole board for rejecting the Rainbow curriculum, and that made huge headlines. Then Cummins and the rest of her board were reinstated by the central board, and that made even bigger headlines. Now, Cummins had on her side two tough-as-they-come lawyers—the Church is denying it, but many people think these lawyers came free of charge straight from the Archdiocese of New York. Certainly the Church was still steaming over its failure to prevent Joe from handing out condoms in high schools. The way to handle a Mary Cummins is not to build her up by hating her and fighting her but to smother her whole district with endless soothing and reassurances. Joe's outsiders saw any opposition as a potentially dangerous threat to his authority.

"Isolation and loneliness, tightly wrapped in frustration and confusion and people never connecting to one another, are at the core of what's wrong with the school system in New York: students cut off from learning; teachers marooned in their classrooms; good schools whose innovations don't spread throughout the system but remain secrets known to only a few. Joe attacked these terrible isolations, and, to give him credit, they're beginning to yield to his shared decision-making. But Joe, cushioned by his loyalists, imprisoned himself and joined the great abuse he came here to attack."

SOME devoted Fernandez supporters say that he shot himself in the foot by publishing the wrong book, and publishing it at the wrong time. These people believe that Fernandez brought New York schools to the brink of permanent change, and that he could have completed the job in a second term. But he disqualified himself from reaching the promised land: his autobiography, "Tales Out of School," revealed the man they had thought of as a tough-love saint for the nineteen-nineties to be just another tough-luck Moses. The book came out in January, but bootleg copies of the bound galleys were being passed around the city last fall, eagerly and surreptitiously, just at the point when Fer-



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nandez was publicly insisting on a showdown with Mary Cummins.

At the time, the book—and excerpts from it that made their way into the newspapers—seemed inflammatory, and it was treated as a kind of "Myself Dearest," a tell-all that came directly from the teller. Looked at now, "Tales Out of School" seems somewhat soggier—jumbled up, often repetitive, clumsily paced, and colloquial in a talked-out-loud, please-edit-me-down way. (Fernandez's collaborator, John Underwood, is a former *Sports Illustrated* senior editor, who is better known for as-told-to autobiographies of Ted Williams and of the former Alabama football coach Bear Bryant.) Probably the only subject in the book to be treated with true hatred is British public education: Fernandez is horrified by the fact that the English force a huge percentage of their students to drop out of school by the time they're sixteen. But Fernandez uses much angrier language to describe people he also has a lot of compliments for—the members of the New York City Board of Education. What is probably the most vicious remark in the book is one that Fernandez quotes himself as making: he writes that when Ninfa Segarra, a lawyer who is the school-board member for the Bronx, changed her mind about supporting condom availability he called her a "political prostitute."

It's typical of "Tales Out of School" that the actual point of this passage is to try to explain that Fernandez doesn't really think of Segarra with such bitterness, and probably never did, but that all too often, after a fight that never should have been allowed to get out of hand, he and practically all the board members lost their tempers and savaged one another. What comes across, though, is rage and unkindness, not remorse. As members of the board later acknowledged, his merely repeating the phrase in print hurt, outraged, and scared a number of them. "If that's what he's saying about Ninfa, I wonder what he's really saying about me when I'm not around," one said. "Whenever we're in a meeting now and he looks at me, I find myself thinking, Am I material for your *next* book?"

The book's disjointedness also makes Fernandez's comments on Mayor Dinkins and Governor Cuomo sound grudging rather than candid, and scornful instead of distilled. For instance, he calls Cuomo "a smart, wonderfully persuasive, brilliantly articulate man," two hundred and ten pages after saying, "I doubt you'll ever hear Mario Cuomo referred to as 'the education governor,'" and adding that education "just doesn't appear to be one of his priorities." Fernandez writes that his "heart goes out to Dinkins," whom he calls "a man on the edge" and "eminently likable," but then he calls Dinkins' deputy mayors and budget director "paranoid" people who "run scared all the time" and "have developed a siege mentality."

Some of the stories about Dinkins that come from Fernandez's associates—such as the one about the Mayor's spending a large part of a critical strategy session on school funding apologizing for being late by explaining that he couldn't resist stopping off at Gracie Mansion for a bowl of soup and that it's hard to find soup as good as they make it at the Mansion—sound almost as if Fernandez were actually protecting the Mayor. Fernandez doesn't owe his job either to the Mayor or to the Governor, but the school system gets more than ninety per cent of its money every year from the city and the state; it's what is called a dependent system, meaning that it has no power of its own to tax anybody. For many people in the system, therefore, publishing rude remarks about a mayor or a governor is practically a letter of resignation. At a school administrators' breakfast in December, a district superintendent who had got an advance look at the book whispered to a colleague, "Who's going to stand up for him now?" The unwhispered thought was: If we stand up for him now, who'll stand up for us?

DURING all his years in Miami—Fernandez moved there in 1960, at the age of twenty-four—he rarely mentioned his parents to anyone, and the subject of his childhood never seemed to come up at all. It's a shame that what is really bad about "Tales Out of School" eclipses what's so good about it—frank, revealing details about his life which are made public for the first time. The book also helps one understand why Fernandez considers good schools a matter of life and death: when he was growing up, he almost died, and almost killed someone else. Forty years ago, Joe Fernandez, a street kid from Morningside Heights, dropped out of high school, joined a gang—the Riffs—and got into rumbles with other Harlem gangs; once, on Riverside Drive, he smashed another boy in the head with a rock. In a still more intimate revelation, Fernandez confesses that as a teen-ager he shot up heroin and twice came close to overdosing. Once, he thinks, he was saved only because his best friend, a Scotch-Irish kid from his neighborhood named Jackie Moore, poured coffee down his throat and walked him up and down the street for hours.

As Fernandez looks back, what frightens him most about his experiences with heroin is not that he almost killed himself but that he almost cut himself off forever from the life that became his. When he was seventeen, heroin nearly kept him out of the Air Force, which was the first place to offer him a second chance—or, more accurately, the first place where he felt he could accept the chance being offered. It was in the Air Force, he writes, that he finally found structure. It was also in the Air Force that he started taking classes again; he took as many as he could, and excelled in all of them. Fernandez writes about enlisting as his great, unearned—or only subsequently earned—turning point: "Jackie Moore went with me to join, but he couldn't pass the physical. He had track marks on his arms from the needles. I did, too, but we had put cocoa cream on them, and mine weren't as noticeable as his."

In the huge uproar over Fernandez's book, hardly anyone noticed why he wants people to know these things about him. In effect, Fernandez is telling us that years ago he saw possibilities in the public-school system that he has spent the rest of his life trying to make real. Fernandez says frankly that his parents, who both grew up in Puerto Rico, never noticed that he was getting into trouble in school or was involved in gang life or was shooting up. He thinks that they both had to work so hard to hold the family together financially that they had no time for anything else: for a while, his mother was a cleaning woman at Columbia University (where Fernandez later enrolled, after his discharge from the Air Force), and for years his father held down two or three jobs—at one point, he was a bus driver by day, a cab-driver by night. Neither of his parents had any particular faith in education, so they never pushed him to do well in school. His father, he says, wasn't a reader except of comic books, and hoped only that his boy would someday land a job with steady paychecks, perhaps as a cop.

The school system also seemed oblivious of young Joe's despair. "You weren't taught to make the connections between education and solution," he writes. "There weren't any 'conflict resolution' courses. When I got into narcotics, and face-to-face with my own dissolution, there weren't any 'drug awareness' programs to mark the way out. The public school might just as well have been on Mars for all it meant to a neighborhood kid's survival problems." But, because the public institutions of this country never actually gave up on him, he has devoted himself ever since to seeing to it that they don't give up on anyone else, even when kids, or their families, may have already abandoned hope. For him, American public education is the country's most "holy legacy," and on this subject the writing in the book catches fire. "See it from my experience: a high school dropout going nowhere, who nevertheless was picked up again and again by the system and finally allowed to make it through," he writes. "Yes, I worked hard for it once I saw the light. But the system made it possible. I had the G.I. bill. I had a National Defense Student Loan. Later, I was awarded a National Science Foundation grant for postgraduate studies at Penn State University. I had an opportunity to salvage myself after messing up my first chance." He adds, "There's a fundamental wrong, even an evil, in having kids identified early on as uneducable, effectively killing their chances for the American dream. Because you can never tell about potential."

SIX months into the job, it looked as though Fernandez could be chancellor for life if he chose. The loudest voices calling on him to leave came from wildly enthusiastic supporters: they thought he ought to run for mayor. For most of last year, the worry that people closest to him had wasn't "How can we make them keep him on?" but "Can we persuade him to stay?" The three most explosive Fernandez programs—condom availability, AIDS education, the Rainbow curriculum—are, according to a re-

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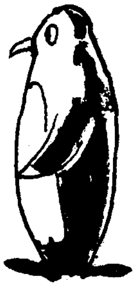
cent Louis Harris poll, surprisingly popular: two-thirds of the parents polled think that high schools should hand out condoms; more than ninety per cent say that kids need to be taught about AIDS in school; and more than seventy per cent support the Rainbow curriculum, although there's some disagreement about how old kids should be before studying it.

The week Fernandez was dismissed, he got a handwritten letter from a class of fifth graders in Staten Island—that borough, conservative and largely white, is considered an anti-Fernandez stronghold—telling him that one of the best days they had ever spent in school was a recent one that had been devoted to talking about the Rainbow curriculum and what people were saying about it. At first, "many of the students in class laughed or giggled just at the mention of 'gay,' but during our discussion we noticed we stopped laughing," they wrote. "We listened to each other, we talked with our parents, we learned a lot and we think we matured a lot."

But on February 10th, the day of Fernandez's dismissal, if you turned on the TV you found that both gentle appreciation and mild disapproval of Joe Fernandez had vanished. NY1, New York's new all-news cable channel, devoted six hours to live coverage of an official public hearing on Fernandez, and everyone who stood up to be heard was either *for* or *against*. When Fernandez wasn't being hailed as the great, longed-for rescuer of the city's children, he was taunted, gloated over, screamed at, and scorned as a kind of child molester by proxy.



This dismissal hearing was entirely a pro-forma affair, because four of the seven board members had already publicly announced that they would vote against Fernandez. Yet despite the hearing's foregone conclusion it was set up like a referendum on his future. In a cavernous hearing room at the board headquarters, seventy-nine New Yorkers—among them parents, teachers, clergymen, neighborhood activists, and members of Congress—stood, in turn, at a lectern right in front of Fernandez, who, flanked by board members, was sitting on a dais, and told him exactly what they thought of him. And hundreds of other people, some seated, some milling about, were yelling at, booing, or cheering the speakers, Fernandez, the board, one another, or a force of security guards who bounced several speakers when they wouldn't stop talking. There wasn't any way of knowing what Fernandez was thinking during much of the hearing, because his face didn't reflect any reaction to the sentiments being hurled at him. Sometimes he flushed; rarely he showed a momentary half smile. One person who knows him well saw that every now and then he tapped on the tabletop with a pencil—something that she says he does only when he's very upset.

The formal vote against Fernandez came at the end of the day. Afterward, the president of the school board, H. Carl McCall, who was one of his three supporters, stood up and embraced him. "Joe, maybe we didn't deserve you," he said.

A board member who was one of the majority told friends later of feeling only dreadful and heartbroken and anguished during the hearing, which seemed to last not six hours but six years. "Joe is such a spirited man and there he sat—silenced, isolated," the board member said.

One thing that the six hours of testimony demonstrated was that the chancellorship is New York's most crucial job. The chancellor is the guardian of New York's future, because the hopes of, and many of the hopes for, nearly a million children are in his keeping. A majority of the people who spoke—forty-nine of them—wanted to see Fernandez shepherd a whole generation of New York children to maturity. They begged the board to cherish "the very best leader that the New York public schools had ever had"—someone who had started so many new programs that it seemed as if a lifetime of reforms had been initiated almost overnight. Representative José Serrano, of the Bronx, speaking out of "a deep sense of sadness and a sense of panic," said, "You are doing this not because he was corrupt, not because he lied to us, not because he deceived us, but because he stood up for what he believed to be right and what we knew to be correct." William Ubinas, the superintendent of a school district in lower Manhattan, spoke directly to Fernandez as his personal hero: "When I was growing up, I wanted to be like you. I still want to be like you."

Thirty people spoke against Fernandez, and for almost all of them anything that he had done to make the schools better was a side issue, because to them the important thing was that he had forced kids to think about sex, and his doing that proved that he couldn't be trusted around children. Fernandez has been "King Condom" to many of these people for the last year and a half, during which any public-high-school student has been able to ask designated teachers for free condoms. Condom availability—usually called "condom distribution" by Fernandez's opponents—wasn't Fernandez's idea in the first place: it had been discussed in the Richard Green era. But Fernandez pushed hard for it, and the board that dismissed him this year had authorized it. More recently, he pushed just as hard for two other programs that weren't his ideas. Last June, the board, accepting what had originally been a suggestion from Green, voted to update the information that elementary-school students get about AIDS; fifth and sixth graders, and possibly fourth graders, will now be told, in five forty-minute lessons a year, how it is that people get the disease.

That same month, Fernandez set an October deadline for local districts to accept or modify the first-grade unit of the multicultural grade-school curriculum called Children of the Rainbow, which also had been mandated the year before Fernandez arrived in New York. Parents, including those who don't care if their kids ever go to college, generally take an intense and very protective interest in what happens during the first years of school; for many who spoke against Fernandez at the hearing, each successive action of his had been more threatening than the one before: the man had targeted first teen-agers, then ten-year-olds, and, finally, children who were only six. These people said that the chancellor had abandoned them and then turned on them. In their view, talking about sex in schools, even when the intent of such talk is to save lives or to move beyond hatred, is a direct invasion of their own homes, even their bedrooms.

Some speakers, in their deep distress, sounded badly misinformed about what was actually happening in the schools, or had blurred together the programs they found intolerable. A distraught woman challenged Fernandez, saying, "Do you have children? Do you have a daughter? Would you show her your erect penis?" Fernandez, himself a grandfather, in that moment looked taken aback. No one in the room corrected her misunderstanding—or anyone else's, for that matter. Elementary-school teachers don't show kids how to use condoms or any other kind of contraceptive. And revisions to the Rainbow curriculum that were issued late last year had already altered three short passages, which were what many parents couldn't accept. A guide for first-grade teachers, which was never meant to be read by students in the first place, no longer reminds teachers that "according to statistics, at least 10 percent of each class will grow up to be homosexual," nor does it tell them that "classes should include references to lesbians / gay people in all curricular areas." And "Heather Has Two Mommies," a book made notorious by last year's newspaper headlines, has been removed from a bibliography called "Families at Home," which had been optional anyway. One of the books that have stayed on the list is "Jennifer Has Two Daddies," which is about a girl who has both a father and a stepfather.

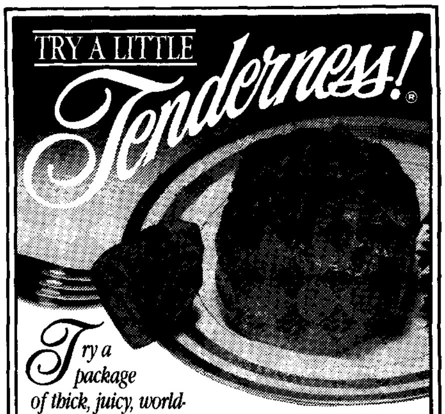
"Heather," by Lesléa Newman, is in fact a quietly and sweetly written book. It upsets people not just because of the number of mommies but because the book carefully explains that in order to have Heather one of them, Mama Jane, had to be artificially inseminated. No one seems to have noticed that "Heather" is trying to avoid being sensational, and is intended to be useful to an enormous number of children in this country—the three out of four who are no longer being reared by one mommy and one daddy living together. Almost half the book takes place at Heather's day-care center, where all the kids are busy drawing pictures of their non-nuclear families. There's one primary message in this book: if you're alive and you're loved, you're normal.

Two angry African-American speakers at the dismissal hearing, both mothers, said that the Rainbow curriculum was deliberately racist. The first said to Fernandez, "To have a program about black history, must we bow the knee to homosexuality? Shame on you. Is your mother proud of you for what you have done? How dare you teach a nine-year-old how to use a contraceptive jelly, and refuse to teach her math?" The other said that gays had been put into the curriculum only so that black children "won't have enough time to learn to read, write, and count." Slave masters, she said, had the same impulse—"to keep book learning from us so we won't get too white." A man in the audience thought that "Fernandez is preaching homosexuality as the cure for teen-age pregnancy." A second, agreeing, said, "The homosexuals are out in the schools anyway, recruiting, because half of them have died from AIDS." And a man sitting near them yelled, "Mr. Fernandez is a devil!"

WERE the Rainbow curriculum and "Tales Out of School" Joe Fernandez's third envelope? A school-board member recently confided that Fernandez had indeed lost one vote over each issue: one member was disgusted by his refusal to be more conciliatory about the new curriculum; another thought the autobiography showed that Fernandez had lost his enthusiasm for the job. But there might have been no third envelope at all if the entire school system hadn't almost come unglued soon after Fernandez arrived in New York, when, unexpectedly, he had to contend with a major budget crisis.

New York City's worst budget crisis, back in 1976, devastated the public-school system: fourteen thousand teachers were laid off, in wave after wave, including most of the guidance counsellors; as classes were consolidated, many kids had eight or nine teachers in a single year. More than twelve thousand of the laid-off teachers left the profession altogether, and, since most of them were young and eager, this meant that the system lost a whole generation of teachers. Elementary and junior-high schools were particularly hard hit: they lost their libraries and their art and music classes. And, seventeen years later, two-thirds of these schools still don't have either art or music teachers.

The budget cuts that Fernandez had to absorb in 1990, in 1991, and again in 1992—three-quarters of a billion dollars altogether—could have resulted in nine thousand teacher layoffs. Mass firings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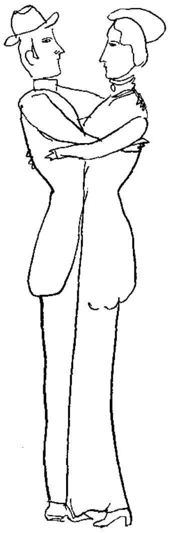
were just what every teacher in the system was expecting and dreading. But Fernandez refused to fire a single teacher; instead, he dismissed more than a third of the bureaucracy—the central administrative staff, all of whose jobs had remained sacrosanct through the nineteen-seventies. He emptied two whole buildings in downtown Brooklyn and turned the offices into classrooms. Deputy Chancellor Stanley S. Litow, who had long reproached the school system for not reaching out to businesses and community groups, helped Fernandez bring in millions of new dollars from local corporations and foundations. And Fernandez had to pour all his ingenuity and subtlety into saving money: for instance, he floated an immediate forty-million-dollar loan from the teachers' union by deferring salary increases.

This ordeal, which involved into-the-night negotiations with City Hall and sudden three-hour drives to Albany to meet with the Governor or with key legislators, dominated Fernandez's agenda for months, and forced him to rescue the system that he had arrived to reform. It sapped his strength so severely that for a while friends were afraid he might lose his spark. "These were the times that hurt him in his heart," says Connie Kostyra, his former executive assistant. It also forced him to cancel dozens of visits to schools—the activity he enjoys most—and those cancellations fed a growing impression that he was standoffish.



Furthermore, all this coincided with the arrival, in July, 1990, of a new school board, very different from the previous board, which had been so warmly supportive of Fernandez; only one member of the board that fired him is a holdover from the board that hired him. This new board has been splintered almost from the start. There was an ugly, early fight over whether to replace the board's own in-house lawyer: first, it fired her, and then, six months later, it rehired her. Mistrust quickly seeped into the eleventh-floor/tenth-floor relationship, as dealings between the board and the chancellor, who work on those floors, respectively, are called. The first intense fight between them was over condom availability. Fernandez talked privately about quitting, and although he later got a strong second wind, much of the sour, subliminal "I'm outa here" tone of his book, which he worked on intermittently during the budget crisis, dates from those frustrations. But, of course, the time lag of publishing means that the book has reached readers only now.

While some may think that Fernandez was naïve not to know more about the delayed impact that a book can have, or that he may have had a street kid's perception that, like having your portrait painted, putting your name on a book means you've arrived, most Fernandistas realize that the timing of the budget crisis was far more distressing than any judgments he has made as an author. If he hadn't been chancellor when the budget crisis hit, these Fernandistas think, the system might not have survived even long enough to fire him, because it probably couldn't have taken another 1976-style gutting without coming close to collapse. But, because the budget cuts came when they did, they gave rise to a growing bitterness between a board already suspicious even of itself and a chancellor pushing ever more impatiently for two social programs—AIDS education and a multicultural curriculum—that were not of his own making.

And why did Fernandez seem less and less willing to reach some compromise on these programs, such as allowing a "parent opt-out" provision for parents who were so opposed to the idea of condom availability that they were willing to take the time to write a letter saying so? Many of his supporters are convinced that Fernandez, whose creativity was for so long distracted by the problem of saving the system, had committed himself to the already agreed-to, Richard Green-sponsored social programs in order to keep things rolling while he sought after and dreamed up ideas that he himself could bring into the system. Then, once he found new ideas, he pushed harder and harder for condom availability, AIDS education, and the Rainbow lessons—becoming so identified with these programs that you could almost say the I'm-not-Richard-Green chancellor was fired for being Richard Green—just to get these programs over and done with, so he could move on to initiatives that he thought could not only improve the system but change it.

FINDING a replacement for Fernandez has so far been slow going. It took the Board of Education over a month just to name its search committee, which will be headed by former Chancellor Macchiarola. Presumably, this committee will now start to interview many of the people who are already being interviewed by search committees from Los Angeles and Chicago and the other big cities that are looking for school chancellors. Meanwhile, Robert Wagner, Jr., the former school-board president, several months ago set up a commission to look into replacing the school board itself: one suggestion is for five boroughwide boards; another is for a new citywide board, but one that, like pre-1969 boards, will answer only to the mayor.

During this interim, Fernandez has been showing everyone that getting fired scarcely slows him down. The day after his rejection by the board, Fernandez, though he hadn't slept well for weeks, seemed totally relaxed and almost buoyant. He met with his senior staff and told them that he would still be on the job at least twelve hours a day, and that the next four months would look a lot like his first non-stop months in the job. Since then, he has, among other things, started disciplinary proceedings against a grade-school principal who failed to respond speedily to a little girl's charges that the school custodian had raped her, and he has sued New York State, alleging that the state has for years been shortchanging the city by depriving it of millions in school funds.

The best time to talk to Fernandez is when he is out in his official car, on his way to a meeting or to visit a school. He sits up front, next to the driver, relaxes, and looks out the window at the city's other problems; only the car phone can interrupt him. Recently, riding with Fernandez, I asked him about getting fired. How had he felt during the dismissal hearing?

"I didn't notice too many feelings," he said. "I tried to treat it like any other working day. I felt good that I actually found some time during the hearing to write a few letters. And I was, of course, touched that so many people stepped forward to thank me for helping the children of New York."

When I asked if, in retrospect, he thought that releasing his book before the board voted on his contract had been a mistake, he said, "Well, I know some people felt that." Then he turned to his driver and asked her, "Did the timing bother you, Mary Jane?"

Mary Jane, who was maneuvering the car carefully through the slush of a late-winter storm, just shrugged.

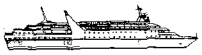
There was silence in the car for several blocks. Then Fernandez started talking about a couple of ambitious new plans. Within two years, the first plan would set up at least fifty-one new, small high schools, sponsored by churches, community groups, unions, museums, colleges, junior colleges, education reformers, and foundations. The second plan would give the city sixty or more elementary and middle schools that would double as community centers; settlement houses and social-service agencies would transfer their operations to those buildings and become an organic part of school life. Fernandez has been moving fast on these ideas: in November, he had been considering thirty new high schools; by Christmas, it had become forty; it got to fifty-one in February.

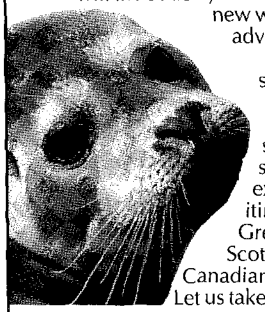
Fifty-one new schools, added to eighteen alternative high schools and dozens of alternative programs that are already up and running, would mean that within two years fully a quarter of New York's public-high-school students would no longer be attending factory-model schools. One out of four is considered by some to be a critical mass; that is, once a quarter of an organization is operating under new rules, the whole outfit has to change its ideas about what the normal way of doing business will be, and can no longer ignore the innovation as "just an experiment."

Currently, New York City spends a quarter of every year's budget trying to nourish, or ferment, or support, or rewire, or somehow inspire a third of the waking lives of an eighth of its citizens. A hundred and twenty thousand people work in a thousand buildings at making this happen. Two-thirds of the million children are being looked after by only one parent; more than half live in poverty, or close to it; about a tenth arrived in America within the last three years, some from war-torn areas, many from countries with no compulsory public education. About two hundred thousand, or twenty per cent, of the children are white. A few thousand live in shelters; a few thousand more are locked up in the jails on Riker's Island; another few thousand live in huge houses with rolling lawns. Together with some two hundred thousand children who go to private and parochial schools in New York, these children are the city's next generation.

In the month after Joe Fernandez was dismissed, I toured some public schools to look at his legacy up close. At P.S. 84, an elementary school half a block off Central Park, on West Ninety-second Street, the student population, about seven hundred children, is half Latino (mostly Puerto Rican and Dominican), about thirty per cent African-American, ten per cent white, and two per cent Asian. The school library is a large, well-lighted upstairs room painted yellow and lime green, with three banks of windows.

The P.S. 84 library did not close during the budget crisis of the nineteen-seventies, but for years the school had no money to buy books. The existing collection walked off the shelves, and the library became just another classroom. Since 1988, Library Power, a program sponsored by the DeWitt Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund, has been providing extra money to elementary-school libraries for paint, furniture, and books. Mrs. Julia Matlaw, the school librarian, has spent much of her Library Power money on new books, and she puts in a lot of time teaching kids that the only trick to using a library is to come inside with the awareness that there's something they want to know. "And then the only trick for a librarian is never to question whatever question they bring with them," she said. "Last week, one of the questions was 'Where in the forest does the manatee live?' You can learn a whole lot about the way libraries work looking for the answer to that one." Library Power predated Joe Fernandez, but, according to Mrs. Matlaw, it's still flourishing only because he adopted it and





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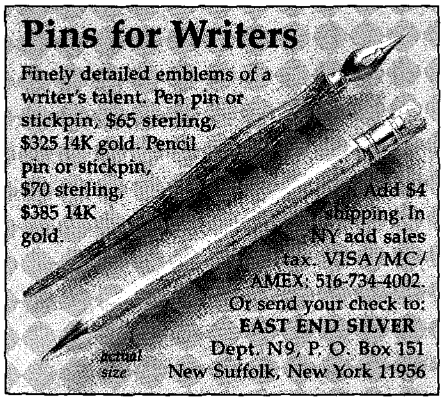

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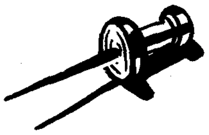
protected it from the budget cuts of the last three years. "Without Library Power, no schools would have full-time librarians," she said. "Without Joe Fernandez, we would be back to having classes parked in here to keep them quiet."

At the Professional Development Lab, a classroom on the third floor of P.S. 40, on East Nineteenth Street, small signs posted outside the door say "Children as Learners" and "Teachers as Learners." This is a pilot program, created under Richard Green, with seed money from J. P. Morgan and Company, that helps each participating teacher sharpen his or her skills by visiting another teacher's class for three weeks; again, it's a program that Fernandez rescued from de-funding during the budget crisis. In two years, the P.D.L. at P.S. 40 has worked with fifty early-childhood teachers. Principals are thrilled. They call up Barbara Schneider, the District Two P.D.L. administrator, and say, "What have you done with my teacher? I've never seen such a change." But teachers—both those doing the watching and those being watched—seem most amazed by the fact that they're allowed to talk to one another. Laura Schwartz, a visiting first-grade teacher from P.S. 116, on East Thirty-third Street, said that classroom life had been so isolating that a few years ago she had to sneak into other schools on her days off just to see if she could pick up some new ideas. "In my fifteen days at P.S. 40, I've had time to take in the whole atmosphere of an exceptional classroom," she said.



In Teresa Caccavale's first-grade class—the one that Laura Schwartz was visiting—twenty children all sat quietly in a semicircle on the floor, hands and feet to themselves, eyes fastened on Jennie, a girl who was reading aloud from her just completed journal. The journal—a large poster that had a drawing of a bride in a trailing veil—said that Jennie's parents were going to a wedding, and that Jennie's aunt "will come to woch" her. Ms. Caccavale said, "I love the way Meera's listening. And we're going to talk about Jennie's journal as soon as everyone's ready. I love the way Josh and Brian are ready." There were comments from the kids on what they liked about Jennie's journal, and then editing comments to help Jennie become a better writer. Someone suggested a spelling change, and Jennie wrote "watch" above "woch" on her poster.

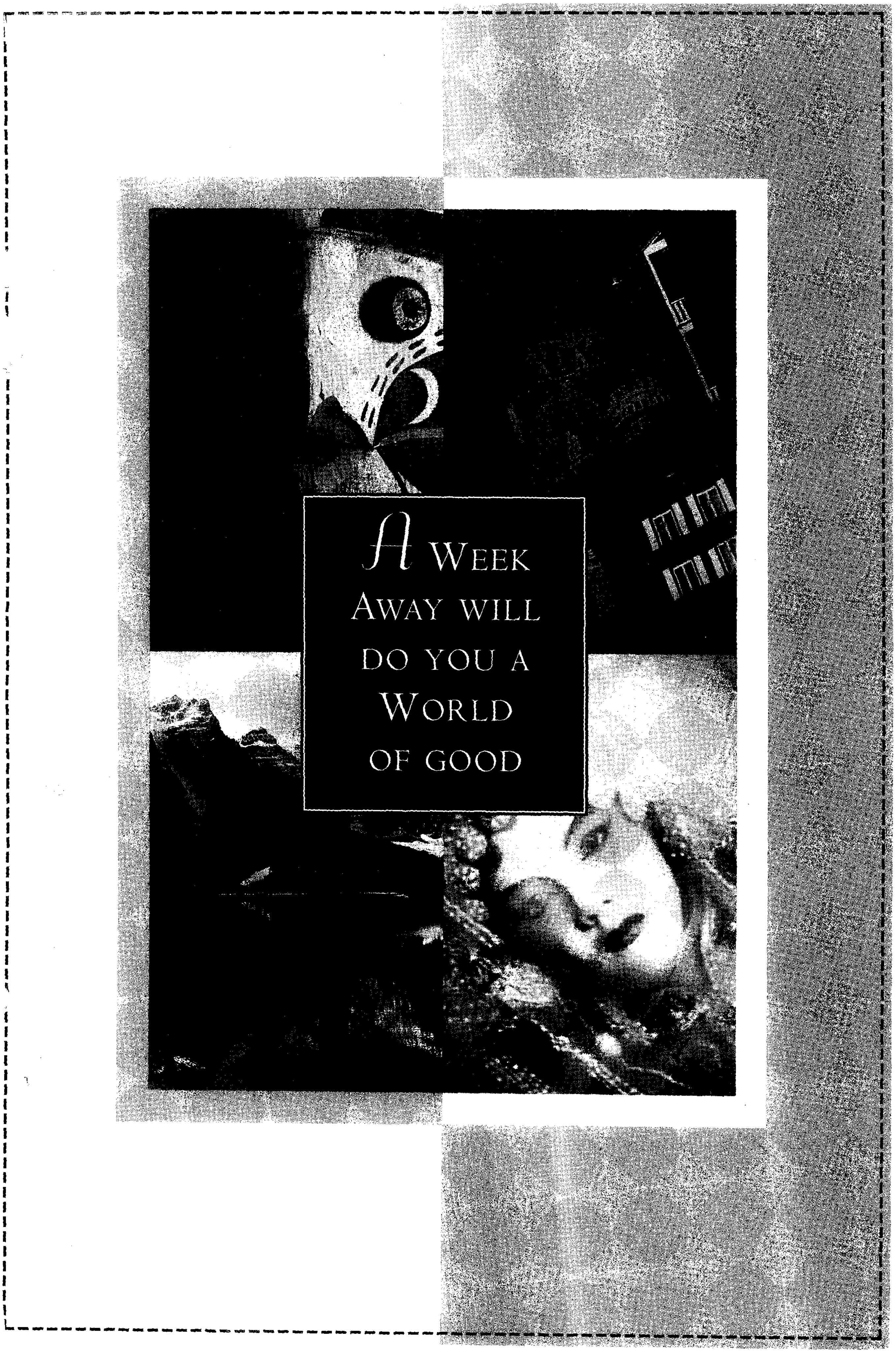
Fernandez has described Intermediate School 218, on West 196th Street—a gleaming new school building for nine hundred sixth, seventh, and eighth graders, in Washington Heights, the most overcrowded school district in the city—as his favorite project: "a dream of a lifetime coming true." The first of Fernandez's planned "community schools," I.S. 218 has a free medical clinic and a free dental clinic, and stays open every school day from seven-thirty in the morning until ten at night. It's also open for six hours on Saturdays. There are three extra class periods every school day, for after-school activities or help with schoolwork: zero period, first thing in the morning, and ninth and tenth periods, in the late afternoon. Nine hundred parents are enrolled in morning, evening, and weekend classes. This all happens because of what's called "co-location": as a community school, I.S. 218 has two tenants—the school itself and, in this case, the Children's Aid Society, a voluntary agency that has been running health programs and youth programs in the city for more than a century. Children's Aid finances all the before-school and after-school activities and the two health clinics.

As Philip Coltoff, the executive director of Children's Aid, and C. Warren Moses, his deputy, describe the arrangement, it was something that first occurred to them a couple of years ago, when they began to think about Washington Heights, a poor and heavily Dominican neighborhood. They noticed that a new, forty-million-dollar school was under construction, and they knew that building a facility of their own would have cost twenty million dollars—money that, if they teamed up with Fernandez, could all be spent on new programs.

At 3 P.M. one day at I.S. 218, a group was setting off to visit the Cloisters, a hundred yards up the hill behind the school. (None of the kids had ever been there before.) The after-school class working on the school paper was in the computer room, cranking out the next issue, and drafting thank-you letters to *El Diario*, where they'd toured the newsroom the week before. Two girls were writing horoscopes. ("*Aries*—You will pass your test with an average score.")

WHAT will happen to Fernandez now? He'll probably have a brilliant bounce-back career, if the feelers and job offers that have already come his way—from other big cities, from colleges, from national education associations—are any indication. He'll take a couple of months off this summer back in Florida, where he and Lily, his wife of thirty-six years, still have a house, and then plan his next move. He hasn't given up on his goal of getting every school in the country ready to help every child.

Anti-Fernandez feelings are still making headlines in the city. Some fifty to sixty of the six hundred candidates in next month's local school-board elections are apparently promising to try to repeal AIDS education and the Rainbow curriculum. At the same time, some Fernandez reforms are probably permanent parts of New York. Too many teachers and parents are already involved in running their schools for anyone to have much chance of doing away with School-Based Management, for instance. No principal will ever again be offered building tenure. No new teachers can be turned away by a Board of Examiners. The first two community schools are already in place: I.S. 218, in Washington Heights, is now a year old, and a new Washington Heights elementary school, also in partnership with Children's Aid, opened in February. And some of the new schools that Fernandez wants to create will come into existence even without his being here to champion them: a month after dismissing Fernandez, the school board—almost in his memory, it seems—gave the go-ahead for many more of these new, small high schools, bringing the total to forty-nine. And what will happen to the fledgling small high schools, ten of which are already in operation? Some will falter, and some—perhaps a dozen—may continue to exist quietly, and largely unnoticed, for years. That's the way things seem to work. A decade from now, when New York is expected to have a million and a quarter children in the public schools, these orphaned schools may get taken up again, and cherished once more by kids, parents, teachers, and a new chancellor. ♦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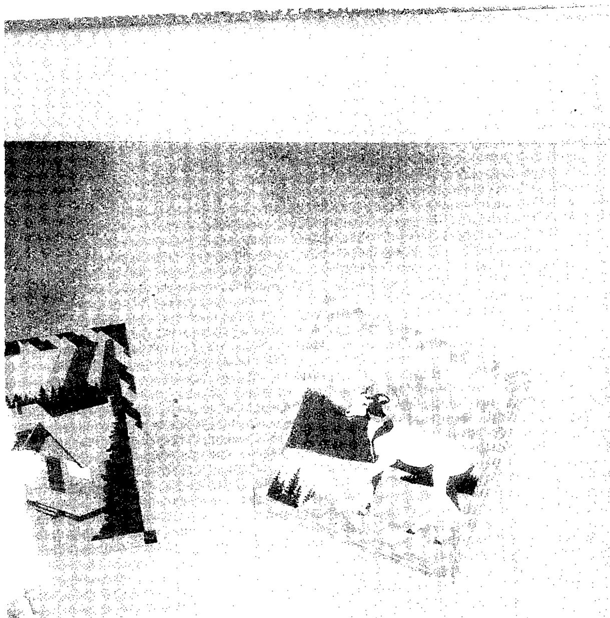

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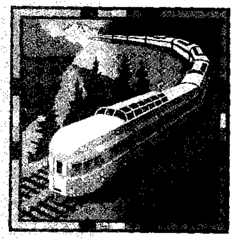

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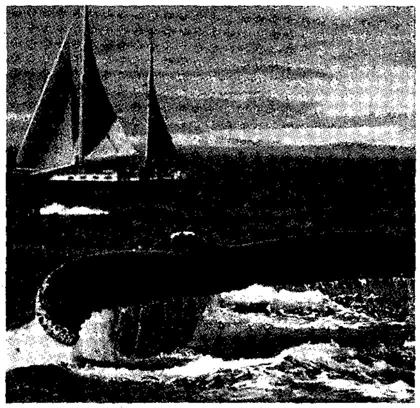

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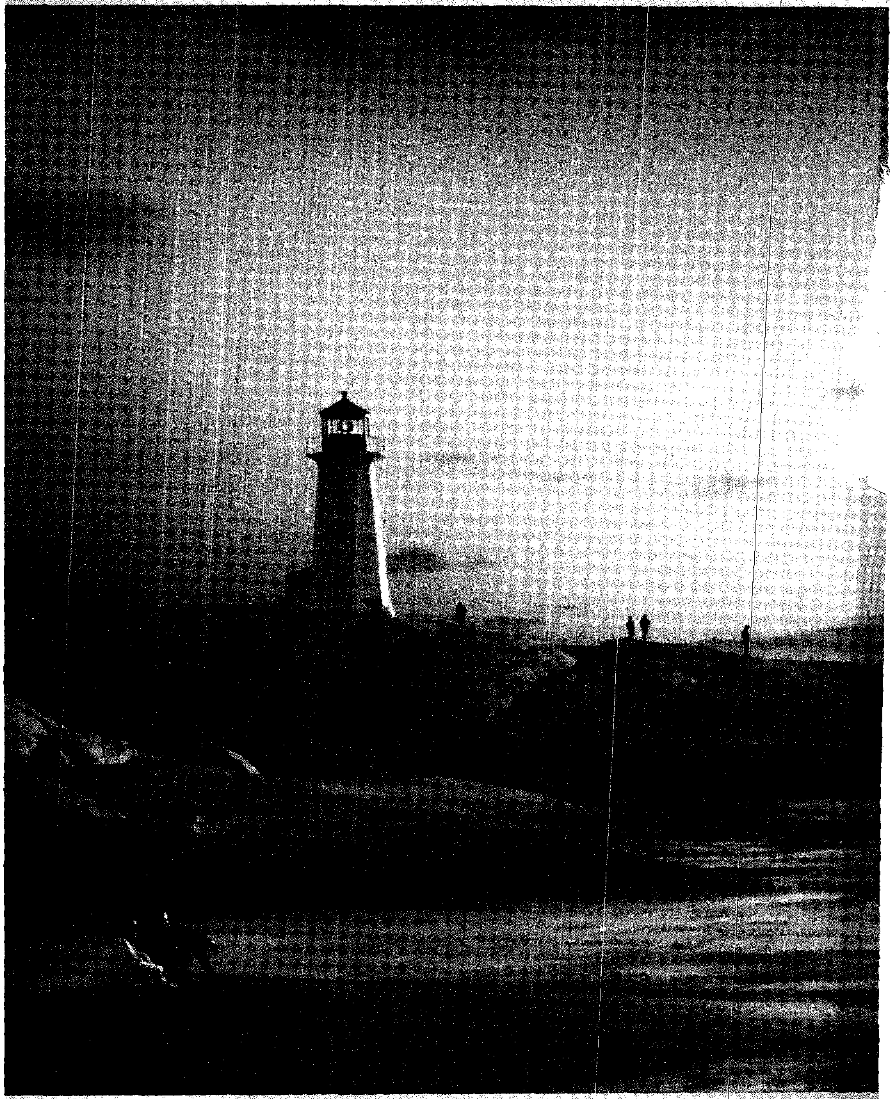

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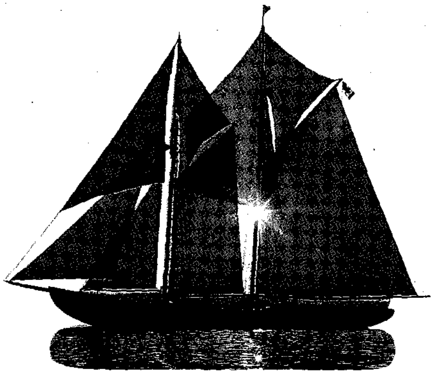

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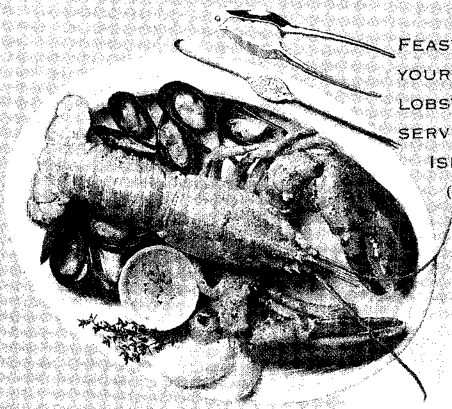

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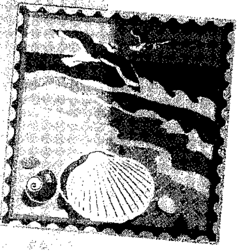

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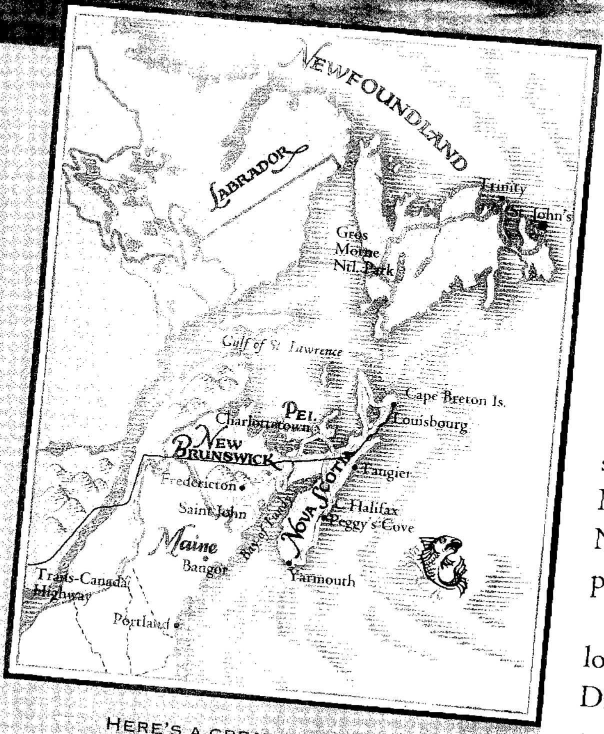
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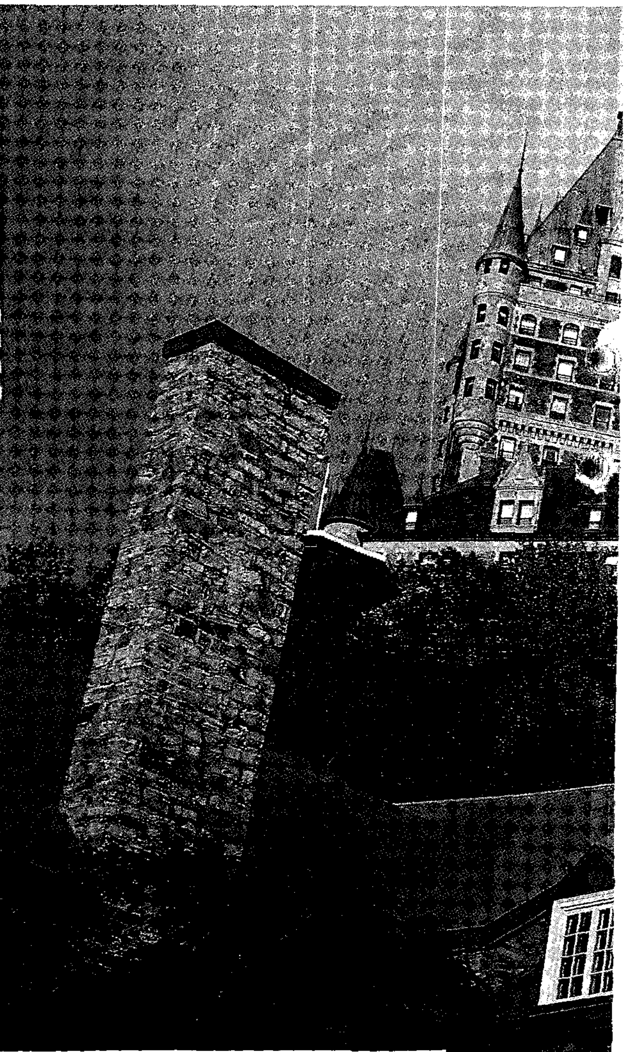

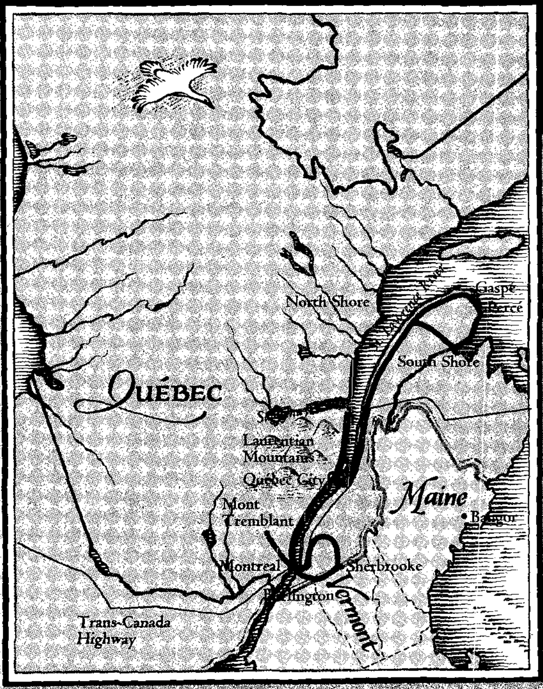
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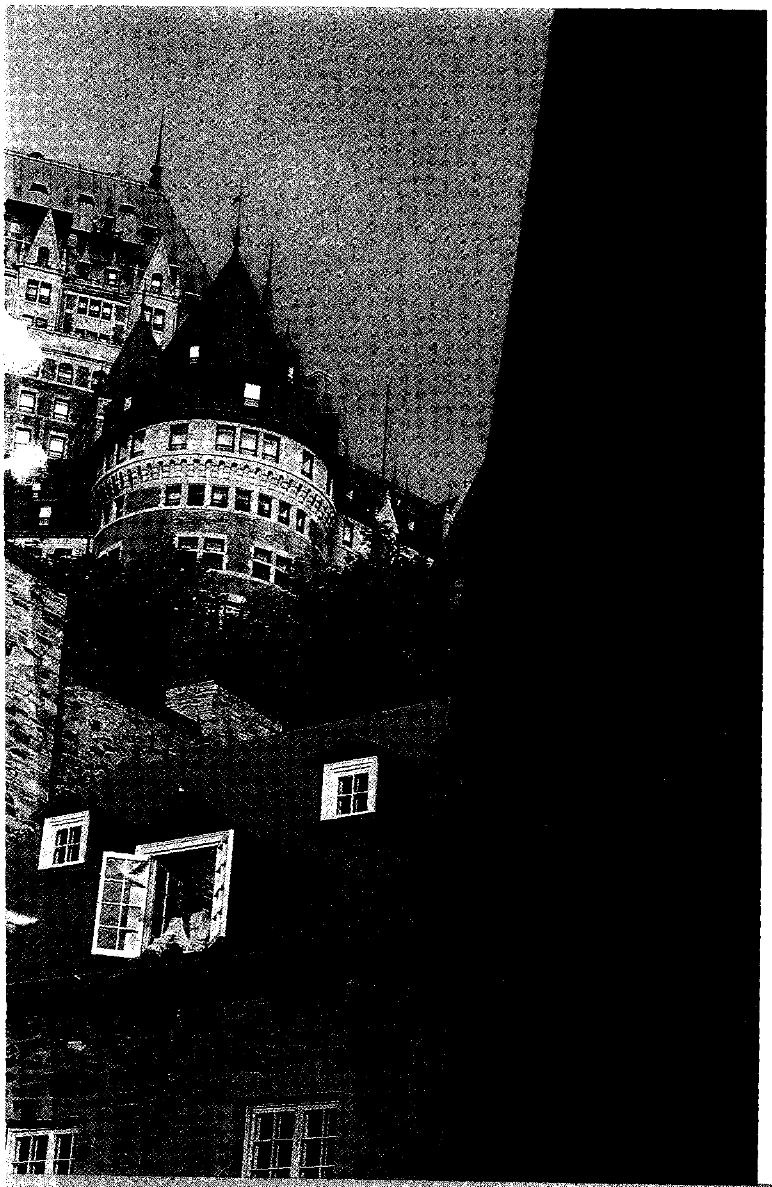

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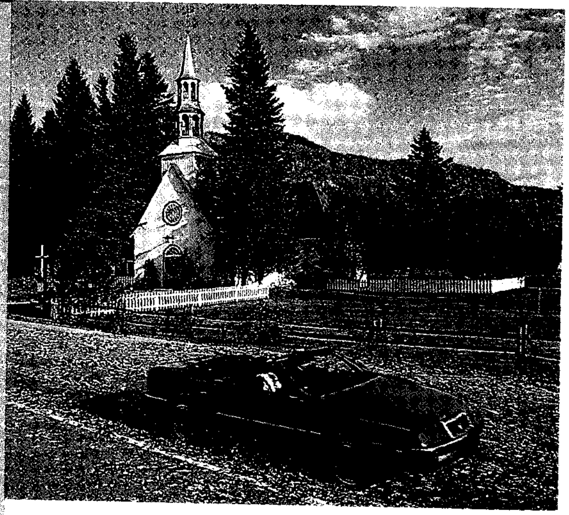
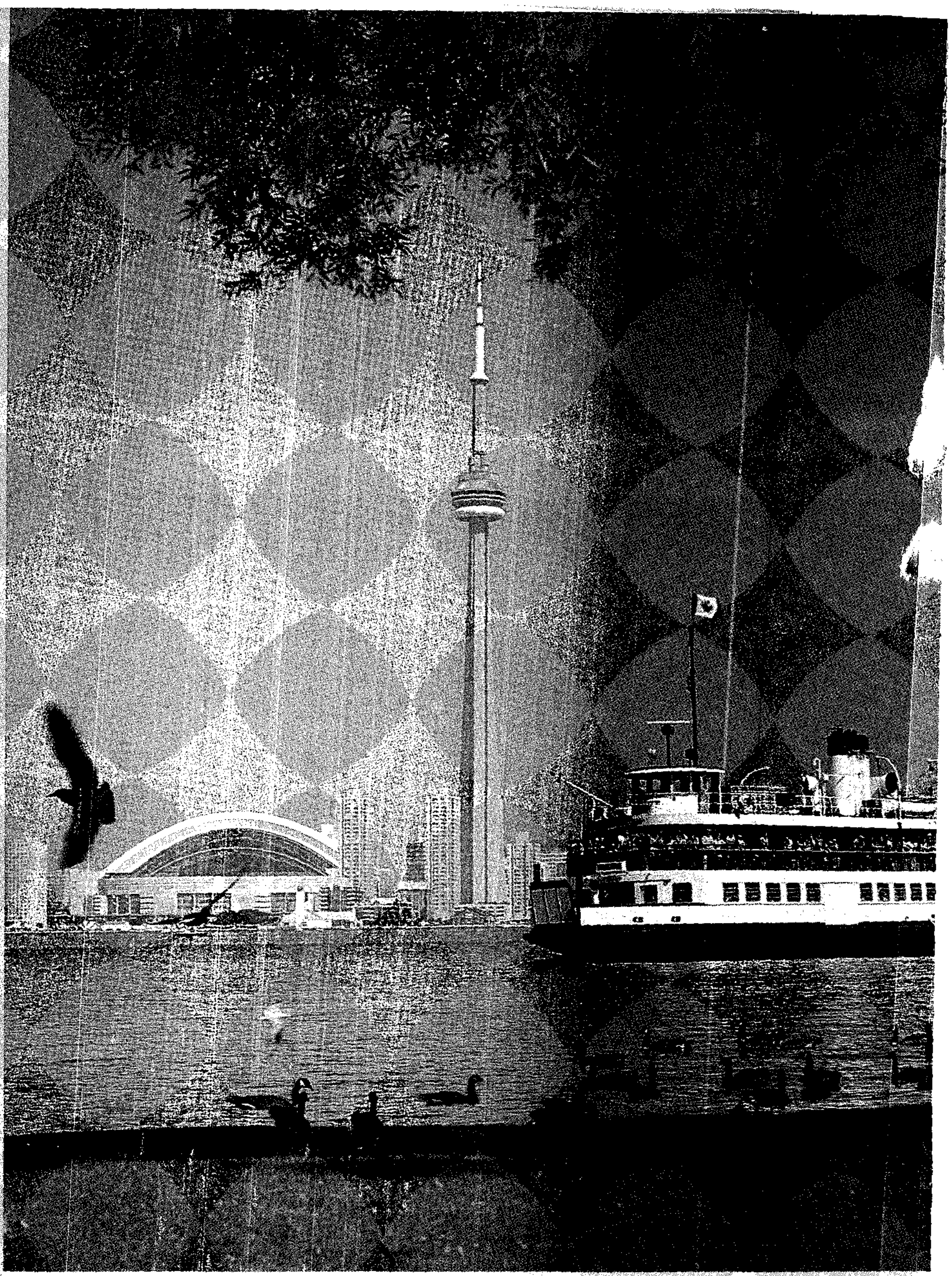
Heirloom or handiwork, old or new, the arts and crafts of Québec's master artisans tug at your heartstrings.

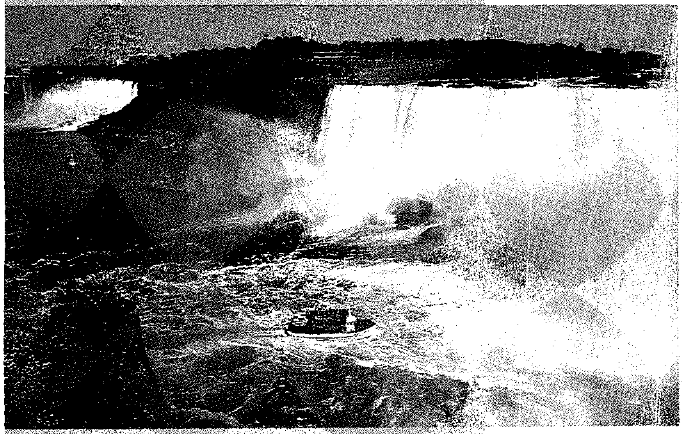


Visit the villages and country churches (the one here is at Mont-Tremblant in the Laurentians), then swim, fish, boat, hike, ride, golf, and ski!

Splendid in scarlet tunics, members of the Guards Band make martial music in July and August on Ottawa's Parliament Hill.



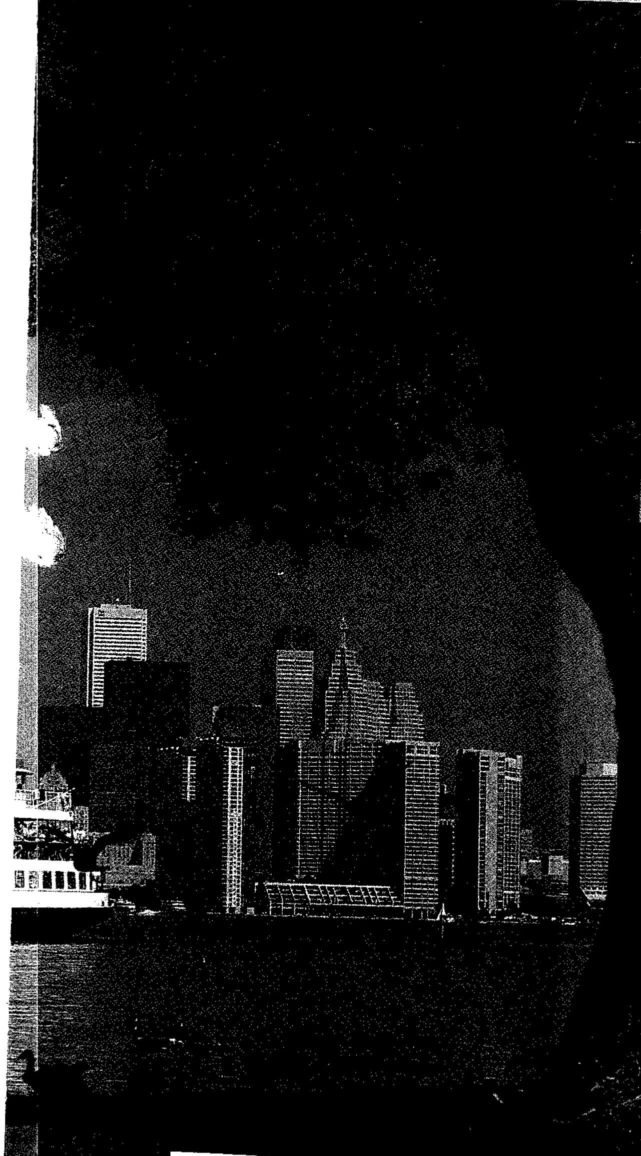
When you take an Island Ferry, you exchange the hustle and bustle of Toronto, Canada's largest city, for a relaxing walk, bike ride, or picnic on one of the bucolic Toronto Islands.



A gentle rainbow plays over mighty Niagara Falls, the world's most famous waterfall. Board the Maid of the Mist and feel its spray!

Don't let the Lion Mask frighten you. It may be fearsome looking, but a friendly Chinese Canadian put it on for a parade.

Golf is one of the innumerable pleasures of the Muskokas. Admiring the multicoloured leaves in the fall is another.



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LET'S START WITH NIAGARA. THAT RAINBOW IS REAL, A REGULAR FEATURE, AND A COLOURFUL HARBINGER OF GREAT THINGS TO COME.

Just to the west, we jest! With the best of The Bard, at Stratford, or, nearby, the zest of the Shaw festival. For a change of pace, swing by the Guy Lombardo Centre in London. Munch at the Farmers' Market in Kitchener – especially come Oktoberfest. And savour the fruits of our orchards and vineyards. A nice little ice wine, perhaps? Prosit!

Spin up to Toronto, and take in the clean green big city scene, the SkyDome, gallerias galore and funky little stores, and your ever-looming CN Tower. Check in to a swell hotel, then stroll about and buzz with the night life, the lively arts and jumbo-delicious cosmopolitan flavours. This burg's cookin'.

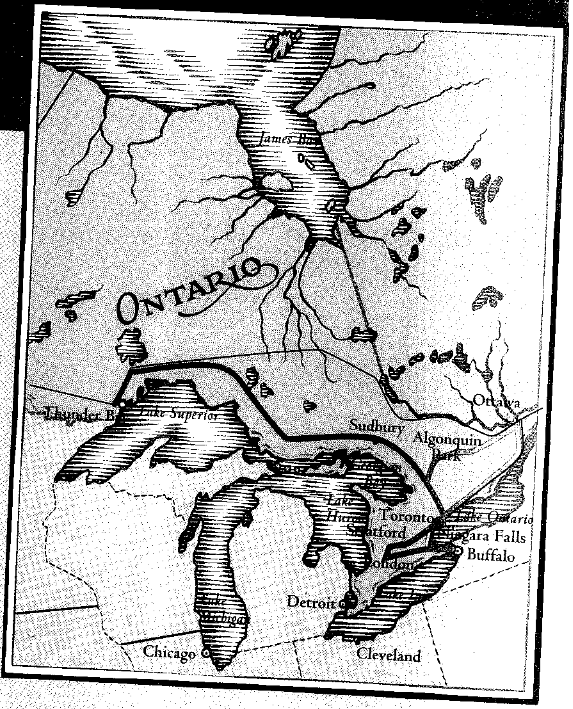
Feel like a breather? Trip north to the 'Shining Waters' Ontario is famed for, and some of our best-loved summer playgrounds – Georgian Bay, the Muskokas, and Algonquin Park. Swim, sail, canoe, fish, hike, or just putter about. And relax, for our lakeside resorts will pamper you with the sleekest of creature comforts.

Farther afield, loom the rolling ranges of the Precambrian shield. Come September, take a day's train trip up the Agawa Canyon. And see the gorges glow.

Looping east, tour Canada's capital, Ottawa, with its gracious parks and public spaces, sedate canal cruises, museums and galleries, theatre, concerts, pomp and circumstance, and the neo-gothic grandeur of Parliament Hill. Step lively!

Or step back. Reel with the pyrotechnic spectacle of fusillades and cannonades at Old Fort Henry, in Kingston. Take a paddle-wheel cruise of the Thousand Islands. Delight in days gone by at Upper Canada Village, near Morrisburg. The nineteenth century churns on, with a genteel charm – and bread fresh-baked daily.

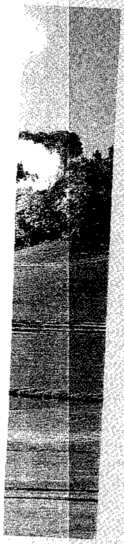
Whichever way you turn, golden moments await you, just over the rainbow.

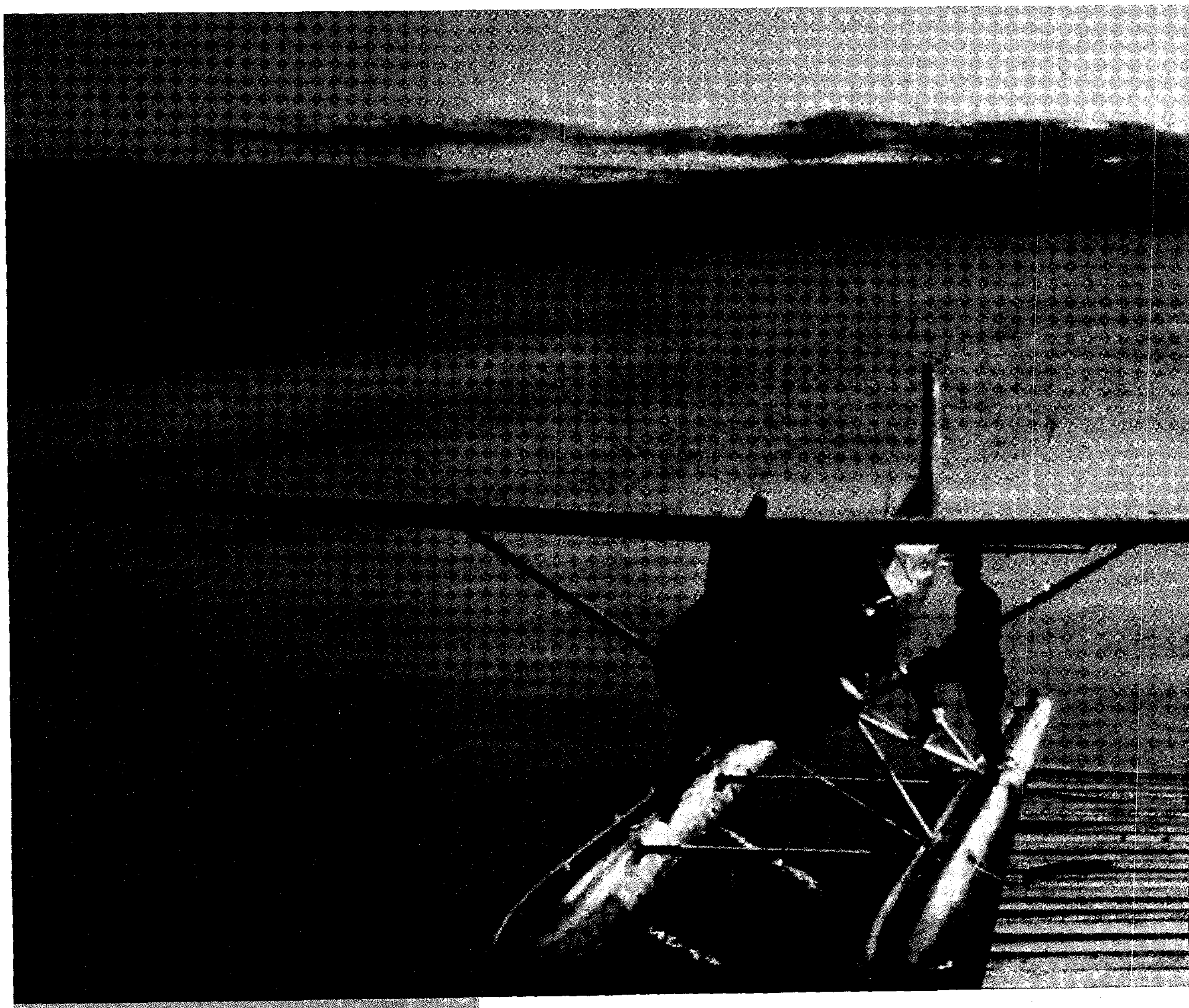


▬ HERE'S A GREAT LITTLE TOUR TO TAKE IF YOU ONLY HAVE A WEEK.

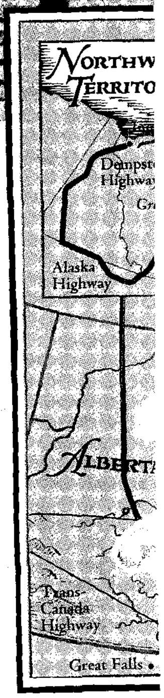
▬ HERE'S A ROUTE THAT LETS YOU SEE MORE OF THE WORLD NEXT DOOR.

● AIR CANADA FLY/DRIVE PACKAGES AVAILABLE.





A LAND OF LAKES AND RIVERS AWAITS YOUR PLEASURE. A PLANE WILL TAKE YOU TO A PLACE OF SPLENDOUR WHERE THE FISH GREET THE SUN.


NORTHW
TERRITO
Dempst
Highway
Gr
Alaska Highway
ALBERT
Trans-Canada Highway
Great Falls

PADDLE YOUR OWN BRIGHT RED CANOE. PAUSE ALONGSIDE MOUNT WILSON IN NAHANNI COUNTRY. IT'S AN UNFORGETTABLE FEAST OF THE SENSES.

Pat & Rosemarie Keough

NELSON EDDY MAY SING FOR YOU, BUT OUR MOUNTIE SMILES FOR YOUR CAMERA IN REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN.

NO NEED TO FEAR THIS BEAR ... ITS SPIRIT IS CAUGHT IN SOAPSTONE BY THE INUIT CARVER. CARVINGS ARE WORKS OF ART AND WONDERFUL SOUVENIRS OF THE NORTH.

ARE YOU UP FOR R. & R.?

HERE'S 'LAND, LOTS OF LAND'. AND LAKES AND RIVERS, FISH AND BIRDS, FLOWERS AND ANIMALS ... EVEN THE AURORA!

Just the spot to do familiar things, like golf and shop; and elbow-room to do the unexpected, like flight see the wilderness.

Manitoba is mid-continent. Winnipeg, its capital, has so many attractions that the Michelin Guide awarded the city three-star status. Dine here on Winnipeg goldeye (a smoked fish), Western beef and Ukrainian perogies!

On foot, on horseback or on bicycle, follow the trails of Riding Mountain National Park. A train or plane takes you to Churchill, the Arctic seaport with an 18th-century 'fur fort', polar bears, and 200 species of birds.

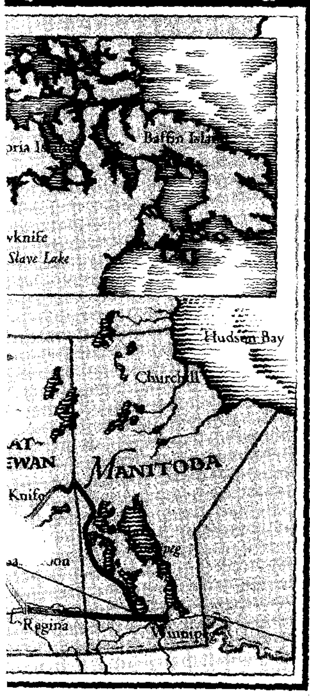
Saskatchewan is wheat-fields, parklands, and 93,000 freshwater lakes that teem with northern pike, walleye, and arctic grayling. The capital, Regina, celebrates the Mounties (see Chief Sitting Bull's tobacco pouch at the RCMP Museum) and hosts Buffalo Days, the exciting country and western fair.

Saskatoon, 'the city of bridges', offers river cruises and stages Shakespeare on the Saskatchewan. The world's largest tomahawk towers over Cut Knife.

To top it all off ... there's the vastness of the Northwest Territories. 'The Land of the Midnight Sun'. One million square miles. Four time zones. Only 54,000 people.

On summer days, expect to wear shorts. Yellowknife, the capital, hosts the Pacific Western Midnight Sun Golf Tournament. Camp beside a mountain; canoe a challenging river. Here's the real wilderness!

Manitoba. Saskatchewan. The Territories. Widen your horizons. 'Have a good day.' It lasts 24 hours!



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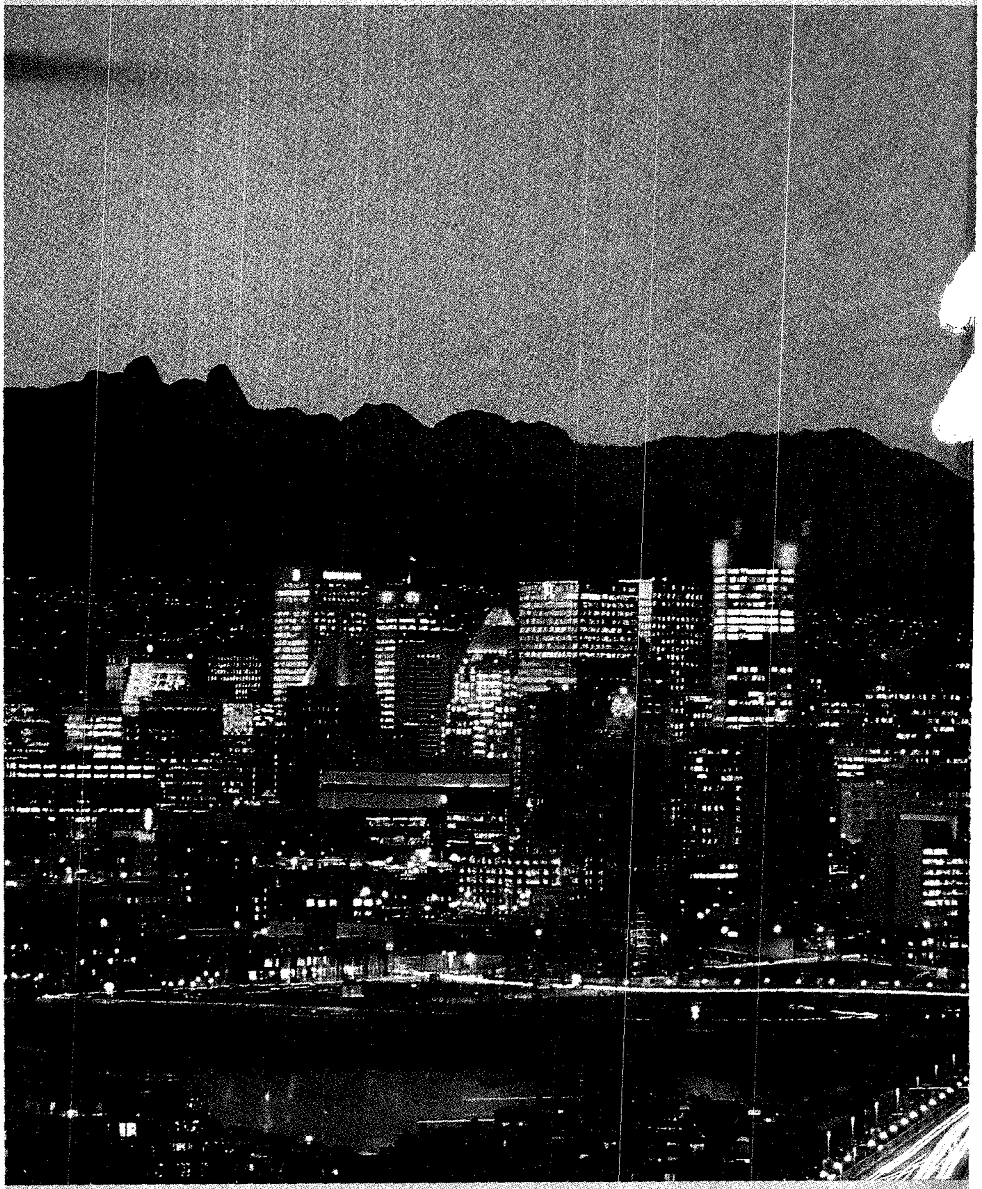
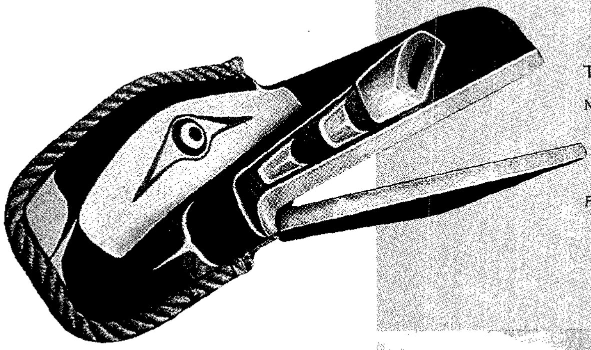
OUR BALLERINA CATCHES YOUR BREATH. WINNIPEG IS THE HOME OF THE CLASSICAL ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET AND THE CONTEMPORARY MANITOBA THEATRE CENTRE.

MEET ALBERTOSAURUS ... HER NICKNAME IS LILLIAN. SHE STALKS THE HALLS OF THE ROYAL TYRRELL MUSEUM, DRUMHELLER, ALTA.



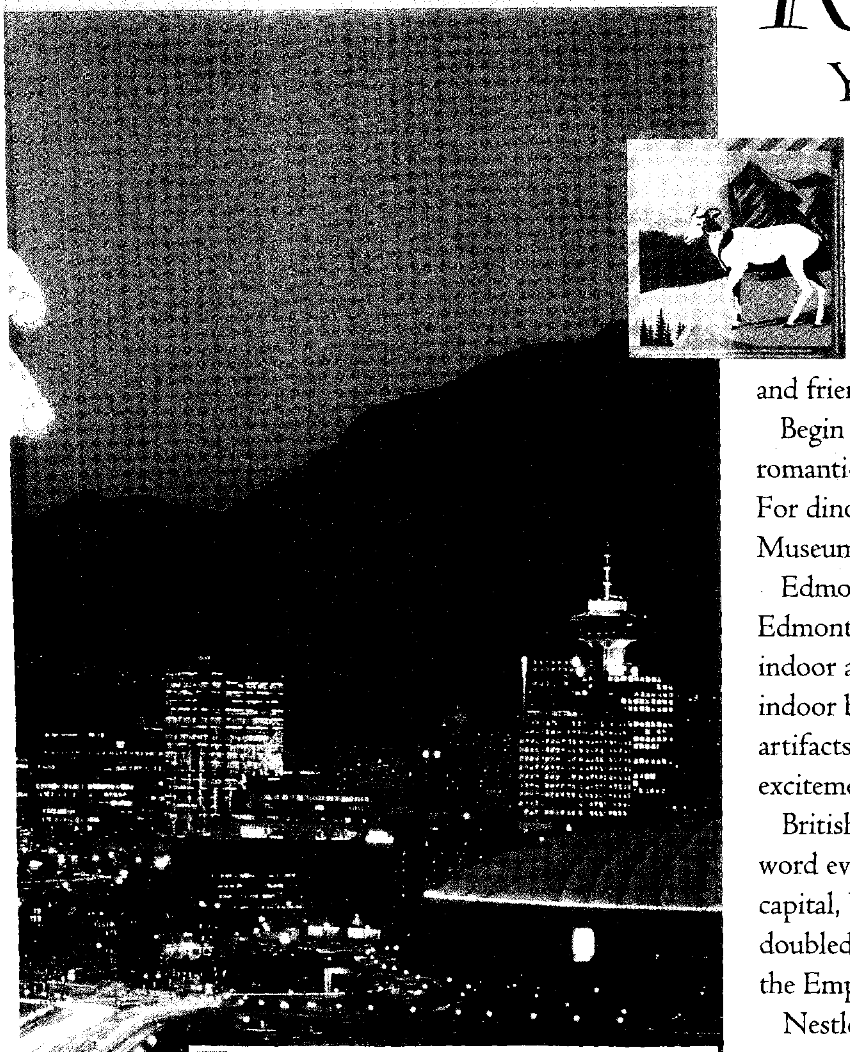
VANCOUVER BY NIGHT WITH LIGHT. DAYTIME ATTRACTIONS INCLUDE THE MING DYNASTY GARDEN AND SCIENCE WORLD (ON THE SITE OF EXPO '86).

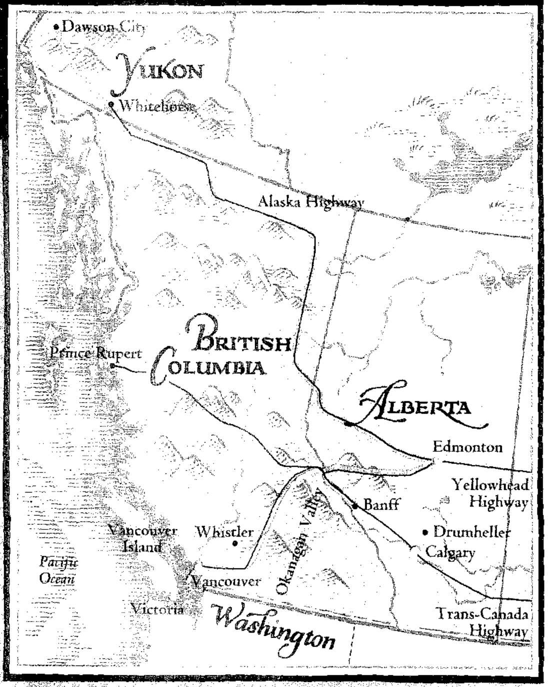


THE HAIDA WORK THEIR MIRACLES IN WOOD. RAVEN, THE TRICKSTER HERO, IS SHOWN IN THIS CARVED, PAINTED CEREMONIAL MASK.

FLIGHT SEE THE YUKON, AND OPT FOR A 'COPTER TOUR OF CANADA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS AND MOST AWESOME GLACIERS.

LIKE A FAIRY CASTLE, BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL WAS BUILT AMID FOREST AND MOUNTAIN. IT HAS A ROOM WITH A VIEW FOR YOU.




Dawson City
Yukon
Whitehorse
Alaska Highway
Prince Rupert
British Columbia
Alberta
Edmonton
Yellowhead Highway
Banff
Drumheller
Calgary
Vancouver Island
Whistler
Pacific Ocean
Vancouver
Okanagan Valley
Victoria
Washington
Trans-Canada Highway

HERE'S A GREAT LITTLE TOUR TO TAKE IF YOU ONLY HAVE A WEEK.

HERE'S A ROUTE THAT LETS YOU SEE MORE OF THE WORLD NEXT DOOR.

COASTAL CRUISE.

AIR CANADA FLY/DRIVE.

REACH YOUR PEAK.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE MYTH AND MAJESTY OF THE CANADIAN WEST.

Encounter spectacular coasts, lush rainforests, and awesome mountains. Enter a wild world of dinosaurs, totem-pole carvers, ranchers, prospectors, and friendly park wardens.

Begin big ... with the Rockies. Check into the romantic Banff Springs Hotel and ogle the views. For dinosaurs, all roads lead to the Royal Tyrrell Museum at Drumheller.

Edmonton, Alberta's capital, boasts the West Edmonton Mall, the world's largest shopping and indoor amusement centre – over 800 stores and an indoor beach. Calgary has skyscrapers, pioneer artifacts at the Glenbow Centre, and the rollicking excitement of the Calgary Stampede.

British Columbia is a place of splendour. The word even appears in the province's motto! Its capital, Victoria, recalls merry Old England; doubledecker buses ... floral gardens ... high tea at the Empress Hotel.

Nestled between ocean and mountain is Vancouver, Canada's third-largest city. It offers Gastown for shopping, Chinatown for food, Stanley Park for totem-poles, and the Super Skyride up Grouse Mountain for the panoramic view.

Cruise the coast; unwind on a Gulf Island. Sip the wines of the Okanagan Valley.

When you drive the famed Alaska Highway up to Alaska, you see a corner of the fabulous Yukon Territory. On the way is Whitehorse, the capital, with guided nature walks, river cruises, flight seeing, canyon tours – even a reindeer farm.

Farther north, discover Dawson City, the frontier Gold Rush capital. Visit the Gambling Casino, then the log cabins of writer Jack London and poet Robert W. Service. Hear an actor recite 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew' where the bard wrote it!

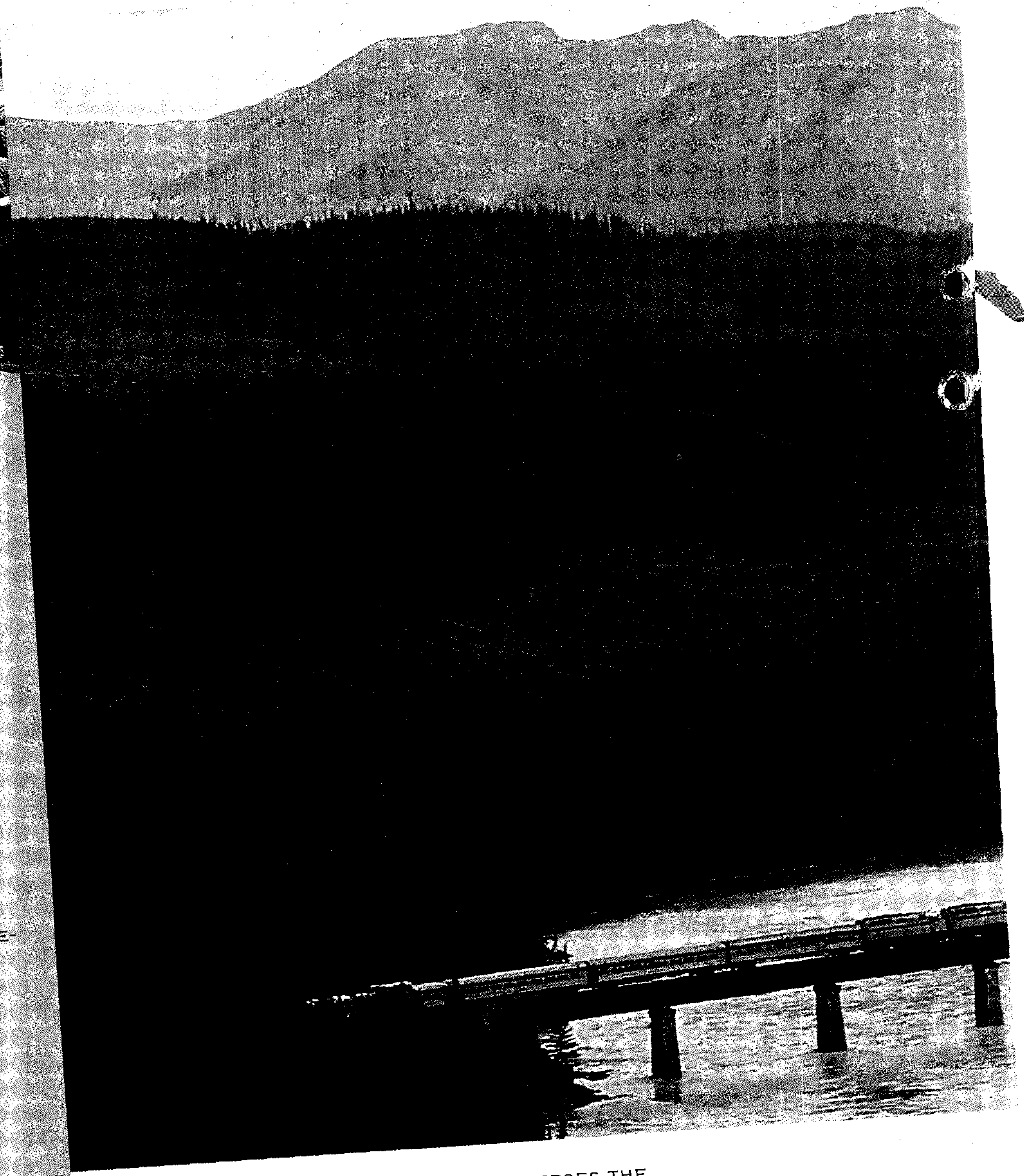
Come be a guest of the Canadian West.

A REFORESTATION PROGRAM CALLED "PARTNERS IN GROWTH" HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED TO REPLENISH OUR VALUABLE TIMBER RESOURCES. FOR EACH TREE THAT IS USED IN THE PRINTING OF THIS PUBLICATION, ANOTHER TREE IS PLANTED.

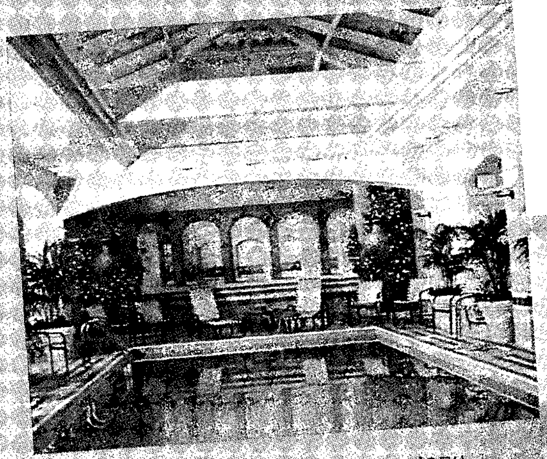
REFORESTATION PARTICIPANT PARTNERS IN GROWTH

Rise above it all. The views are simply unbelievable from VIA Rail's Dome car.

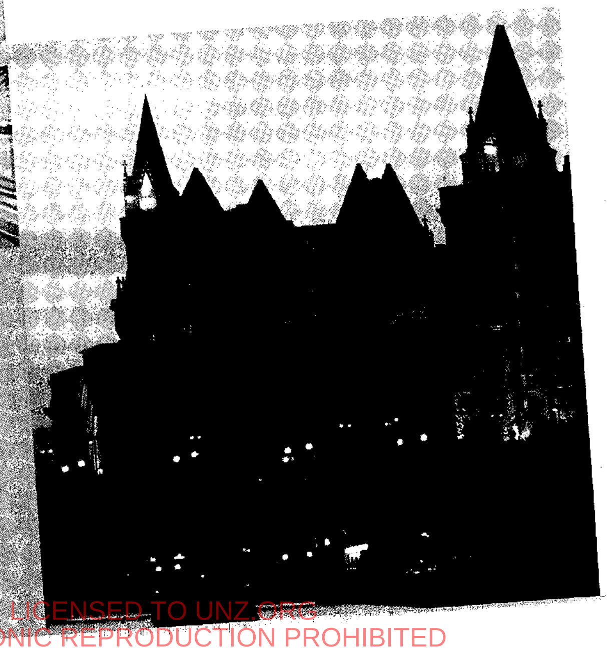
How sweet it is! Where better to tempt your taste-buds than in an elegant chateau?



Terrific terrain! The Canadian™ traverses the Athabasca River bound for the Rocky Mountains.

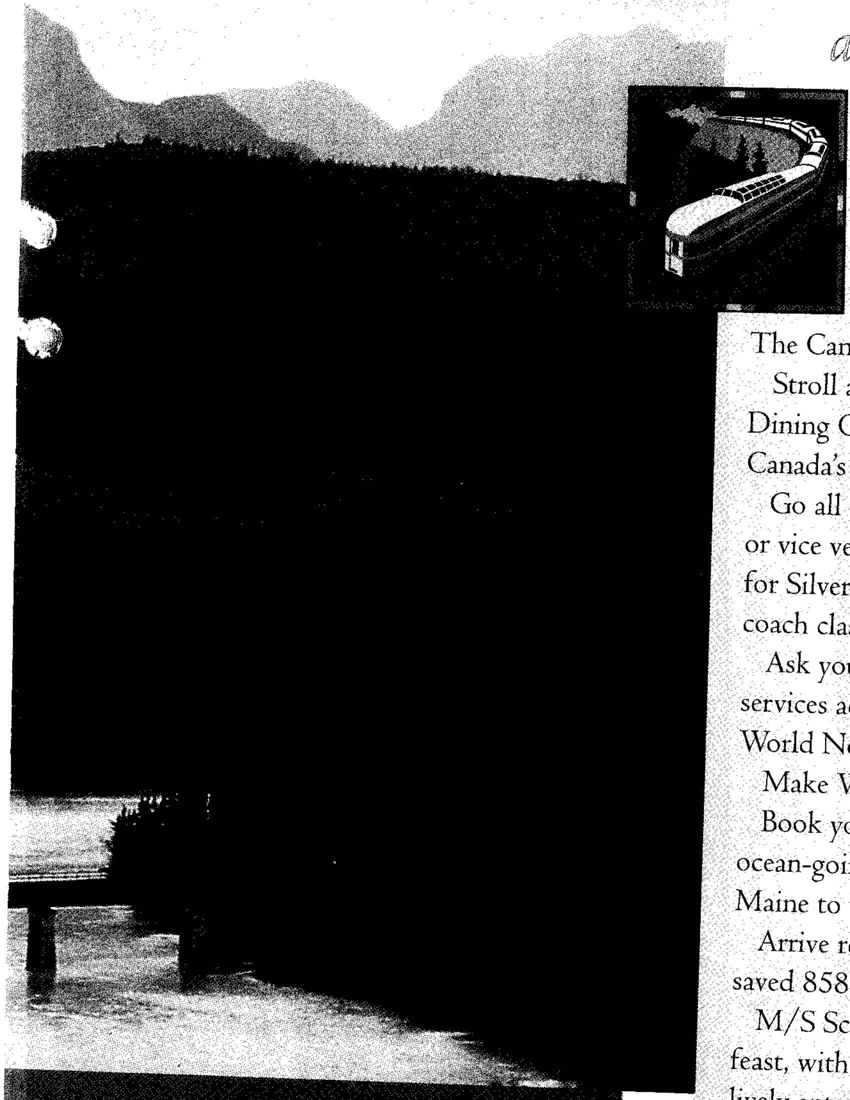


Cool pool! Trompe-l'oeil artwork helps better your outlook in the health club of Toronto's Royal York Hotel.



A sight in itself, the Chateau Laurier overlooks the locks on Ottawa's Rideau Canal.

TRAINS *and* BOATS *and* GREAT HOTELS!



ALL ABOARD! Treat yourself to the trip of a lifetime, on one of the smoothest things going – VIA Rail's completely refurbished classic stainless steel train, The Canadian™.

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Treat yourself royally!

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Canadian Pacific Hotels and Resorts recently invested over $500 million to refurbish these magnificent properties. And add to the warmth of your welcome.

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Of course, you'll need a world class flight when you come to Canada and wouldn't it be nice if the hotel room was all arranged and you had the option of a car when you needed one. Then all you'd need would be an intriguing excursion or a little adventure in the great outdoors with perhaps a little rest and relaxation and seeing the sights to round your trip off. And if it was just a phone call away...

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TRAIL OF THE SHEIKH

In the United States, Sheikh Omar Abdel-Rahman leads an obscure congregation whose members include the men charged in the World Trade Center bombing. But in his native Egypt the frail blind cleric, aided by an international support network, is fuelling the fundamentalist revolution against the state he has defied for twenty-five years.

BY MARY ANNE WEAVER

ON February 26th, I was in my hotel room in Cairo watching CNN when I learned of the explosion at the World Trade Center. Like most people in Cairo, I was stunned by the news, but—also like most of them—I saw no reason to connect it with Egypt. I had come to Cairo to learn about a fiery religious leader named Sheikh Omar Abdel-Rahman, who lived in obscurity in Jersey City but was very well known in Egypt. It was only in the course of the next month, after a number of arrests were made, that I learned that the World Trade Center bombing had allegedly been carried out by followers of the Sheikh. Muhammad Salameh, a member of the Al-Salam mosque, in Jersey City, where Sheikh Omar preaches, was the first man arrested, for his role in renting the van that carried the bomb into the parking garage of the World Trade Center. Nidal Ayyad, a chemical engineer, and Bilal Alkaisi, both regular worshippers at Al-Salam, were charged with assisting in the fabrication of the bomb. Mahmud Abouhalima, who authorities say was with Salameh on the day of the bombing, has worked as an assistant and driver to Sheikh Omar. And Ibrahim Elgabrowny, indicted on a lesser offense, was one of the Sheikh's closest associates in the United States. So far, law-enforcement officers say that they have no evidence to link the Sheikh to the bombing. In any case, it seems to me now, after weeks of investigating the Sheikh's past and his influence in his native land, that the greater threat to the interests of the United States lies not in some act of terrorism here but, rather, in the possibility of a violently militant Islamic government's coming to power in Egypt—a threat that could be as formidable as any we have faced from Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran or Saddam Hussein in Iraq.

The Sheikh, photographed in his Jersey City apartment, is appealing a deportation order. "I challenge Mubarak now to rule for one hour without emergency rule. He would be unable to do so for one minute."

CHRIS CALLIS

Sheikh Omar has been charged by the Immigration and Naturalization Service with entering this country illegally, and last January 20th, before travelling to Egypt, I went to his exclusion hearing in Newark, where no one I happened to talk to really believed the charges against him—certainly not his lawyers, and not any of the two hundred or so bearded young men who defiantly waved placards and signs outside the Immigration Court. Newark detectives were skeptical, too. And when, in chatting with a patrolman, I enumerated the chain of supposed mishaps that had led to the Sheikh's being granted a tourist visa by the United States Embassy in Sudan in May of 1990; being granted permanent-resident status and a green card by the I.N.S. in April of 1991; and being allowed to reënter the country by security officials at Kennedy Airport in July of 1991, his response was incredulous. "Jesus, you mean three different government agencies messed up four times?" Most of the journalists covering the hearing were skeptical as well, especially since Sheikh Omar had at one time helped United States interests by supporting the anti-Soviet mujahedin in Afghanistan. Some of us had been tracking the Sheikh for weeks, on a path that often led, to our considerable surprise, to the same apartments, Levantine restaurants, and storefront mosques that had been visited earlier by agents of the F.B.I. *They* had been tracking him for more than two years, and he appeared to delight in watching security officials in the Middle East, Europe, and the United States attempt to link his words with others' terrorist acts.

Because the court building had been effectively sealed off by police, who had heard that Sheikh Omar's supporters

"I used to be innocent. Then I was naïve. Now I'm just dumb."

would protest, I joined the Sheikh's followers outside. The scene inside, in a room on the fifth floor, was described for me by witnesses afterward. The Sheikh, a blind man in his middle years—because of lifelong ill health, he looks much older—was supported by two followers as he stood before the judge wearing a long gray clerical robe and a crimson turban with white piping. A full gray-white beard rested on his chest, and unruly tufts of frizzy white hair sprouted from beneath the turban. He was not unfamiliar with court proceedings, for on at least five occasions he had stood trial in his native Egypt, where he is widely regarded as the spiritual mentor of a network of militant underground Islamic groups, and he has spent some seven years in prison or under house arrest. He is perhaps best known for having been charged by the Egyptian government with issuing a fatwa, or religious sanction, that resulted in the assassination of President Anwar Sadat, in 1981. Though he was acquitted of all charges—the prosecution was unable to prove that he had declared Sadat an infidel—the accusation had been enough to put him on this country's official terrorist list. Yet he had arrived in the United States—quietly and without attracting attention—in July of 1990, via Saudi Arabia, Afghanistan, and Sudan, on the tourist visa, which State Department officials have explained was issued because of a "computer error" at the Khartoum Embassy, and because Sheikh Omar had used a variant of his name on his application form.

Now he stood sombrely before Immigration Judge Daniel Meisner as an I.N.S. official briskly presented evidence that he had attempted to conceal his past by failing to note on his visa application that he was polygamous and that he had been convicted, in Egypt, of falsifying a check. (It was for a small sum, and the charge was later withdrawn.) Then, in a move that caught many law-enforcement officials, including the Sheikh's surveillants from the F.B.I., by surprise, the defendant requested political asylum in the United States.

At precisely two-thirty, the Sheikh's supporters crossed the street in front of the court building to a parking lot. There they stood in parallel lines, facing east, and began the ritual of midday prayers. Most of them were young, but I noticed one man, with receding salt-and-pepper hair, who was older—probably in his early forties—and more distinguished-looking than the others, and was better dressed, in a fur-lined suède jacket. He also seemed to possess an air of authority. When the prayers were over, I introduced myself to him. He was Ibrahim Elgabrowny. He told me that he was a civil engineer who had come to Brooklyn from Port Said and had established a contracting business there. We soon discovered that we had both been university students—I a student of Arabic affairs at the American University in Cairo, he an engineering student at the University of Port Said—during the nineteen-seventies, when the governments of Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and some of the Gulf states, orchestrated by Sadat, were funding and otherwise aiding nascent Islamic groups as a counterbalance to the left. By the time I finished my studies, at the end of 1979, Egypt's officially sanctioned political parties bore little resemblance to the country's political trends. Some fifty underground groups had begun operating, from the extreme right to the extreme left, and Islamist students had begun spending their summer holidays in military training at remote desert camps.

Supporters of Sheikh Omar came and went as we talked. There was a scattering of African-American Muslims, but most were Middle Eastern. Some were recently arrived immigrants and spoke no English. Others were articulate in English and well educated, among them an Egyptian lawyer who now drove a taxi, and a civil engineer who had been a devout follower of Sheikh Omar for twenty years.

Later that afternoon, I learned that Elgabrowny was a cousin of El-Sayyid A. Nosair, a dedicated Egyptian follower of Sheikh Omar. Nosair is now serving a sentence of seven to twenty-two years in Attica State Prison on charges related to the 1990 murder, in Manhattan, of Rabbi Meir Kahane, whose rabidly anti-Arab views led him to establish the militant Jewish Defense League.

Elgabrowny had been the chief fund-raiser and organizer of his cousin's defense, and had made numerous trips to the Middle East—most often to Saudi Arabia—in an effort to raise money. The Saudi government agreed to help by permitting him to put collection boxes in the kingdom's thousands of mosques. Unspecified amounts of money—"vast," according to one account—were raised. According to William Kunstler, one of the three lawyers who defended Nosair, Elgabrowny acted as a paralegal and also provided bodyguards and tight security for the lawyers, who, Kunstler maintains, were besieged by picketers and activists from the Jewish Defense League.

When the doors of the federal building opened and the Sheikh appeared, the scene was tumultuous. His supporters nearly toppled a hot-dog stand as they raced toward him pell-mell. Elgabrowny shouted instructions, and a tight phalanx of security men surrounded Sheikh Omar.

"Don't grab the Sheikh!" one supporter shouted to the others. "Don't touch him! He doesn't know who you are!"

"Get those placards out of the way!" a police sergeant bellowed from his horse.

With utter calm, and an expressionless face, the man everyone had come to support plodded slowly but with determination through the crowd. He was bundled into a white Cadillac and driven off.

OVER the next few days in January, I visited the neighborhoods, in Brooklyn and Jersey City, that are the strongholds of Sheikh Omar's New York support. At the time of his arrival here, he was already a powerful spiritual voice in Egypt, and cassettes of his sermons were circulating in much of the Middle East, to the irritation of the region's rulers. A controversial figure who moved with serene assurance through the worlds of militants and mullahs, he was equally at home with Islamic scholars, guerrilla leaders, such as Afghanistan's Gulbadin Hekmatyar, and chiefs of state, among them Sudan's General Omar Hassan Ahmed al-Bashir and Pakistan's late General Muhammad Zia ul-Haq. Perhaps as interesting as how he entered the United States is why he decided to come. His three great passions were the civil war in Afghanistan, the spread of Islam, and the overthrow of the Egyptian government. He found ready allies for all three causes along Brooklyn's Atlantic Avenue, in a neighborhood where women, their heads covered by veils or scarves, line up at the local baker's to buy pita and baklava, and where men tend to congregate around Islamic centers and mosques, which have spawned a multitude of militant groups, whose ideologies are as eclectic as the men's accents are diverse. In a corner coffee shop I found photographs of Ayatollah Khomeini, Yasir Arafat, and Saddam Hussein competing for attention on the walls. I then visited the area's jihad office—formally, the Alkifah Refugee Center—set up in the mid-nineteen-eighties by Mustafa Shalabi, an electrical contractor from Egypt, to aid the anti-Communist rebels in Afghanistan. It was here that Sheikh Omar had made his initial attempt to consolidate a power base in the United States. Shalabi had sponsored him on his arrival, found him an apartment, and provided him with a car, a driver, and a phone. The two men raised money together and recruited young men from the neighborhood, some of whom, I was reliably told, subsequently received weapons training at a site in Connecticut. The young men were then provided with plane tickets to Pakistan, from which they crossed the border into Afghanistan on foot.

The jihad in Afghanistan was an obsession with Sheikh Omar. Nonetheless, his alliance with Shalabi did not last long, and their dispute is of abiding interest to the F.B.I. In March of 1991, Shalabi's body was found in his Brooklyn apartment with multiple stab wounds and a bullet through the head. The case remains unsolved, and, while Sheikh Omar is not suspected of direct involvement in the murder, federal agents are attempting to determine whether he gave religious sanction for it. Sheikh Omar expresses outrage at that suggestion, and over the past year he has steadfastly refused to discuss Shalabi, telling one interviewer, "I did not know that man," and another, "These aren't press questions—this sounds like the F.B.I."

At the jihad office, a Sudanese, who said his name was Jalal, sat behind a rickety desk in front of a tottering bookcase, whose shelves held religious literature and Arabic cassettes. I asked him what had happened between Shalabi and Sheikh Omar—why their friendship had soured. (According to one acquaintance of both men, they had feuded over control of the funds and over Sheikh Omar's insistence on supporting the Islamic movement in Egypt, which was battling the Mubarak government.)

"No comment," he said, and began shuffling nervously through a stack of papers on his desk.

"Why is the office still open, now that the Afghan war has ended?" I went on, attempting to keep the conversation going.

"Bosnia."

Was Sheikh Omar recruiting fighters

"What a bizarre sensation! I've never gone to Queens before without a cabful of luggage."

or attempting to raise money for that cause?

"The Muslim world is one. Wherever there is a struggle, we are ready to fight." That was all he would say.

When I arrived in Cairo, in early February, after an absence of thirteen years, an Egyptian friend who lives on the tony island of Zamalek, where there is a sense of the world that came before—old Edwardian mansions, now mostly in disrepair, and large, sprawling lawns shaded by cypresses and eucalyptus—told me, with considerable confidence in her voice, "It's the same Cairo you knew—it's only wearing slightly different clothes." As I strolled around the city, I wasn't sure. I was struck, more than ever before, by the contrast between poverty, which seemed to be everywhere, and worlds of astonishing wealth. At a downtown car dealership, I listened as two men, wearing sparkling rings, argued and gesticulated, flailing their arms, over the price—four hundred thousand dollars—of a new Mercedes, which had just arrived. Then I watched bands of ten-year-olds lumber by in mule-drawn carts. Their faces were pretty but filthy, and they were dressed in rags; they lived among the smoking piles in the City of Garbage, and they survived by collecting rubbish along the streets.

Since my earlier time in Cairo, Egypt had been receiving lavish amounts of Western aid, including some two billion dollars a year from the United States. The money began arriving after the peace treaty with Israel in 1979, and President Sadat embarked on policies that transformed Cairo—the Islamic world's largest city—into the hub of American policy in the Middle East. But the distribution of the aid was uneven at best, and little of it filtered down. True, the telephone system was vastly improved (a decade ago, affluent Egyptians sometimes flew to Greece or Cyprus for the day just to make telephone calls), but in the slums of Imbaba, Bulaq, and Shobra no one had a phone.

The new wealth had also bred a new, and ostentatious, class, which surrounded Sadat. Its members thought little of spending a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a daughter's wedding at a five-star Cairo hotel, while the nation's per-capita G.N.P. remained frozen at around seven hundred dollars a year. Everything seemed to be swirling out of control. Corruption flourished; the population swelled; and much of the bureaucracy, which even in the best of times approached a state of ossification, seemed totally paralyzed.

One Friday morning, just before midday prayers, I went, with my friend Hoda, an upper-class Cairene, to the Khan el-Khalili, Cairo's bazaar. Endless streams of people were descending on the el-Hussein mosque, situated nearby, and it struck me that Cairo, more than any other capital city I knew, was overwhelmingly linked to its past. For centuries, it had been the citadel of Islamic learning and thought—enlightened, secular, civilized, and chic. But one of my most vivid impressions on this visit was of decay: of crumbling buildings, seen through a patina of dust; of torn-up sidewalks and sewage in the street; of a city that was angry and was living on the edge as its population continued to grow. (A thousand new residents arrived each day, in a country whose population grew by a million every ten months.) The more the city crumbled and the more its population swelled, the more eager it appeared to be to embrace a revival of Islam. Mosques were everywhere now, or so it seemed to me—more than a thousand of them, dotting the city in various shapes and forms: some of them partly ruined and others restored; some with magnificent inlaid arches of marble and gold, and others tiny, makeshift rooms in poor neighborhoods.

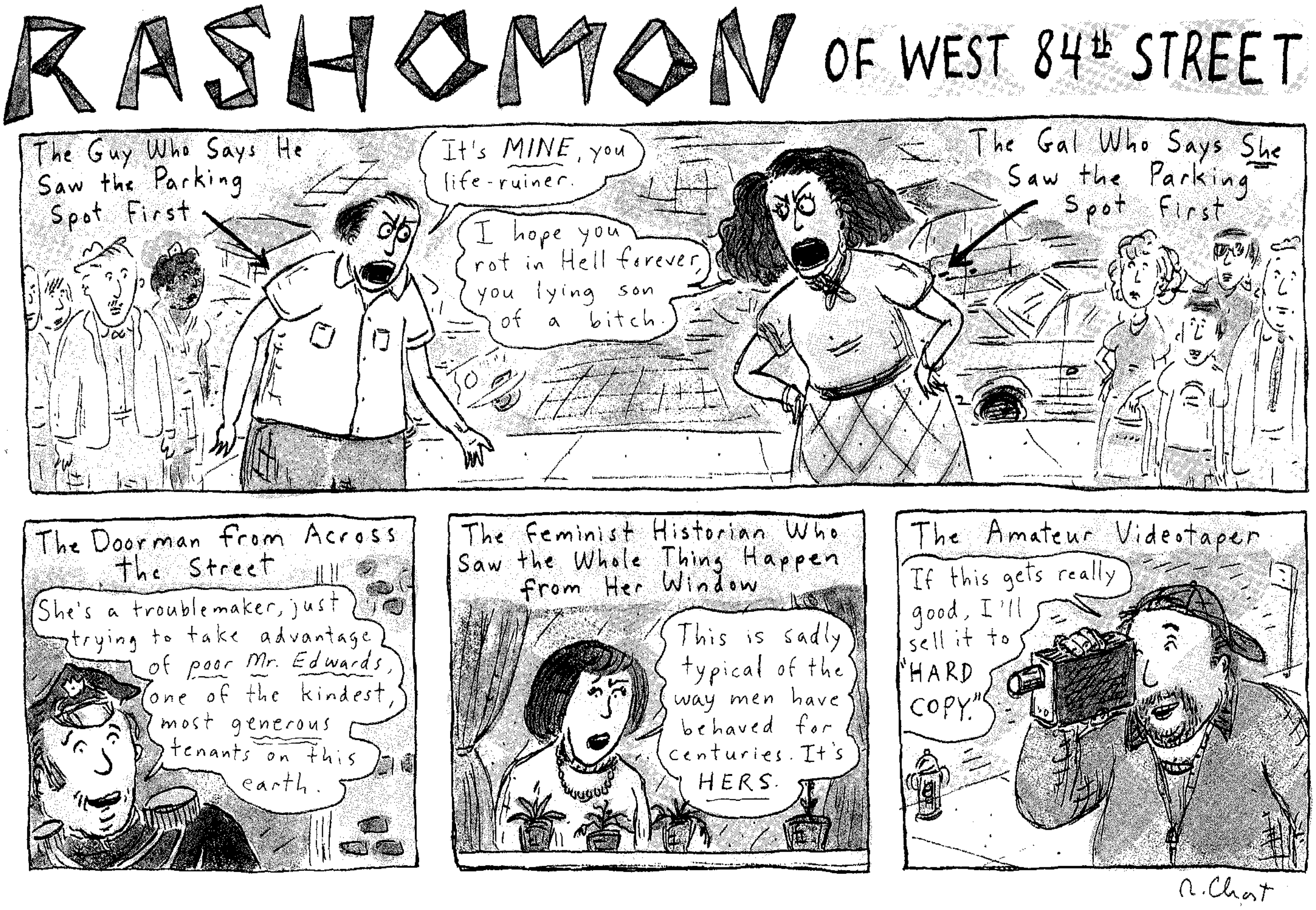
On this Friday, few shops were open. "It was never like this before," Hoda remarked, irritation in her voice. "The Khan el-Khalili merchants never closed their shops for Friday prayers." The area was now swarming with people, and it was impossible to find our car, so, along with perhaps a thousand worshippers, we found ourselves being swept toward the el-Hussein mosque.

d. ehrenberg

I wondered if this was happening all over Cairo—and I discovered later that it was. The entire neighborhood, suddenly and without warning, had been transformed. Car horns were silent, and nothing moved, except the worshippers still descending upon the mosque. Many of the women were in chadors, covered from head to toe. Men bowed on the pavements, where straw prayer mats had been laid and then roofed over with dark-green sheeting hung from makeshift poles. Standing outside the mosque, we listened to a sermon about giving alms to the poor, which emphasized that it was the duty of all Muslims to do charitable work. It was rather innocuous, or so it seemed to me, but then this was an official government mosque. As Hoda wearied of translating, I glanced around at the crowd. At its far edges, between buildings with peeling walls, I noticed four or five tables covered with white cloth. They were tended by tall, bearded men dressed in white crocheted prayer caps and long, flowing white robes. When the service was over, Hoda and I approached one of the tables, which was piled high with religious literature and copies of the Koran. To my surprise, I saw, at an official government mosque, cassettes of sermons by Sheikh Omar.

"Prayers are so dreary," Hoda remarked. But I had noticed that during the service, even though we were outside the mosque, she had discreetly covered her head with a scarf.

Later that afternoon, with another American journalist, I went in search of Abdel Nebi Khalifa. I knew little about him except that he was the son of an upper-middle-class judge and was in Kasr el-Ayni Hospital, Room No. 34. He was a follower of Sheikh Omar, and, like some eight hundred others, had slipped back into Egypt quietly after fighting in the Afghanistan war. He had been arrested ten days before. (A new law makes it a capital crime to receive military training abroad, and


RASHOMON OF WEST 84th STREET
The Guy Who Says He Saw the Parking Spot First
It's MINE, you life-ruiner.
I hope you rot in Hell forever, you lying son of a bitch.
The Gal Who Says She Saw the Parking Spot First
The Doorman from Across the Street
She's a troublemaker, just trying to take advantage of poor Mr. Edwards, one of the kindest, most generous tenants on this earth.
The Feminist Historian Who Saw the Whole Thing Happen from Her Window
This is sadly typical of the way men have behaved for centuries. It's HERS.
The Amateur Videotaper
If this gets really good, I'll sell it to "HARD COPY."
R. Chast

• •

eight Egyptians who had fought in Afghanistan had already been sentenced to death.) Khalifa, who was now in the hospital's "detention wing," had been badly tortured and was partly paralyzed, according to an Islamic lawyer. There was some question about whether he was still alive.

Kasr el-Ayni Hospital is part of the Cairo University Medical School, and we entered it through an unlighted underground corridor. Only occasional shafts of light enabled us to find our way as we attempted not to attract attention but knew perfectly well that we were doing so: two foreigners wandering around in an underground tunnel looking for a secret prison ward.

A young man, clean-shaven and wearing Western clothes, approached us and said, even before we had a chance to ask, "They've transferred the prisoners to the new annex." He led us out of the tunnel and past a complex of university classrooms, and pointed to a seven-story building. "The people from Cell 34 are on the eighth floor," he said. I looked up, and saw a small rooftop extension; its windows were barred, and were covered, inside the bars, by rattan shades. We entered the building and began to climb stairs.

When we reached the top, we found a cream-colored iron gate, bolted from the inside. Four policemen in ill-fitting black uniforms and berets were guarding the entrance, and a fifth face quickly appeared in a tiny barred window that seemed to have been chiselled into the gate as an afterthought.

"We've come to see Abdel Nebi Khalifa," my companion announced, in a voice that suggested far more confidence than he could have felt.

"Why do you want to see him?" one of the guards asked.

"We want to interview him," my companion said. "We're journalists."

To my astonishment, one of the guards opened the gate. After we entered, he slammed it shut and secured it with four bolts. I had a momentary sense of claustrophobia. No one knew that we were even here. And I remembered something that a lawyer who represented scores of Islamic political detainees had told me earlier: "The most terrifying thing for the prisoners is that they could be killed in detention and no one would know, because nobody knew where they were being held."

Flanked by six policemen, three on each side, we were escorted to a tiny room a few feet beyond the gate, and there we were introduced to Lieutenant Ashra Beg Hosni, the officer in charge. He had a round, feminine face and white hair, and wore a daunting black uniform, and on his feet he had a pair of blue plastic shower thongs.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, sounding like an interrogator.

After a good deal of conversation, which seemed to lead nowhere, he told us we needed a permit from the Prosecutor General, but he did confirm that Abdel Nebi Khalifa was there.

As we left his office, I glanced down a long, empty white corridor and saw twelve bolted doors. In contrast to the bustling cacophony of the rest of the hospital, not a sound was to be heard on this floor.

Just outside the hospital, we found

one of the policemen who had been guarding the entrance to the eighth floor waiting for us in the courtyard.

There were eleven detainees, all Islamists, in the prison ward, he volunteered. Most were from Cairo, but a few were from Upper Egypt. They had all been brought here from Cairo's Tora and Abu Zabal prisons, and were "very sick," mostly with heart or stomach ailments, but some had leg injuries, and deep open wounds. When we asked him if they had been tortured, he said yes.

STATUES

We cannot say anything we want to say
until we are fed the white paste
and the planks have been carefully laid,
giant cranes gliding behind us.
The flow from the gray pump continues.
We slip in the wet grass.

After a five-minute break we return, now
with chrome tags nailed to our belts.
We have removed the statues and divided them.
We have not yet found the list.

The list, when found, will be folded in sections
of uneven length, called "stripped shelves"
or "rooms beneath the childhood home."
I am still waiting for the white horse

to return, which I lost
while holding a yellow bird to my chest.

We sit as still as our reflections
like people gripping the wing of an airplane
waiting for the airplane to stop.
How the landscape changes from hour to hour.
Black hills, gravel pits, train tracks, fields
surrounded by rotting fences.
There are no reasons. Here we are.
We would like to start moving the statues.

—MARK LEVINE

ON the way back to the hotel, I passed by a bridge that separates the fashionable neighborhood of Giza, where the university is, and the district of Bulaq, one of Cairo's most dismal and sprawling slums. There I saw a group of students, all women, and all veiled, walking across a lofty steel flyway, that separated two of Cairo's very different worlds. When I was at the university, "taking the veil," as it was called, was considered an aberration; now it was the norm. The women looked straight ahead as they walked, paying little heed to an armored personnel carrier that now guarded the bridge. Such squat gray vehicles had become a familiar sight in recent months.

As I continued toward the hotel, in Zamalek, I passed clusters of riot policemen, their faces partly hidden by visored helmets, who were standing guard outside tourist centers, half-empty hotels, and the city's new, Japanese-built, gilded opera house. Earlier that morning, a guard had checked my parcels before I entered a boutique, and now truckloads of commandos hurtled by us along the Nile's corniche.

During the month I spent in Cairo, the stakes were perceptibly raised, in an increasingly vengeful war between security forces and Islamic militants. Nearly every other day, someone died. The militants accelerated their attacks on Coptic Christians, security forces, intellectuals, and tourist sites. The government responded brutally.

Among secular Cairenes, who seemed to have been left behind in the growing polarization of political life, there is mounting concern about the Islamic movement, which had assumed so many different faces and forms, and there is almost universal criticism of the government's response. There is also a tangible fear, which I had never known here before, that Egypt, with nearly sixty million people—one-third of the Arab world—could lose its struggle against militant Islam.

The oldest of the militant Islamic groups is the Muslim Brotherhood, which was founded in the late nineteen-twenties by a schoolteacher named Hassan al-Banna to protest England's colonial rule over Egypt following the First World War. After the British departed, in 1952, the Brotherhood continued to agitate for an Islamic government. In 1954, having been held responsible for an attempt on President Gamal Abdel Nasser's life, the Brotherhood was suppressed: its leaders were executed or tortured, the organization was banned, and it went underground. After Nasser's death, in 1970, another organization began to dominate the Islamic trend—the Gama'a el-Islamiya, or Islamic Group, generally known as Gama'a. With the encouragement of Sadat, who was more fearful of leftists than of Islamists, other groups—increasingly militant—sprang up, mainly on university campuses. Among these was Al-Jihad, whose military wing later organized the assassination of Sadat.

The present movement consists of essentially these same groups—some forty-four in all—which formed an alliance in 1985 and have since operated under the general rubric of Gama'a and Al-Jihad. The role of the Muslim Brotherhood, meanwhile, has been evolving in the other direction. Today, it has a new lease on life: it is still officially banned, but in reality its existence is tolerated by the government, because it represents what has become the moderate wing of Egypt's Islamic trend. Nonetheless, many observers argue that it is losing ground to Gama'a and Al-

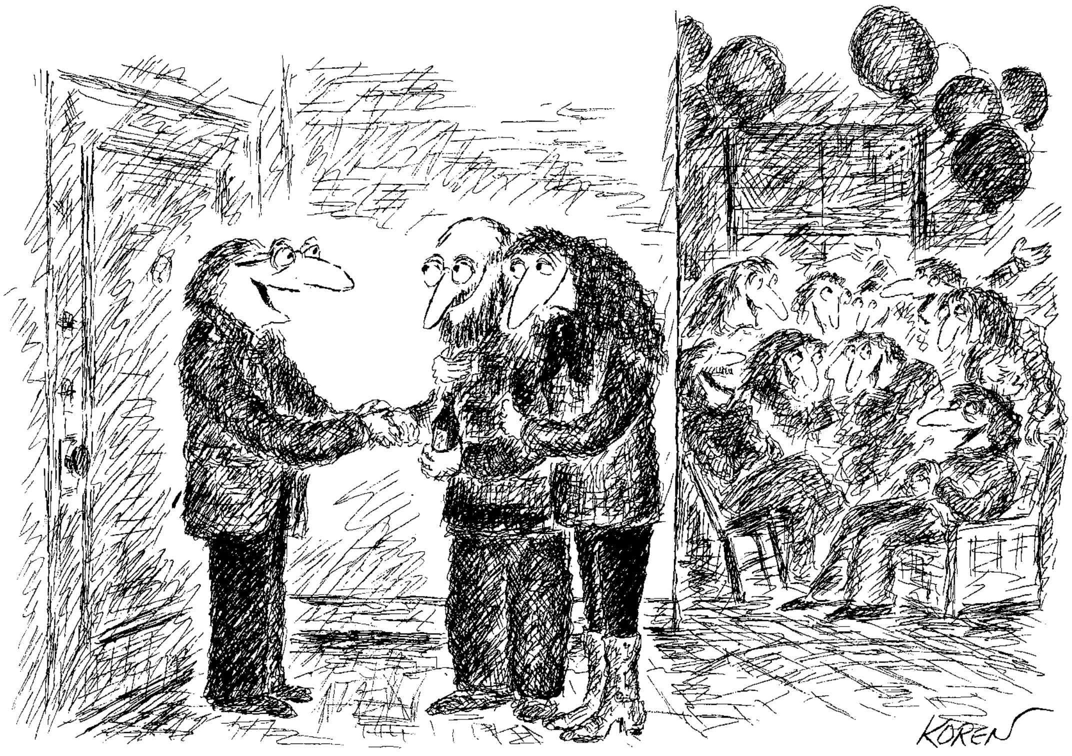
Jihad. For religious counsel and guidance, both of these militant groups, and the groups allied with them, follow the teachings of Sheikh Omar Abdel-Rahman.

The Sheikh was born, in 1938, into a poor family in the Nile Delta's Daqahliya Province. Blinded by diabetes when he was ten months old, he had few options besides Islamic studies, which were based on learning by rote. (By the age of eleven, he had memorized a Braille copy of the Koran.) At Cairo University's School of Theology, where he received a master's degree, with distinction, in 1965, he began dabbling in Islamic politics, but his activities were mild, consisting largely of writing pamphlets and lecturing on the Koran. Then, in 1967, when he had completed half the work for his Ph.D. in Islamic jurisprudence at Cairo's Al-Azhar University—the Oxford of Islamic learning—the Arab world suffered its humiliating defeat by the Israeli Army in the Six-Day War. The defeat affected Abdel-Rahman's thinking profoundly. "Perhaps it was there all the time," a sheikh who was a fellow-student of Sheikh Omar's and now teaches at the university told me one afternoon. "But he showed a violence of language that I had never seen before. He had always been vastly intelligent and vastly ambitious, and now he was vastly radicalized."

At the behest of Al-Azhar—where, as a Ph.D. candidate, he had been elevated to the rank of Religious Leader, which carried with it the titles of sheikh (religious scholar) and imam (prayer leader)—Sheikh Omar took a sabbatical and later that year was posted to the obscure village of Fidimin, in the Oasis of Faiyūm, an hour's drive southwest of Cairo. Within two years, he had turned it—along with much of the rest of the Faiyūm Oasis—into a stronghold of political Islam. He travelled from mosque to mosque, delivering sermons, considered incendiary at the time, that were targeted almost exclusively against "the pharaoh," "the apostate," "the infidel"—who, it was clear, could be none other than Nasser. Nasser had suppressed the Muslim Brotherhood, and he had little patience, one sheikh told me, "with this young upstart." Sheikh Omar was arrested and tried twice, in 1969 and again the following year. He was imprisoned for eight months. (As Nasser lay dying, in 1970, Sheikh Omar, in what was in effect a door-to-door campaign, traversed the villages of Faiyūm admonishing people not to pray for their President, who was still popular.)

On his release from prison, the Sheikh devoted himself to finishing his Ph.D. and to producing heirs. (He now has two wives, or possibly three, and one daughter and nine sons.) The year 1971, his last at Al-Azhar, proved to be a turning point. Anwar Sadat had come to power, and had already begun to reverse many of Nasser's policies. Nasserites and Communists were officially branded as enemies of the regime. Since Sadat had no power base of his own other than the Army, the decision was made to cultivate the political right—particularly the religious right. Thus, in 1971, with Sadat's encouragement, King Faisal of Saudi Arabia—in what amounted to a unique treaty between a state and a foreign religious institution—offered the rector of Al-Azhar, Sheikh Abdel Halim Mahmoud, a hundred million dollars for a campaign against Communism and atheism, and for the triumph of Islam. One of Sheikh Mahmoud's most promising students was Sheikh Omar. There was a lavish publicity campaign: books were written; new mosques were built; students were recruited. Within a year, Sheikh Omar was sent back to Faiyūm, then to Upper Egypt—first to Al-Minya, then, in 1973, to the University of Asyut. Here, as a professor of theology, he began adapting the teachings of the Pakistani Abul Ala El-Mawdudi and the Egyptian Sayyid Qutb, which are today revered by nearly every militant Islamic group. (Qutb, a member of the Muslim Brotherhood, had been executed in 1965 in connection with a plot to assassinate Nasser; Mawdudi, the leader of a Pakistani group closely allied with the Brotherhood, had been sentenced to death in 1953. He was later given a reprieve, and died in the United States in 1979.) Both are considered Islamic martyrs, or *shahids.*

By 1976, as Islamists in and around Asyut began to intensify their activities against Sadat's regime, Sheikh Omar no longer appeared to be the pliable, self-effacing man sent to Upper Egypt as an academic emissary of Al-Azhar. His fol-



"I thank you guys for a wonderful time—and for giving me the opportunity to access some laughter!"

lowing was substantial, if a bit odd, consisting mostly of peasants, angry students, and doctors of theology. He had emerged as *the* leader of Gama'a in Upper Egypt, and although Gama'a was only a nascent, university-based Islamic-activist group, which until then had been closely controlled by the government in Cairo, the regime grew alarmed. Sadat began to crack down. Rather than subject himself to repression, in 1977 Sheikh Omar, who had become the unquestionable figurehead of political Islam in Upper Egypt, left for Saudi Arabia. There he joined the theology faculty of the Imam Muhammad Ibn Saud Islamic University of Riyadh.

Over the next three years, he travelled throughout the Middle East. With an eye to the future, he cultivated friendships that would eventually lead to the formation of an international support network for his activities—an axis that would link Afghanistan, Pakistan, and the Sudan. He also proved extraordinarily adept at exploiting political divisions within the Saudi establishment. "Charming and beguiling, dangerous and duplicitous" was the way he was described to me by an Arab diplomat who dealt with him during those years. "He had an uncanny sense of timing. He would dole out his vitriol until the Saudis reached their limit. Then, with equal ease, he was able to rein it in. The main point is that this man is a politician, not an Islamic scholar. His sermons and religious writings are really quite shallow, as far as I can tell. But he has clearly caught the imagination of the new generation. Perhaps you could best describe him as a populist."

While the Sheikh was in Saudi Arabia, he met Dr. Hassan Al-Turabi, the erudite leader of Sudan's National Islamic Front, who is today his country's most powerful figure. (In December of 1990, a rigid Islamic state took root in Sudan, and the government is effectively controlled by the National Front.) The two men had much in common, and became fast friends. They were brought even closer together by the events of 1979: Egypt and Israel signed the peace treaty; the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan; and the Iranian revolution occurred. The Arab world was in a state of turmoil, and Egypt was threatened by potential divisions—the same kind of political, social, and economic discord that had gripped Iran before the Shah was deposed. Because of the peace treaty, Egypt stood alone in the Arab world, and the next year Sheikh Omar returned. He had amassed enough money—through what some observers refer to as "Riyal politics," in reference to Saudi Arabia's lavish and seemingly indiscriminate funding of disparate Islamic groups—to challenge Al-Azhar and the traditional religious establishment. He made no secret of his ultimate goal—the overthrow of the Egyptian government and the establishment of a theocratic Islamic state.

OCTOBER 6, 1981, was a beautiful late-summer day, a Western diplomat who was then in Cairo told me over tea as he recalled his arrival at the reviewing stand that morning for the annual military parade, which commemorated Egypt's recapture from Israel of a salient of land in the Sinai Peninsula during the 1973 war. The diplomat remarked that Sadat, who was under mounting criticism at home, was particularly ebullient as he greeted foreign visitors. He was dressed in an immaculately tailored, Prussian-style uniform, which had arrived only a few days before from his tailor in London, and Sadat, a man of more than average vanity, had chosen not to wear his bulletproof waistcoat, explaining to his wife (according to the Egyptian writer Muhammad Hassanein Heikal) that it would ruin the lines.

The air show was to be the parade's crowning event, and therefore most of the dignitaries in the reviewing stand chatted among themselves obliviously as phalanxes of Zil trucks, towing 130-mm. Russian field guns, passed along the road in front of them. In the open back of each truck were six helmeted gunners, holding their rifles between their knees. When one of the trucks veered off and stopped in front of the reviewing stand, the few who happened to notice assumed that it had broken down. A stocky, broad-shouldered man in a peaked cap, followed by four others, leaped out.

Two of the soldiers lobbed grenades into the reviewing stand. Then automatic machine-gun fire began. Lieutenant Khaled Islambouli, the officer in the peaked cap, fired for forty-five seconds into the crumpled body of Sadat before the President's seemingly paralyzed security guard began to return fire. Sadat and ten others died on the spot.

Sadat's assassins were part of an Army cell of Al-Jihad, whose leader, Colonel Aboud el-Zomor, a military-intelligence officer, had gone underground a few months before. According to government prosecutors, the group's spiritual mentor was Sheikh Omar Abdel-

NO DOGS ALLOWED
Richter

"We've got a class-action suit if ever I saw one."

TRAVEL
WEBER

"Would you be interested in treading where Wordsworth trod, with two meals a day?"

• •

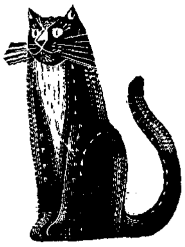
Rahman. It is not clear precisely where the Sheikh was when Sadat died. He had been arrested the previous month, during a huge security sweep in which all of Sadat's perceived critics—some three thousand men—were jailed. Then, before Sadat's murder, under circumstances that no one could explain to me, the blind cleric escaped. Had he returned to the University of Asyut, in Upper Egypt, which remained his major power base? And was he involved in the Asyut uprising that followed Sadat's death? (The revolt, which was an exceedingly bloody affair and left more than a hundred policemen dead, was led by the Gama'a.)

In news photographs taken at the time of the trial, in February and March of 1982, of twenty-four persons accused of complicity in the assassination of Sadat, Sheikh Omar gave the appearance of a gentle paternal figure as he sat in the front row, on a wooden bench, inside a giant metal cage that had been set up for the defendants along one wall of the court. He was dressed in a long brown robe and a red fezlike cap with a wide white band, which is the badge of Al-Azhar. During a good part of the proceedings, the Sheikh, whose beard had by now become flecked with gray, talked in whispers to Lieutenant Islambouli, who sat to his right (and who, along with four others, was executed after the trial); the other defendants remained silent or, from time to time, began singing the words of the Muslims' call to prayers.

The Sheikh was acquitted in the assassination trial, and also in a later case, in which he stood accused, along with some three hundred others, mostly members of Al-Jihad, of conspiring to overthrow the government. Nonetheless, during the nineteen-eighties he spent nearly six years in prison or under house arrest. In 1988, he made his first visit to Peshawar, the dusty Pakistani border town, near the Khyber Pass, that served as a staging area for the war in Afghanistan. It is easy to imagine him in Peshawar, for whenever I was there I found a constant stream of visiting clerics and mullahs, freedom fighters and spies, roaming the narrow lanes and calling, one by one, at the offices of the seven major Afghan resistance groups, which—though they had been fighting one another for years—were still, in a manner of speaking, coördinating the war effort inside Afghanistan. Sheikh Omar, it now appears, favored the two most stridently anti-Western and fundamentalist groups, which were led by Gulbadin Hekmatyar and Rasul Sayyaf; both men were heavily financed by Saudi Arabia, and at the height of the war the fanatic and ruthless Hekmatyar—whom the Sheikh particularly favored, and who was also close to Pakistan's President Zia ul-Haq—was receiving roughly fifty per cent of the arms that the C.I.A. supplied to the Afghan mujahedin. All such assistance was channelled through Pakistan. In Peshawar—most likely through Hekmatyar—the Sheikh was introduced to the American and Pakistani intelligence officials who were orchestrating the war.

SHOBRA had once been a rather élite district, I was told, where Greek, Armenian, Italian, and Coptic businessmen had settled their prosperous families. Now, as I walked through its maze of muddy lanes, nothing about it seemed to be prosperous. I had come with Mamdouah Ismail, a lawyer in his thirties, who was an articulate admirer of Sheikh Omar and had been imprisoned with him for three years, from 1981 to 1984, in the high-security section of Cairo's Tora Prison, while awaiting trial—along with hundreds of others—on the charge of organizing Al-

Jihad. Unlike the Sheikh, Mamdouah was never brought to trial. Now he represented only clients who were suspected of belonging to the Gama'a, and he worked in the Cairo office of Montassir El-Zayat, a lawyer who had successfully defended Sheikh Omar twice in Egypt and had come to New York in 1991 to participate in the defense of El-Sayyid A. Nosair. It was El-Zayat who had instructed Mamdouah to bring me to Shobra, to the Nasr el-Islam mosque, which was regarded as a stronghold of Gama'a. Its sheikh, Dr. Muhammad Abdel Maksoud, was a relentless government critic, who, as it happened, worked by day as an agricultural engineer in a government think tank.



As we carefully made our way down pitted streets, avoiding open sewers, and then along more lanes, we passed coffeehouses overflowing with idle young men (every year, Egypt produces three thousand university graduates for whom there are no jobs) and a number of Coptic Christian bookstores, many of whose owners, under recent persuasion (forcible, I was told), had removed pictures of the Virgin Mary from their walls. At one point, Mamdouah pointed out a Gama'a day-care center and, later, one of its schools. On nearly every crumbling wall we passed, and flying from balconies above, I saw the blue-and-white flags and signs of the Muslim Brotherhood. "Islam is the solution," they announced.

When I asked a foreign diplomat, a few days before, how serious a threat the Islamic groups posed, he replied, "They're not regime-threatening—at least, not yet—but if all the negative forces that drive this movement continue without modification for the next twelve to eighteen months I'd probably be a little less certain about that. The two key questions you have to ask are, To what extent is the Muslim Brotherhood connected to the militant underground groups? And, the real key, To what extent have the Islamists infiltrated the armed forces, particularly the Army? The government is worried about what is going on in the ranks, particularly below the officers' level. They are newly watchful, and the watchfulness tells me there's something to be concerned about."

As Mamdouah and I approached the mosque, I asked him what he thought of the Brotherhood.

"It's old-fashioned," he replied. "Their time was the thirties, forties, and fifties. Now it's our time." He suddenly instructed me, "Cover your head." I did.

Some seven hundred worshippers filled the mosque and spilled out into the street. Mamdouah told me that most of them had been arrested and tortured and only a small fraction had ever been brought to trial. "Under our emergency law, which has been in effect ever since the assassination of Sadat, they can be held indefinitely," he said. "Many of them could be in prison for life." (At the end of March, over six thousand Islamic detainees were being held; and, in a new report, Amnesty International has accused the Egyptian government of giving the police "an official license to kill with impunity" all suspected militants.)

Two weeks earlier, Mamdouah told me, some twenty armored personnel carriers and Central Security Forces troops had sealed this neighborhood off in a wide security sweep; about two hundred men had been rounded up. They included chemists and lawyers, merchants and drug dealers, and the nine-year-old son of a Gama'a suspect on the run.

Between two shabby high-rise apartment buildings, worshippers sat in neat rows; some were dressed in Western jeans and jackets, others in Islamic robes. I noticed that perhaps a dozen wore Army uniforms. As the voice of the muezzin pierced the air with the call to prayer, a man in a long gray djellabah and wearing granny glasses brought us straight-backed chairs, and we sat in an alleyway on the edge of the crowd, listening to the forceful voice of Sheikh Muhammad Abdel Maksoud, who demanded the immediate imposition of Sharia, Islamic law.

"How much does an Army recruit get?" I asked the man in the granny glasses.

"The equivalent of twelve dollars a month." He glanced at the recruits among the worshippers and smiled.

"Dictators will go to Hell!" Sheikh Abdel Maksoud shouted. "Power goes to their heads!" He never mentioned President Mubarak by name, but everyone knew whom he meant. "The Prophet Muhammad says that to abuse power is un-Islamic."

"Was that a fatwa?" I asked Mamdouah.

He said he wasn't sure.

As I glanced at the faces, I wondered who belonged to Gama'a; in one fashion or another, probably all of them did. For, in the years since Sheikh Omar led the group in Upper Egypt, from the University of Asyut, it had expanded beyond the college campuses and was now represented in syndicates, trade unions, hospitals, the courts, the bar. No one I spoke to was eager to speculate about the numbers involved, but the conventional assessment of Western diplomats was that Gama'a probably had between fifty thousand and a hundred thousand hard-core members, and that the number of sympathizers, who provided a support system, was probably twice as large.

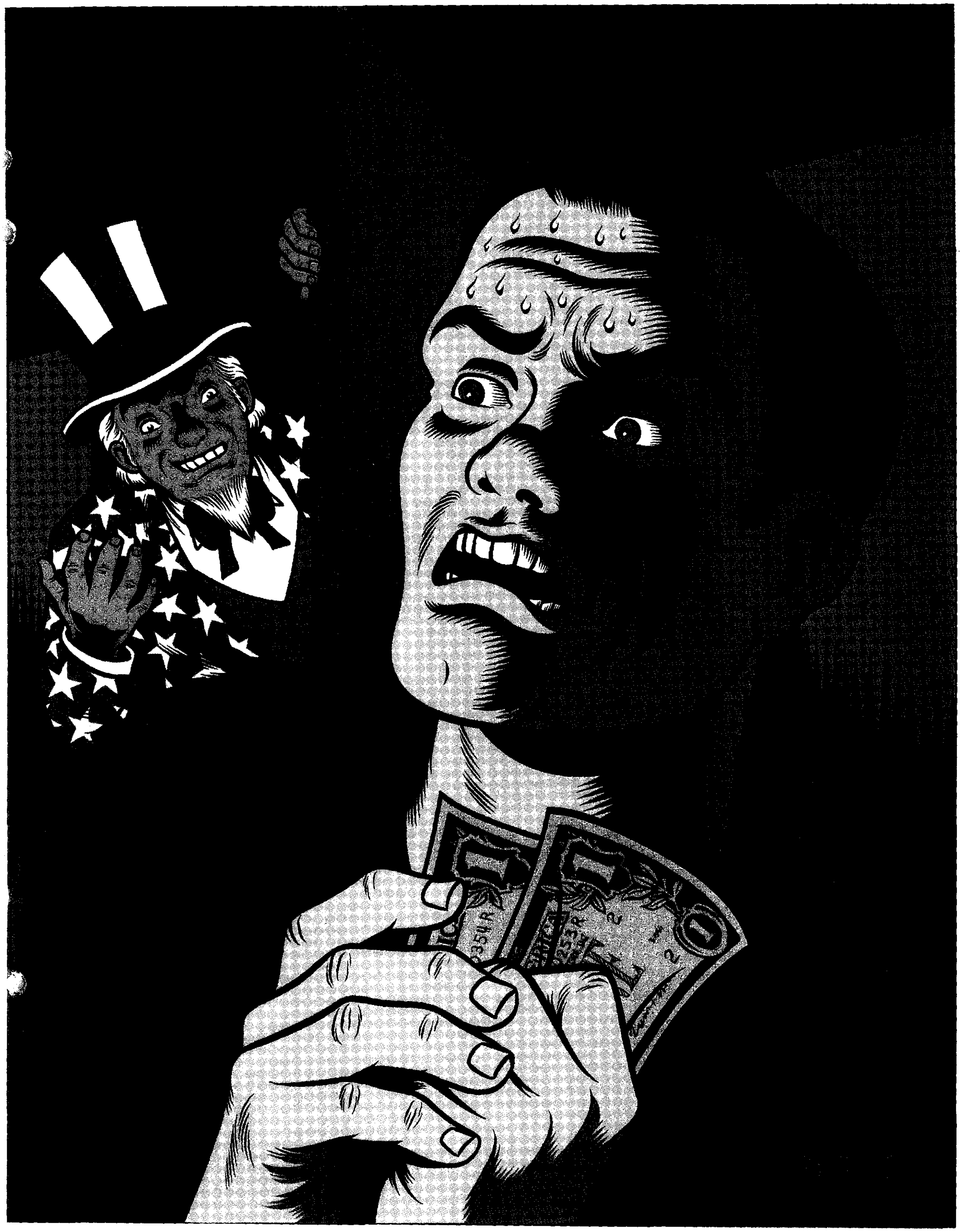
The more I learned about the movement, the more striking its paradoxes appeared. Egyptian officials were clearly baffled by it, and seemed at a loss about how to respond. Thus far, every effort to break it or to counter its appeal—whether by suppression or by a highly orchestrated campaign to make the government appear more Islamic than the Islamic activists—had failed. In fact, every recourse the government took only seemed to strengthen the Islamists' hand. A matronly Cairene woman wearing pearls told me in her study one afternoon that she considered the Gama'a rather like modern-day Robin Hoods, and that Khaled Islambouli had become a folk hero after he assassinated Sadat.

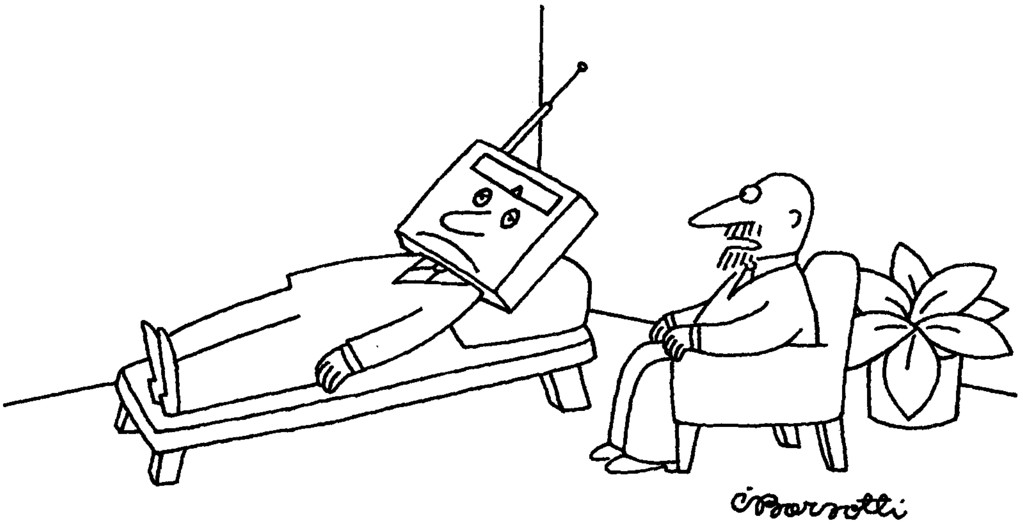
When the prayers were over at the Shobra mosque, about a dozen men joined us, and Mamdouah introduced me around. I asked one man why so many young people had turned to political Islam.

"Since the time of the revolution"—he meant the 1952 revolution, which deposed King Farouk—"all of our leaders, including Nasser, Sadat, and Mubarak, have taken us through so many twists and turns that people my age don't know if the Aswan High Dam is good or bad, if the October War was a victory or a defeat. Socialism failed us

ARTIST'S SKETCHBOOK BY CHARLES BURNS

THE TAXMAN COMETH





"Of course you're depressed. You're tuned to a twenty-four-hour all-news station."

• •

under Nasser; capitalism failed us under Sadat. Islam was the only constant—and it remains."

"Only Sharia law will rid us of corruption," another voice joined in.

As Mamdouah and I, joined by two of his friends, retraced our path through the narrow lanes, I remembered something that Montassir Al-Zayat had told me the night before. "The problem with the press is that every time you mention Gama'a it's in terms of an attack—an attack on a tour bus, a shootout with police," he said. "But this is a minuscule percentage of what the group does. What about the thousands of Islamic-funded and -controlled schools, clinics, hospitals?" Now, having visited Shobra, I saw his point. The Islamists, led by the Brotherhood, had, to all intents and purposes, built a social and welfare system rivalling that of the state. Parallel health, educational, and social-welfare institutions provided services that, in some places, were far superior to those available in run-down government facilities. A turning point for some Egyptians came last October, when Cairo was hit by a devastating earthquake, in which nearly six hundred people were killed, thousands were injured, and thousands more lost their homes. Within hours, the Islamists were on the streets, providing food and blankets, alternative housing and tents, while the government was nowhere to be seen. Along with the collapse of every ideology embraced by Egyptian politicians and intellectuals since the turn of the century, government ineptitude, far more than terrorist guns and bombs, was fuelling the Islamic flame.

SHEIKH DR. MUHAMMAD ABDEL MAKSOUD—the popular Sheikh of Shobra, as he is called—agreed to meet with me one afternoon in the office of an Islamic lawyer.

The Sheikh is a tall, stooped man who walks with a limp. His hand often rested on a copy of the Koran, which he had carefully laid on the top of a desk in front of him. I asked him to tell me a little about himself and what he believed.

He said that he was forty-five years old and had a Master of Science degree from Cairo University and a Ph.D. in agriculture from Al-Azhar. "I was active in student politics," he said. "And I have been arrested a number of times. I haven't seen one truly fair election in this country—ever. I was a great admirer of Nasser." (A fairly significant number of former socialists, and even former Communists, are now part of the Islamic movement, I had learned earlier.) "After Nasser died, I met some Islamists: I became closer to religion—began praying regularly, and let my beard grow." He paused. "That's very much a symbol," he added, apparently as an afterthought, and then went on, "There was such turmoil in this country then, and it was during that time that I began to realize that we had only to apply the Koran. All the answers are there. So in 1977 I became a sheikh."

After a moment, he said, "Islam is the religion of bad times, and these, too, are decidedly very bad times. Sadat told us that 1981 would be a year of luxury. He would appear on television in the midst of fields with green peppers as large as cauliflowers, and chickens that would lay a million eggs. When he was assassinated, in that year, we learned that our debts had gone up eleven times in the eleven years that he had been in power. Quite bluntly, he lied. Then Mubarak came along and said, 'These are difficult years, but the coming years will be better.' " The Sheikh of Shobra obviously didn't agree.

"We know that the West—especially the United States—is concentrating on hitting the Islamic movement in Egypt. We're the most important country in the Middle East, and there's a domino effect. If Egypt goes Islamic, this will have a far more profound effect on the region than Khomeini's revolution in Iran."

I asked the Sheikh whether he felt threatened, in view of the fact that the government had recently issued a decree that all mosques would come under state control. Was there the possibility that the government would take over Nasr el-Islam?

"Yes, theoretically, Nasr el-Islam could be nationalized," he replied. "But the government is very hesitant to take this step, because it could prove to be quite dangerous. Closing the popular mosques will drive *us* to take a new step. We will go to the people, and bring them to the streets. We will go to the syndicates, the markets, the unions. We will paralyze the country, just as *they* did in Iran. The result could be bloodshed, but we know we are justified from the words in the Koran."

Eventually, the conversation shifted—as many conversations in Egypt do—to Sheikh Omar and the Gama'a. I asked Sheikh Muhammad what, in his view, formed the basis of Sheikh Omar's popular appeal.

"There is a saying of the Prophet that you can change things with your hands, your tongue, or your heart, and there are several people who are trying to change things now, at the same time, in different ways," he replied. "Sheikh Omar is able to combine two things: he's an Al-Azhari, which means that he has knowledge—and, as opposed to the rotten eggs now sitting at Al-Azhar, he is able to articulate that knowledge. And he speaks out. He tells the truth; he doesn't dissemble. He has gone through a lot, despite his well-known handicaps."

"Is he really the most powerful and most popular sheikh among the people here?"

"He's the first among equals. It is a large blessing of God that everything is not concentrated in one person, because if that were the case, and that person were struck down, the movement would collapse."

HUSSEIN AMIN, a career diplomat and prominent intellectual, who has taken a publicly critical view of the militants, believes that an Egyptian Islamic state is inevitable. When I visited him one morning, at his bungalow in the exclusive Heliopolis neighborhood, I asked him to explain that belief.

"Unfortunately, economic and social reforms can never catch up with the rising Islamic tide," he said.

"Every day, there are thousands of new recruits who join the movement—young people who cannot find jobs, who cannot marry, who cannot find apartments. In time, they will effect a coup. How? There are three possible scenarios. The former Interior Minister Zaki Badr has said that if Mubarak dies or is assassinated today an Army officer will take over, and not the Speaker of the House. Yet no Army officer enjoys sufficient popularity to guarantee him popular support unless—and this is the key—he tells the people that he intends to apply Sharia law. That is one scenario that seems to me quite probable.

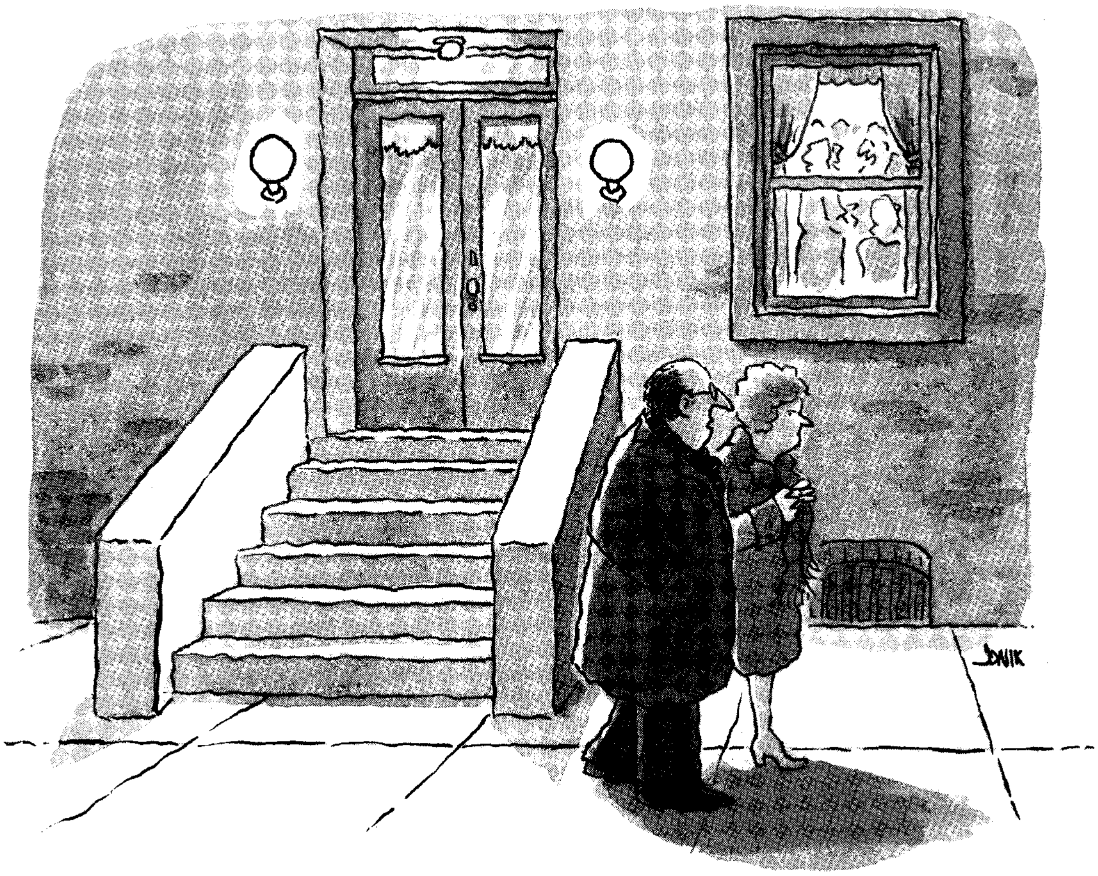
"Another scenario is a violent takeover. The present economic and social situation is so bad that a spark could ignite massive conflict. The 1986 riots"—when Central Security Forces recruits, demanding better pay, took to the streets, presenting Mubarak with the greatest challenge he had faced as President—"could well happen again, starting with a minor incident, and the Army could be forced to intervene. And that incident could well happen. People are up to here." He held a finger beneath his chin.

"Then, finally, there's the scenario of the Muslim Brotherhood coming to power through the slow, steady route of politics as usual." Amin paused, and called for coffee. He was a large man, with a pleasant face, who had served most recently as Ambassador to Algeria. He said that Islamism was gaining ground even among his colleagues. "You know, it's really quite serious," he went on. "The diplomatic service is supposed to be the cream of society—we speak several languages, we've been exposed to foreign travel and the outside world. But you cannot imagine how this trend is rising within the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. I attended a dinner at the Diplomatic Club a few nights ago, and during the evening call to prayers three-quarters of those around the table left the room."

He said that Islamism was rising in the Army as well, even among the higher ranks, and he laid the blame for this on the government, which, in its effort to coöpt political Islam, had saturated the country with religion: in the print media, on the radio, and on TV. "It was Mubarak who spurred these movements on," he explained. "He made concessions—he set up a committee to study the imposition of Sharia law, though I'm quite certain he has no intention of ever imposing it. It was only when they increased their attacks on the Copts, burned churches and Christian shops, killed Christians in Upper Egypt, and then started the attacks on tourists and intellectuals that Mubarak came to believe in the inevitability of a downright confrontation with the Islamists, and that is what we are witnessing now."

Could Egypt become another Lebanon?

"In the sense of intercommunal warfare between the Copts and the Muslims, no. Lebanon is divided equally between Christians and Muslims. The Copts here are a minority, which cannot cope with the Muslims in an intercommunal fight. They would be swept away in hours if they attempted to resist a



"How much longer, roughly, will you be introducing me as 'a disgruntled Republican'?"

takeover by the Islamists. But if it's a question of a war between the *government* and the Islamists—absolutely, yes. It's taking place already, and the government admits that it's finding it difficult to cope."

One government official, who had requested anonymity, told me that the Islamic groups had received millions of dollars from the Islamic government in Iran, and that some twenty-five hundred activists had received training in a string of camps just across the border in Sudan.

Amin disputed that view. "The support they get from these countries is minimal," he said. "Yes, there is some training in Sudan, and they get some Iranian arms. But this is an indigenous movement. All government claims to the contrary are merely attempts to conceal the real problem. But, that being said, there is some coördination internationally, and if you want to find the key look to Sudan and Hassan Al-Turabi."

DISCOVERY

The week the latest rocket went
up, a pod (if that's the word)
of manatees, come upriver
to Blue Spring, where it's
always warm, could be seen
lolling, jacketed, elephantine,
on the weedy borderline
between drowsing and waking,
breathing and drowning.
As they came up for air,

one by one, they seemed numb,
torpid, quite incurious. No
imagining these sirenians
dangerously singing. Or
gazing up yearningly: so much
for the Little Mermaid. True,
the long-lashed little ones
could have been trademarked
"Cute" by the likes of Walt Disney.
His world's over that way,

suitably for a peninsula where
the cozy mythologies we've
swindled ourselves with, on
taking things easy, might even
come true: sun-kissed nakedness
on the beach, year-round, guilt-free
hibiscus and oranges, fountains
welling up through the limestone,
the rumor of Ponce de León, having
found the one he was looking for,

living at ease in, some say
Boca Raton, others Cádiz. A last
bedtime placebo? Still, we keep
looking up. That clear morning,
just warm enough for a liftoff,
the fabulous itself could be seen
unwieldily, jacket by jacket,
in the act of shedding, as
a snake does its husk, or
a celebrant his vestments:

the fiery, the arrowy tip of it,
of the actual going invisible,
trailing its vaporous, ribboning
frond as from a kelp bed,
the umbilical roar of it
stumbling behind, while up in
the belly of it, out of their
element, jacketed, lolling
and treading, the discoverers
soar, clumsy in space suits.

What are we anyhow, we warmth-
hungry, breast-seeking animals?
At Blue Spring, a day or so later,
one of the manatees, edging
toward discovery, nudged a canoe,
and from across the wet, warm,
dimly imaginable tightrope,
let itself be touched.

—Amy Clampitt

THE banned but still tolerated Muslim Brotherhood, or al-Ikhwan al-Muslimun, has its headquarters in an unobtrusive building set in the midst of a bustling food-and-vegetable market on a dirt road. Its emblem and sign—two white crossed swords and a red Koran set in the middle of a vibrant-green flag—is prominent on the door.

The Brotherhood was the Islamic movement's strongest voice, and there were many who agreed that over the last year it had made further significant progress toward its apparent aim—in a nation whose population was nearly ninety per cent Muslim—of usurping power by stealth. It had set up an impressive social structure; and it now controlled some of the country's most important trade unions, student bodies, and syndicates, among them the syndicates of lawyers, doctors, and engineers. The key question about the Brotherhood—one that has proved vexing to Egypt's nervous bourgeoisie and to many of its Western friends, is whether it has really renounced violence. It maintains that it has no direct control over groups like Gama'a, but many Egyptians and Westerners aren't convinced.

The Brotherhood's deputy leader, Mustafa Mashour, greeted me warmly when I arrived. A small man in his early seventies, he is a meteorologist and was dressed in a suit and tie. He is a politician of long standing and has spent more than twenty years in jail. Even before I could pose a question, he said, "You are now seeing a struggle between the Islamic movement and other political trends, but I can assure you that the Islamists will win, because we're an Islamic people." He spoke calmly but deliberately.

"Does the Brotherhood believe in revolution?" I asked.

"No. And we don't agree with these young people who are using force and calling for jihad. Their use of violence could jeopardize this movement, and set us back by years. We've already suffered seventy years of often crippling blows. We now have a stake in the future of this country, and we're not about to give it up. Our approach—evolution, so to speak—could take longer, but we can be sure of the final result. We could assume power, through a coup d'état, but if the majority of the people are not yet ready for us what could we gain? We would simply be overthrown by a countercoup."

The mention of a coup took me aback. I asked what the Brotherhood's strength in the Army was.

He hesitated, and didn't reply directly. Instead, choosing his words carefully, he said, "I don't mean a coup unless the majority of the people support us and we are prevented from assuming power, as happened in Algeria. We have no active cadres within the Army, but we know the general mood. The Army is religious, it's part of the people, and it's as close to Islam as we are."

I had been told by a Western diplomat that Mashour, who was generally regarded as the effective head of the Brotherhood, was believed to be the link between the Brotherhood and the more radical groups. I asked him if that was true.

"At the moment, there's no link," he replied. "In the past, we tried to convince some of these activists that their tactics were wrong, their methods were wrong, and their violence was wrong. But, unhappily, they were not convinced. We are still trying. A dialogue is now under way in prison, between us and them."

The previous evening, a bomb had exploded in a café in Tahrir Square, killing four people, two of them tourists, and injuring eighteen. I asked Mashour why the Brotherhood, if it was opposed to violence, had not renounced the violent acts of groups like Gama'a. (Although Gama'a's Cairo office said that it was not involved in the bombing, a spokesman for the organizations in Upper Egypt claimed responsibility.)

"We have deplored these acts, and said they're not acceptable," he replied.

"When?"

"We do it all the time."

"Now, for the record, will you denounce last night's bombing?"

He hesitated, and then said, "Well, we can't denounce every specific incident, since we've said it all before." Our conversation appeared to be over.

As he walked with me to the door, I said I wondered if there was not a danger that the old-guard Islamic movement would be hijacked, as the Bani Sadr people in Iran were, by more extreme revolutionaries.

For a moment, I thought I detected sadness on his face. Then he shrugged. "There's always a potential danger, but I don't think it will occur. Because when we come to power we will be led by a non-theologian—not by a sheikh."

"Am I talent or product?"

THE mud lanes of Bulaq are little more than dark passageways between mud-brick hovels. Laundry hangs from window frames, and the lanes are so narrow that the laundry on one side nearly touches that on the other, creating billowing barricades. There is no government presence here: no services, no schools, no mail delivery, no fire station, and no police. My companion, a woman I will call Nadia, and I had left the last policemen behind with the last paved road.

I had come to see Nadia's brother, a Gama'a "Afghani," as those who fought in Afghanistan are called. He had recently returned to Egypt and was on the run; through a series of endless negotiations with intermediaries, he had agreed to meet me at a neighborhood mosque.

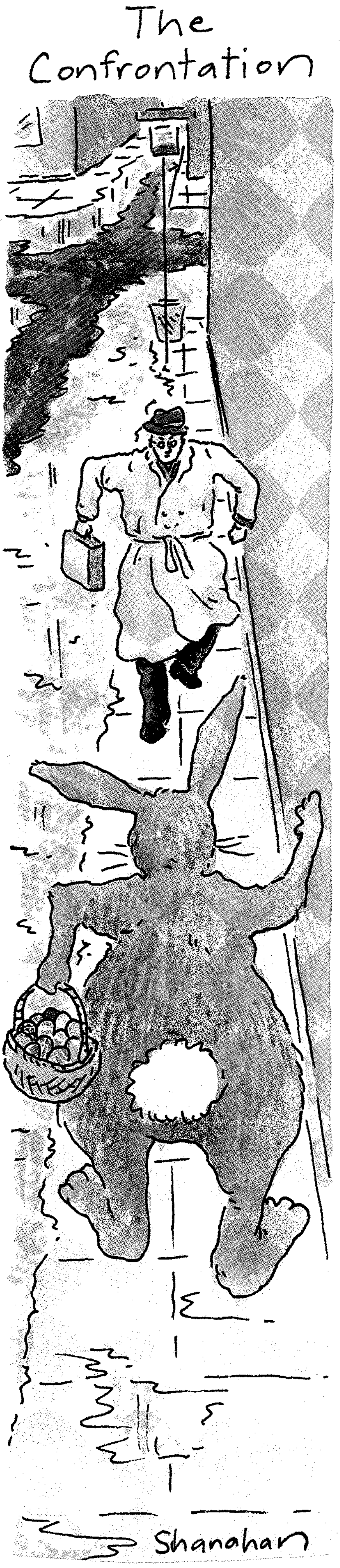
Ahmed, as I will call him, told me that there were still about a thousand Egyptians fighting in the civil war in Afghanistan, including a brother of Sadat's assassin and the two eldest sons of Sheikh Omar Abdel-Rahman. They were based primarily in two training camps of the Hizb-i-Islami—the guerrilla organization of Gulbadin Hekmatyar—on the outskirts of Kabul, but they moved with ease across the border into Pakistan, he said. Their organizational base was in Peshawar, and from there they travelled to Egypt via Sudan, crossing its porous frontier.

Several evenings later, I accompanied a friend from an international human-rights organization to a fashionable private club, where she was going to take testimony from a man who had been badly tortured. He introduced himself under a pseudonym, Abou Juhaiman.

"It happened at the headquarters of the S.S.I.—the State Security Investigation," he said. "I was stripped naked, and blindfolded. Then they took me to what they call the ward, and electricity was applied to my lips, my genitals, and my fingertips. I think there was a doctor present, because, as far as I can recall, at certain intervals someone told them to stop. Then I was suspended—my wrists were tied to the bars of a high window, and my feet were off the ground. For about three hours, with intermittent questioning, they beat me with metal bars. It lasted for thirteen days. When I was released, I went underground." That was in 1988. Today, Abou Juhaiman is a spokesman for Al-Jihad.

I asked him if we could meet again, and he agreed. "Here at the club?" he asked. I was somewhat startled, and he explained that his father was a member of the Egyptian establishment.

In the next several days, we met twice, on the club veranda. He was dressed in a suit and tie, and nodded to club members as they passed. One evening, a member of Mubarak's Cabinet happened to be sitting at the next table. Overhead we heard rotors beating the air, and a helicopter came into


The Confrontation

view. "It's security for the Minister," Abou Juhaiman told me, with a smile.

He was an economics graduate of Cairo University, he said, and, like so many others whose stories I had heard, he had been radicalized in prison. He was embittered and hard.

"Does your father know?" I asked him.

"Yes," he replied. Then he quickly led the conversation away from his family.

He told me that Al-Jihad and Gama'a were still two separate groups, but that they now had three joint committees: for operations, for propaganda, and for finance. He served on the second, and described himself as "under the general command of Colonel Aboud el-Zomor," the former military-intelligence officer, who was now serving his twelfth year in prison for the assassination of Sadat. "That's why I chose Al-Jihad," he said. "I would much rather be under the command of a military officer who fought in the 1967 and 1973 wars. He *knows* how to change the political regime by force. We only hit targets at the top, like Ministers, the Speaker of Parliament, and Sadat." He was describing men who moved in the same circles as his father did. "We're not interested in minor acts of terrorism, like Gama'a—the attacks on tourists and low-ranking police. And this is a major strategic difference: Gama'a attacks from below, Jihad from the top."

I asked him how the groups were organized.

"Like a bunch of grapes," he said, and he went on to explain that the movement consisted essentially of clusters of independent cells, with no connection between the cells, but with a strong, charismatic leader at the top. No one person had a clear view of the entire network, he said, and it was really not necessary to attempt to count the groups, because their ideology was essentially the same: the proliferation of cells was based largely on personality differences and on the need for security. The only leaders who were universally known were Colonel Zomor and Sheikh Omar.

I asked Abu Juhaiman about the Sheikh, and what his significance to the movement was.

"Many of the Gama'a cadres have no religious background or training," he replied. "That's unlike Al-Jihad, where our recruitment practices are far more precise—anyone who joins us has to know the Koran and the entire Islamic legal system as a prerequisite. But the others need religious counsel and guidance for their acts, so they look to people like Sheikh Omar for fatwas to sanction those acts." He offered an example. "Some years ago, we were short of funds, and someone suggested that we kill gold merchants and seize their property. But there was a dispute over whether this was justified, so we asked Sheikh Omar for his opinion, and he issued a fatwa. But there was a condition attached: only a merchant who was acting against Islam could be hit."

"Christian Copts?"

"Precisely."

I asked him if he had ever been to Afghanistan. He replied that he had not, but that he knew the Afghanis well. "They're extremely skilled in combat, and they know how to plant car bombs." He began giggling. At times, he seemed exceedingly high-strung.

"Do you by any chance know Abdel Nebi Khalifa?" I asked. Khalifa was the Afghani I had attempted to see in Kasr el-Ayni Hospital.

"Yes," he replied. "We worked together for a while. He was in the propaganda unit, and printed anti-government tracts, primarily in Peshawar. That's all he did. But in the eyes of this regime once you've been to Afghanistan you're a lifelong enemy of the state."

(Though I made repeated requests for an interview with the Minister of the Interior, or someone from his staff, to answer such allegations, I was consistently turned down.)

A Western diplomat had told me that the Islamist movement's primary sources of funds were still Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states—only Kuwait had suspended funding after the Gulf War—and the Muslim Brotherhood's own financial base, which included a vast network of Islamic investment firms, with holdings currently estimated at some eight billion dollars. When I asked Abou Juhaiman if that was true, he said, "That's not my department." But he was able to confirm a suspicion held by many Western diplomats that Peshawar was emerging as a key organizational base for Egypt's militant Islamic groups, and that there were direct links between the military training camps in northern Sudan and those outside Kabul. I remembered something that

Ambassador Amin had said about the leader of Sudan's National Islamic Front: "Hassan Al-Turabi is the most influential leader in the Sunni world today. He is the coördinator, and he is doing a very efficient job indeed."

The last evening that Abou Juhaiman and I met at the club, he asked if I could help him get a visa for the United States. He had already applied and been rejected twice, on two different passports, he said. I told him I didn't think that it was possible, and we said our goodbyes.

SINCE I returned from Egypt, in mid-March, the government has unleashed its security forces on a scale not seen since the assassination of Sadat. Homes, mosques, and entire villages have been raided, and there has been a massive wave of arrests; at least forty-five people have died during the raids. According to one American professor who has just returned from Cairo, "Anyone who has a beard and lives in a poor neighborhood is being rounded up." Even the Muslim Brotherhood has come under attack, and has been forced to relinquish its control of the professional syndicates. For their part, the militants have stepped up their attacks on tourists—there have even been incidents where foreign women had acid splashed on their bare legs.

Meanwhile, Sheikh Omar Abdel-Rahman has been denied political asylum and received a deportation order from the United States (his lawyer has appealed), and, along with forty-six of his followers, has been ordered retried, on April 6th, before an emergency high-state-security court in Faiyūm, on charges arising from an anti-government demonstration in April of 1989. (The men had been acquitted, in 1990, of all charges, because of discrepancies in witnesses' statements and lack of evidence.)

On the evening of the last Saturday in March, Sheikh Omar agreed to give me an interview.

We met at his apartment in Jersey City, on the fourth floor of a nondescript brick building. Before we entered the living room, one of his followers—who was acting as my interpreter—and I removed our shoes. No sooner had we sat down on two overstuffed beige sofas than Sheikh Omar came in. He wore a gray robe of homespun cloth over a white djellabah, the crimson turban of Al-Azhar, and a pair of woolly white socks. His eyes were covered by heavy black glasses, and he walked, unassisted, to one of the sofas. On a table beside it was a copy of the Koran.

He greeted me cordially, and after we had both tested our tape recorders (I had a tiny Sony, he had an immense boom box), I asked him if he had played any role in the World Trade Center bombing.

"None, none whatsoever," he said. "I had no connection at all, and the bombing of the Trade Center was absolutely contrary to Islam. Yet every time I pick up the newspapers, or turn on the TV, there I am—there is the Al-Salam mosque, which is described as a headquarters of terrorists! This is pure hypocrisy on the part of the press. Look at this man in Texas—the one who claims to be Jesus Christ. Have Christian churches been blamed for what he's done? And when Jonathan Pollard was convicted of spying for Israel did anybody accuse Jewish rabbis or Jewish temples of being traitors to the United States?"

He threw up his arms. Then he settled himself more comfortably on the sofa.

I asked the Sheikh what, in his view, was the single most important cause of the rise in Egypt of political Islam.

"There are many factors involved—political, economic, social, and religious," he replied. "People are suffering. They live below the poverty level, while Hosni Mubarak and his gang deposit billions of dollars in American and Swiss banks. The jails are full of Islamic prisoners, who are tortured in the most heinous ways. And now even detention is not enough. Now he's begun killing people inside mosques. It happened most recently in Asyut and Aswan on March 10th, but it's happening all over Egypt. It's systematic now. Mubarak rules Egypt with an iron fist, under emergency law. People live in a police state, and I challenge Mubarak now—in the pages of your magazine—to rule Egypt for one hour without emergency law. He would be unable to do it for one minute."

After a brief pause, he went on. "Then, there's the positive side of the Islamic wave—what Gama'a and the other groups are doing to set up an infrastructure of hospitals, clinics, and schools. And they are preaching to show the true meaning of Islam. This movement isn't unique to Egypt; it's happening all over the Islamic world—in Tunisia, Algeria, the Gulf countries, and Saudi Arabia. People are thirsty for Islam, and there is no power on earth that can stop this movement. None."

"Are Gama'a and Al-Jihad religious movements or political movements?"

"In Christianity, you have a separation of church and state," he replied. "Because the church resisted the modernization of Europe, it was pushed aside. But Islam is very different: it covers every aspect of life—politics and economics, religion and social issues, science and knowledge. Therefore, it is not possible to differentiate between religion and politics. In Islam, you cannot be a Muslim unless you know politics. We do not follow your axiom 'Leave what is for Caesar for Caesar and what is for God for God.' "

He called for tea and coffee, and I glanced around his Spartan living room, which had a transient air. Boxes and cartons were piled up in the corners, and only a calendar and a Koranic inscription hung on the walls. "At your trial in the Sadat-assassination case," I said, "you told the judge that it was lawful to shed the blood of a ruler who does not rule according to God's ordinances—"

"Yes," he interrupted. "I testified for twelve hours before the judge, and I told him that whoever does not rule as God orders is an infidel. And if you apply that rule to Nasser, Sadat, and Mubarak they are all infidels."

"Then did you issue a fatwa against Sadat by declaring him an infidel?"

"I am not here to deny it, or say yes or no; the Egyptian justice system said that I was innocent, and that I didn't issue such a fatwa."

There was a momentary silence, then Sheikh Omar said, his voice rising, "It was Sadat himself who issued the fatwa to be killed, by moving away from his religion and imprisoning his people. And it was *his own people* who killed him, and this will be Mubarak's fate as well."

Calming down, he adjusted his turban. Then he asked me, "Do you consider what I've just said to be a fatwa?" Before I could reply, he went on, "It's only my opinion." And then he smiled.

"Were the attacks against tourists in Egypt justified?" I asked.

"Tourists are not being attacked but tourism is," he replied. "Although I must add that tourists should respect our religion and culture—tourism is not alcohol, gambling, and night clubs. But, to prove my original point that it's the industry that's under attack, four tour buses were blown up recently outside the museum in Cairo, but only after the tourists had left them and gone inside. The goal of these attacks is to put pressure on the Egyptian regime, to release the thousands of Muslims now being detained. Did you know that many of those staging the attacks are the fathers and uncles and brothers of those who are now in jail? So killing the tourists is not our goal."

He asked an aide to bring him a glass of water—something he did frequently during the interview. Then he took his right leg and tucked it up, in a half-lotus position. He appeared relaxed and at ease.

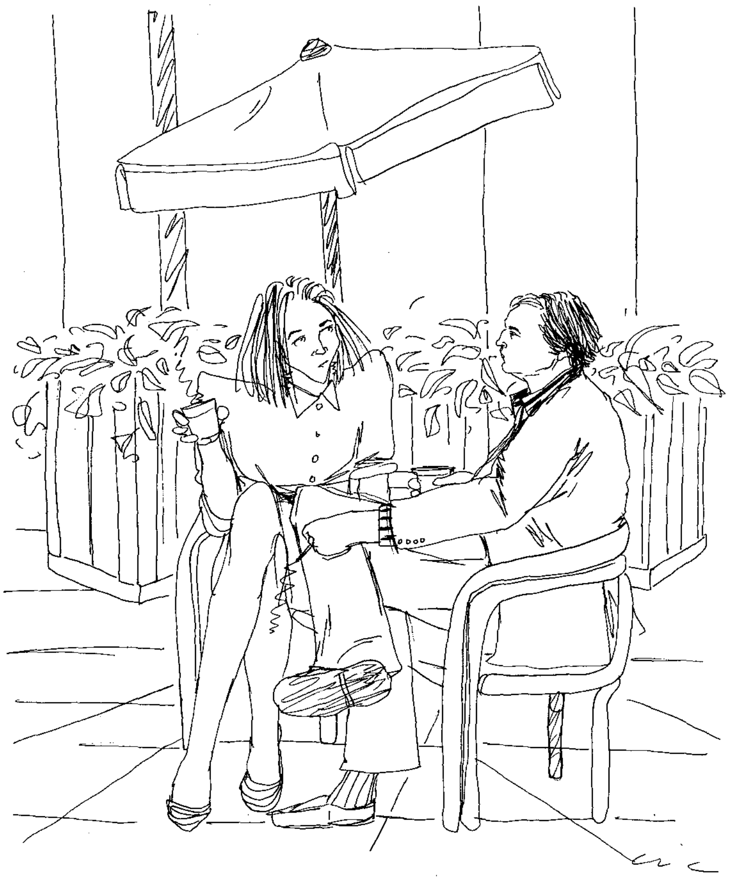
I said that some Egyptians were predicting that within one or two years Egypt would be an Islamic state.

"When is not important. We cannot predict a time frame, but I agree that the Mubarak regime will fall. He has reached a point that no dictator has ever reached in Egypt before. Ah, King Hosni!" The Sheikh threw up his arms, his sarcasm unconcealed. "King Hosni ruling us for eleven years. And now they're asking him to run for another six-year term, and then they'll make him President for life. So you see"—he turned his face toward me—"there's really no difference between King Hosni and King Hussein and Morocco's King Hassan."

When the laughter of the Sheikh and his aides subsided, I asked what kind of Islamic state he wanted in Egypt. What was the role model? Iran? Saudi Arabia? Sudan?

"It will be closer to the example of Sudan," he replied. "Saudi Arabia does not apply Islamic rules. The princes spend billions of dollars at casinos, night clubs, and bars. The King and his family have billions, billions of dollars, so why should there be poverty in Saudi Arabia? They give their people absolutely no freedoms. Their jails are full—full of innocent people. This is not Islam. Their Islam is cosmetic, with only one purpose in mind: to keep the ruling family on the throne. What we want is a true Islamic state. We want a state where there will be no poverty, where freedom is guaranteed. We will rule through a *shura*, or consultative council, which in the West you call democracy."

"What would the imposition of Sharia law mean for Egypt's non-Muslims—the Christian Copts?" I asked.



"Nothing personal, but I tend to avoid men who are still under construction."

"Islam guarantees the rights of Jews and Christians under Islamic law: let them practice their religion, and protect their houses of worship. There will be no pressure to convert. But in the meantime it is very well known that no minority in any country has its own laws. Do American Black Muslims have their own laws? In Islam, we're permitted to take more than one wife—we can be polygamous. But American law prohibits this, and therefore we're punished, and prevented from practicing our own laws, here."

"How many wives do you have—two or three?" I asked.

"I have only one, but I would like to have three more."

"But I met one in Egypt, and spoke to another on the phone," I replied. "Have you recently divorced?"

"Your meeting two means nothing," he said. "Even if I divorce a wife, I still have an obligation to support her and my children. They are my children, after all."

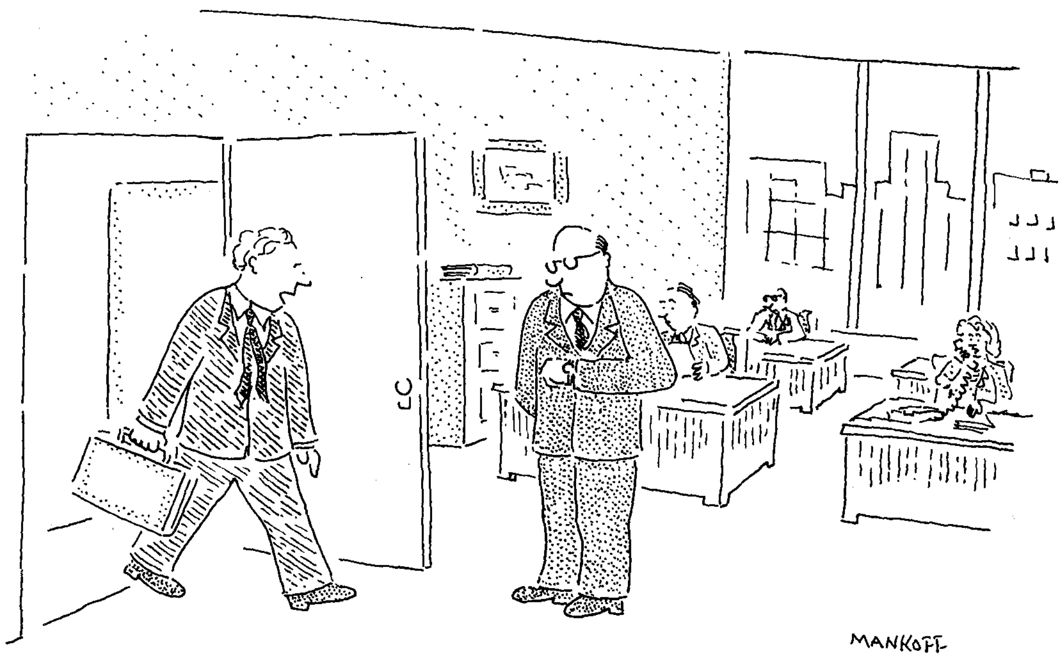
He then turned to the interpreter and said, "*Bass*"—"Enough."

"Under what circumstances is jihad justified in Islam?" I asked. "And was Afghanistan one such circumstance?"

"In Afghanistan, yes, it was justified, and it was one of the best jihads we've had in modern times. The Soviet Union attacked a Muslim country, so it was absolutely imperative for the Muslims to defend it. If they hadn't, there would still be a Communist regime in Afghanistan right now."

I asked Sheikh Omar how he explained the fact that Egyptians who had been recruited by their own government and by Saudi Arabia and the United States to go to Afghanistan to fight were now being treated as terrorists on their return.

"An unjust ruler is always frightened if his people are trained as fighters and soldiers, and these young men are very highly trained. He is frightened



"Sorry I'm late, chief—I fell back when I should have sprung ahead."

• •

that they might overthrow him one day, so his natural instinct is to put them in jail or get rid of them. It's happening not just in Egypt but in Saudi Arabia and Libya as well."

"How many times have you been to Afghanistan?" I asked.

"I can't remember how many times. I've been there a few times," he said. His voice turned melancholy. "We would go from Pakistan to the forward positions inside Afghanistan."

"With Gulbadin Hekmatyar?" I asked.

He avoided a direct answer. "I went in with all of the mujahedin leaders," he said.

"What do you think of Hekmatyar?" I asked.

"How many other leaders are you going to ask me about?" he said.

"Only two," I replied. "Ayatollah Khomeini and Hassan Al-Turabi."

"They are all great men, who tried to help their religion and serve their countries," he said. "I admire them all enormously."

I asked him if he felt that the news media's tendency to compare him with Ayatollah Khomeini was justified.

"I serve my religion and I call for the establishment of an Islamic state. That's all I'm asking for. And when this state is established in Egypt I will be a servant to this state. I am not looking for leadership."

"But if you were offered the position of Grand Sheikh of Al-Azhar"—the most prominent religious office in the country—"I presume that you wouldn't turn it down?"

"If I wanted to be the Grand Sheikh of Al-Azhar, I would be that right now."

I asked Sheikh Omar how a poor, blind, diabetic child could rise from the slums to become a leader of Egypt's largest militant Islamic group.

"With the help of Allah. There was no one turning point for me. But Allah helps whomever he wants. How could the Afghan people have expelled a superpower? It was only with Allah's help."

"What about the three billion dollars supplied by the C.I.A.?" I asked.

The Sheikh roared with laughter. Then he said, "Without Allah, it would not have been possible with three *hundred* billion dollars. Allah is the stronger partner of the two. The U.S. government had been trying to destroy the Soviet Union since 1945. It could never have done it alone."

Many people in Cairo, both Egyptians and foreign diplomats, were highly skeptical of the report that Sheikh Omar's United States visa was granted in error, and I had been reliably told that Hassan Al-Turabi had intervened on the Sheikh's behalf, assisted by United States intelligence officials who had known Sheikh Omar during the days of the Afghanistan war. So I now asked him to tell me exactly how he had got his visa in Khartoum.

"In a very natural way, like anyone else," he replied. "Through the proper channels. And I am going to give you no more details."

"But how could so many United States government departments have made so many mistakes, and at so many different times? There is wide speculation that the United States government sponsored your admission here."

"I suggest that you pose those questions to your own government," he said.

Sheikh Omar had been animated during our two-hour interview, but now he seemed tired, his chin resting on his chest. He suffered from both diabetes and a heart condition, and many of his supporters have become increasingly concerned about his failing health. Only the week before, on the final day of Ramadan, he had sent a taped message to his followers around the world, which was played in all of Egypt's popular mosques. In the message, which he called "A Will to the People of Egypt," he had said, "The end of my life and the time to meet Allah is near." So I asked Sheikh Omar if he was dying, and what the message meant.

He rested his head on the back of the sofa and didn't reply immediately. After a few seconds, he turned toward me and said, "When the F.B.I. is asked why they are following me, they say it's because I have many enemies"—militant Jewish groups and the Egyptian government—"and they are protecting me from them. So it's possible that something could happen—quite possible."

I asked Sheikh Omar about his connection with Gama'a and Al-Jihad.

"I am merely a Muslim scholar who speaks the truth," he said.

I persisted, and he laughed and said, "Enough, enough! Describe me as the spiritual mentor of Gama'a." ♦

POSTSCRIPT

JORGE LUIS BORGES: A DAY IN THE LIFE

The first book written by the late Argentine master, "Fervor of Buenos Aires," was published in Buenos Aires seventy years ago this month, launching one of the rare literary careers of the century. This memoir is written by his nephew.

BY MIGUEL DE TORRE BORGES

THAT day—shall we say a Wednesday in the spring of 1945?—he awoke at eight o'clock. Despite the insomnia that often troubled his nights, he had slept reasonably well. Several times the chimes of the Torre de los Ingleses had sounded without his hearing them. The arched iron beams of insomnia were receding now. The maid raised the blinds—jalousies that opened onto a balcony overlooking Maipú Street in the center of Buenos Aires, and put down on the dark wooden table—with one large drawer and three smaller ones—a tray with only a cup of coffee and milk.

Seated on the bed, with his bare feet on the floor, he drank the coffee slowly and gazed around his room. It was not actually a bedroom but the dining room of the small apartment, separated from the living room by sliding doors that were always kept closed. Aside from the table and the bed, the room held two bookcases, an old painted wooden chair whose seat cushion bore a "Dame à l'Unicorne" embroidered by his sister (my mother, that is), two watercolors by Xul Solar, and a pitiless American lithograph that depicted a terrified prisoner kneeling with his hands bound behind his back and a stone tied around his neck, who was about to be thrown into a river by several armed men—a scene that could have served as an illustration for one of the stories in his own "Universal History of Infamy," published a decade before, when he was thirty-five years old.

He went into the bathroom, adjusted the water temperature, waited for the tub to fill, and then lay submerged for a long time. Wrapped in a terry-cloth robe, he returned to the bedroom and dressed, in clothes that had been laid out for him by his mother the night before. He owned only two or three suits, all well worn—a condition that he was unaware of, because of his poor eyesight, but that would not have interested him—with bulges at the level of his knees. He dressed, as always, with his own peculiar touches, tucking his shirttail into his undershorts, buttoning all three buttons of his suit jacket (which made him look as if he were wearing a girdle), and clipping his fountain pen into the upper outside pocket of his jacket.

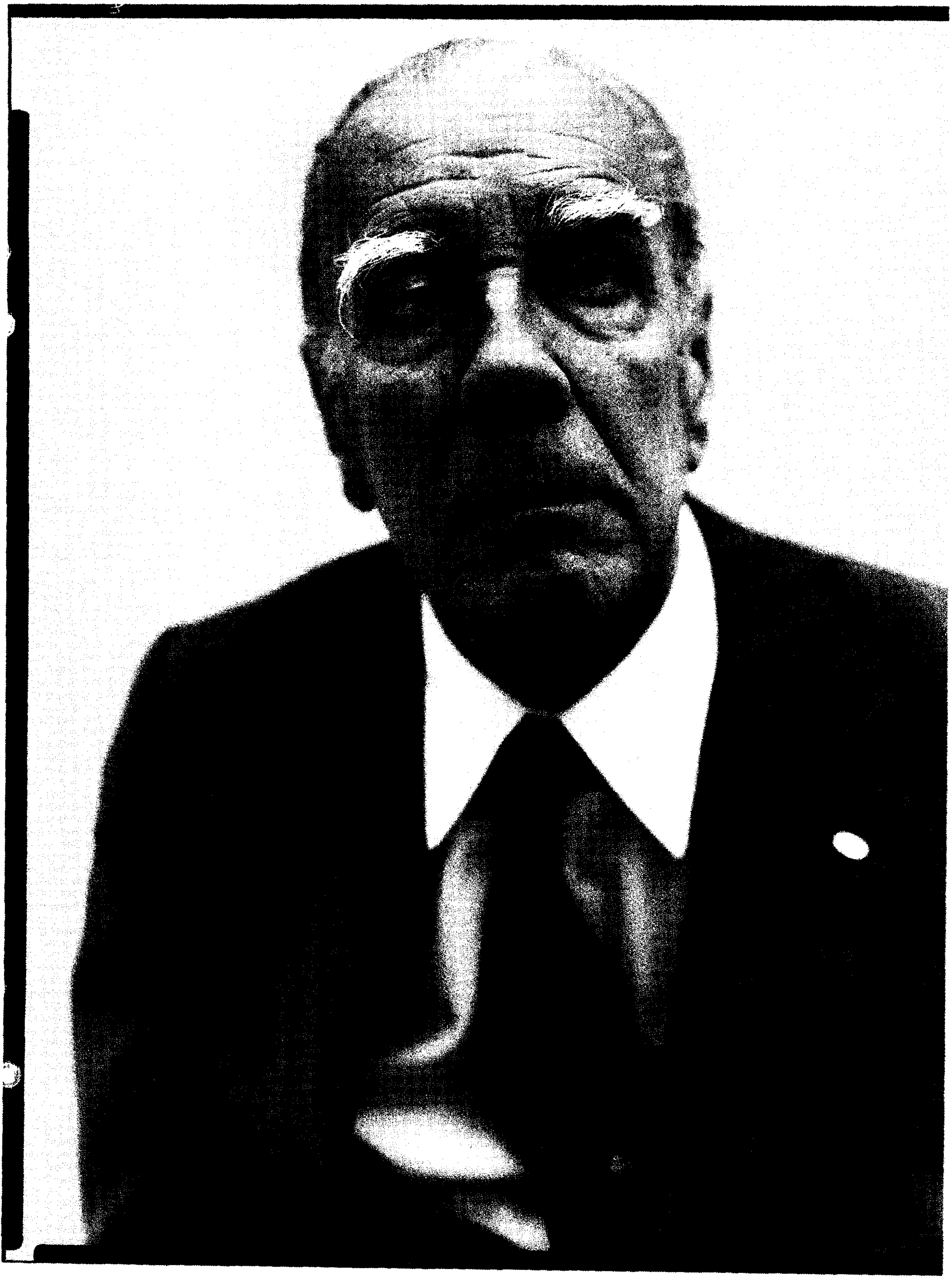
Now he raised the glass front of the first shelf of the bookcase nearer the head of his bed, removed the first volume of "The Works of the Late Edgar A. Poe" (New York, 1850), opened it to the front flyleaf, extracted a ten-peso note and placed it, folded in half, in a black leather billfold that he habitually carried in his inside coat pocket. He picked up the copy of *La Nación*—already read by his mother—with his fingertips, tucked it under his arm, and, moving stiffly, went down to the street and crossed over to the Plaza San Martín. There he lifted his arm, allowing the newspaper to drop onto a park bench. He had a habitual distrust of the news. Free of his burden, he walked down Florida Street to a barbershop on the corner of Viamonte. While the barber shaved him, chatting about soccer and politics, Borges was composing a poem:

> The bullets buzz on this last afternoon.
> There is wind, laden with ashes,
> the day and the shapeless battle decline,
> and the victory belongs to the others . . .

Once again on Florida, he walked in the sunshine to Cangallo, turned there, and entered Mitchell's, a bookstore. The solicitous clerk, who never learned his preferences, offered him a newly arrived book on chemistry and a book on golf, both of which he declined. Alone, he moved about among the shelves and tables and eventually bought a thriller—"They Were Seven," by Eden Phillpotts. If it was any good, he might have it translated and then published in the Seventh Circle, a popular series of English-language detective novels that he supervised, along with Adolfo Bioy Casares. Now, holding the book in his right hand, he strolled briskly back home along Florida. Once arrived, he sat down at his table and for some time wrote laboriously in ink on the cross-lined pages of a composition notebook. In one passage, he wrote: "I saw a copy of Philemon Holland's first English edition of Pliny; I saw all at the same time every letter of every page . . . ; I saw night and today's day; I saw a sunset in Querétaro that seemed to reflect the color of a rose in Bengal; I saw my empty bedroom; I saw in a study in Alkmaar a terrestrial globe between two mirrors that multiplied it endlessly."

His mother called him for lunch. They ate soup, well-done steaks, a salad of lettuce and tomato with parsley. They had oranges for dessert, and drank cool tap water and a cup of herb tonic afterward. He rose from the table and set aside a history book for the trip to work—a nearly hour-long streetcar journey—that awaited him. During nine years of such journeys, he had already read in this manner two or three different translations of "The Divine Comedy," and "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "Orlando Furioso," and most of the works of Léon Bloy and Bernard Shaw. Now he was well into the tenth and final volume of "The History of the Argentine Republic," by Vicente Fidel López. His mother, removing an ornate silver top from an old crystal flask, moistened his handkerchief and his head with cologne, then straightened his hair with a brush and a metal comb, and accompanied him to the elevator, where they said goodbye.

He waited on a street corner not far



Jorge Luis Borges, photographed by Richard Avedon in New York City, April 30, 1976.

from the house, boarded the No. 7 streetcar, sat down, and—accustomed to blending the music of the words with the clatter of the car—opened the book, even though his ophthalmologist had repeatedly warned him of the danger to his weakened eyes of reading in poor light and in a moving vehicle. From time to time, as the No. 7 swayed off into the southwestern part of town, he raised his eyes and viewed with satisfaction the old houses, the alleyways, the tenements, the stone lions guarding a doorway on Jujuy Street, the vacant lots, and even the curious modern Art Deco façades that marked his familiar passage. When he came to page 386 of the "History" and read, "Molina did not count on the forces that Colonel Don Isidoro Suárez headed in the north. That brilliant cavalry leader had replaced Colonel Pacheco as commander of the border," he may have felt, at this mention of Suárez, who was his great-grandfather, a certain joy swelling his breast, and lifted his gaze for a moment from the text.

At the end of his trip, he descended from the streetcar, walked three blocks, and entered an austere, gloomy two-story building, the Miguel Cané Municipal Library, where he performed the duties of a third-class assistant. He sat down at his desk and took up the numbing daily task of classifying no more than a hundred books—the limit he had set himself in order to avoid drawing attention to the cultivated sloth of his fellow-workers. Later on in the afternoon, taking refuge from his oppressive task, he went up to the flat roof of the library, seated himself with his back to a low wall, and continued his reading of Kafka's "The Castle." In bad weather, he would have taken refuge in the basement to read, and there, perhaps, to translate something by Virginia Woolf or by Faulkner. One day in the basement, he had written: "The Library is a sphere whose exact center is any one of its hexagons, whose circumference is unattainable."

At dusk, he came down and visited the stacks, where he affectionately caressed the spines of several much-consulted reference works—perhaps pausing this time before the twenty-nine-volume panorama of the marvellous Eleventh-Edition Encyclopædia Britannica, whose location he could have found with his eyes closed. A bit later, he left the library and walked to the combined grocery store and bar around the block, on the corner of Muñiz and United States. He leaned on its tin-covered counter, asked for a shot of gin, and drank it in a single gulp. A certain passivity and loneliness had encouraged in him over the years this ritual of going into a bar for a drink.

On this day, he soon returned to the library and resumed his labors. A woman friend arrived to pick him up, and they departed together. This was an occurrence that happened with sufficient frequency to attract the attention of his co-workers, particularly the women. The elegantly dressed and noticeably perfumed ladies—a rare sight here in the southern outskirts of the city—who stopped by to keep an evening rendezvous with their colleague were the same women whose photographs often appeared on the society pages of *El Hogar*. Another anomaly that had aroused the interest of his fellow municipal employees was an article that one of them had found on page 411 of Volume II of the Espasa Encyclopedia's appendix, published in 1931 (with an accompanying photograph of a personage with mustache and bow tie), on the subject of one Jorge Luis Borges. The colleague pointed out the extraordinary coincidence of there being two individuals with the same name, but when Borges told him that they were one and the same man, he did not believe it.

Borges and his visitor (to return to our Wednesday) took the streetcar back into town. They went to a movie on Lavalle Street and then dined at the restaurant in Retiro train station, chatting and laughing gaily. He accompanied his friend to her house and returned to his own home before midnight. As always, his mother was waiting for him, reading in bed. He sat down, in a rocking chair at her bedside, and talked about the movie he had just seen. It was "Marie-Louise," filmed in Switzerland and full of clouds and mountains and beautiful skies. It was nothing much, but he would see it again if she would come with him. He asked how her translation of Machen's "Tree of Life" was coming along, and added that Mandie Molina Vedia had already begun work on the illustrations. The Bioy Casareses—Adolfo and Silvina—had just returned from their *estancia*, and now he and Adolfo would be able to resume work on their film script. They were moving slowly now, but getting to know the characters better. The important thing was to come up with the continuity and certain little symmetries and surprises. And speaking of which, in that sentimental Scottish film he'd seen last week, he had suddenly noticed a very young actor who had reminded him of Miguelete. (And here, having imagined myself into an imaginary ancient conversation between my uncle and my grandmother, I will leave them together and withdraw.)

Later that night, he entered his room, undressed, and slipped into a long white nightshirt, of the sort he had worn as a boy and would wear for the rest of his life. He got into bed and, lying on his back, read for a while by the dim light of an overhead bulb. He closed the book at last, but then got up and checked the bookcases, as usual, to make sure that the books in Spanish were properly placed, with the titles on their spines running upward, from bottom to top, so that the next morning he would not find that the words had fallen from their pages, as happens with books that sleep upside down. Satisfied, he turned out the light, settled back into bed with his arms lying along his sides, and, listening to every word, murmured softly in English, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name . . ." ♦

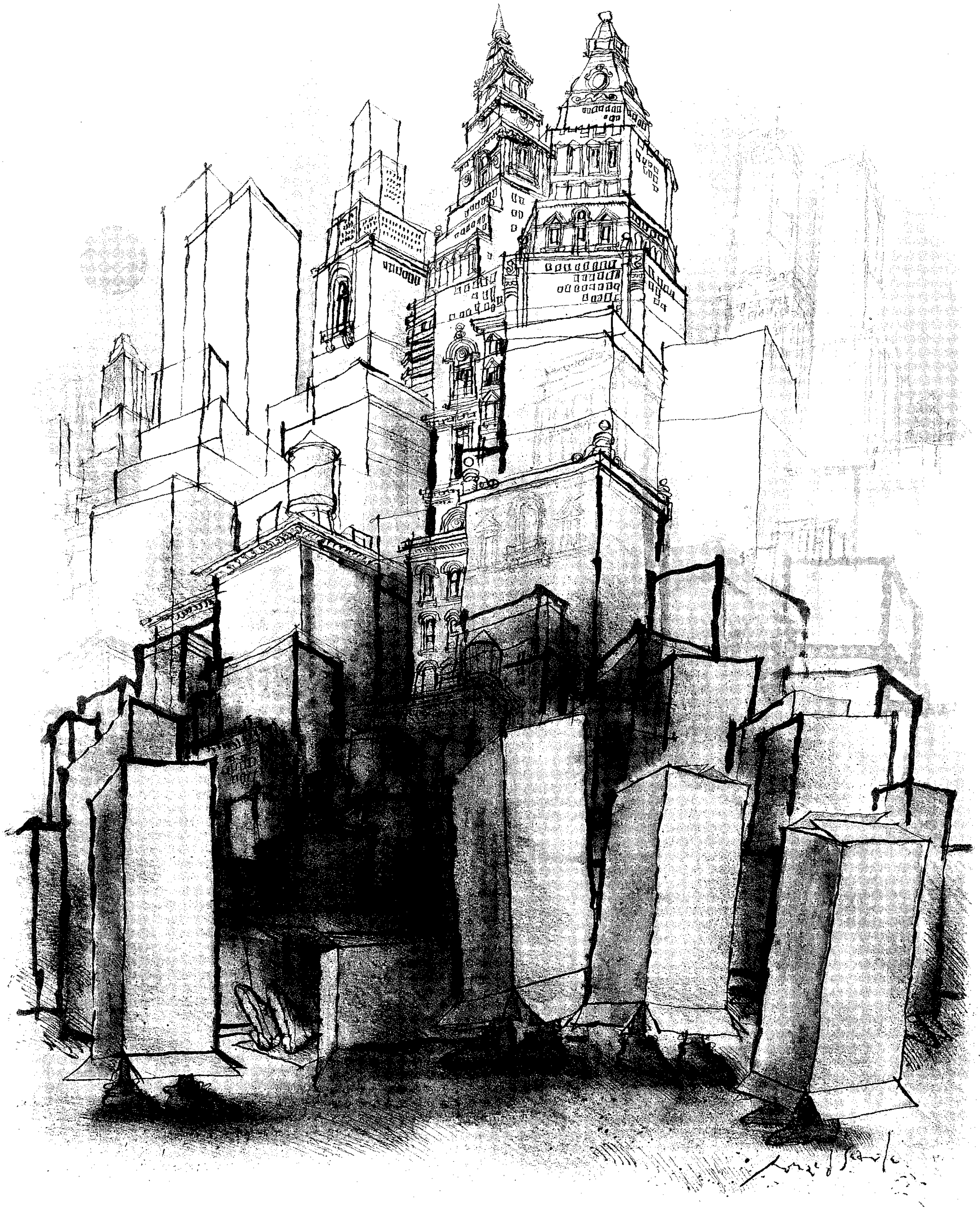
(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Donald A. Yates.*)

Her lover was a noncommissioned officer who had an apartment off base. Ms. Edwards could live off base as long as she maintained a bed in the barracks and returned there every morning at 5 for revelry.—*Toledo Blade.*

Tell it to the Marines.

ARTIST AT LARGE BY RONALD SEARLE

THE BIG APPLE



FICTION

SONG OF ROLAND

BY JAMAICA KINCAID

HIS mouth was like an island in the sea that was his face; I am sure he had ears and nose and eyes and all the rest, but I could see only his mouth, which I knew could do all the things that a mouth usually does, such as eat food, purse in approval or disapproval, smile, twist in thought; inside were his teeth and behind them was his tongue. Why did I see him that way, how did I come to see him that way? It was a mystery to me that he had been alive all along and that I had not known of his existence and I was perfectly fine—I went to sleep at night and I could wake up in the morning and greet the day with indifference if it suited me, I could comb my hair and scratch myself and I was still perfectly fine—and he was alive, sometimes living in a house next to mine, sometimes living in a house far away, and his existence was ordinary and perfect and parallel to mine, but I did not know of it, even though sometimes he was close enough to me for me to notice that he smelt of cargo he had been unloading; he was a stevedore.

His mouth really did look like an island, lying in a twig-brown sea, stretching out from east to west, widest near the center, with tiny, sharp creases, its color a shade lighter than that of the twig-brown sea in which it lay, the place where the two lips met disappearing into the pinkest of pinks, and even though I must have held his mouth in mine a thousand times, it was always new to me. He must have smiled at me, though I don't really know, but I don't like to think that I would love someone who hadn't first smiled at me. It had been raining, a heavy downpour, and I took shelter under the gallery of a dry-goods store along with some other people. The rain was an inconvenience, for it was not necessary; there had already been too much of it, and it was no longer only outside, overflowing in the gutters, but inside also, roofs were leaking and then falling in. I was standing under the gallery and had sunk deep within myself, enjoying completely the despair I felt at being myself. I was wearing a dress; I had combed my hair that morning; I had washed myself that morning. I was looking at nothing in particular when I saw his mouth. He was speaking to someone else, but he was looking at me. The someone else he was speaking to was a woman. His mouth then was not like an island at rest in a sea but like a small patch of ground viewed from high above and set in motion by a force not readily seen.

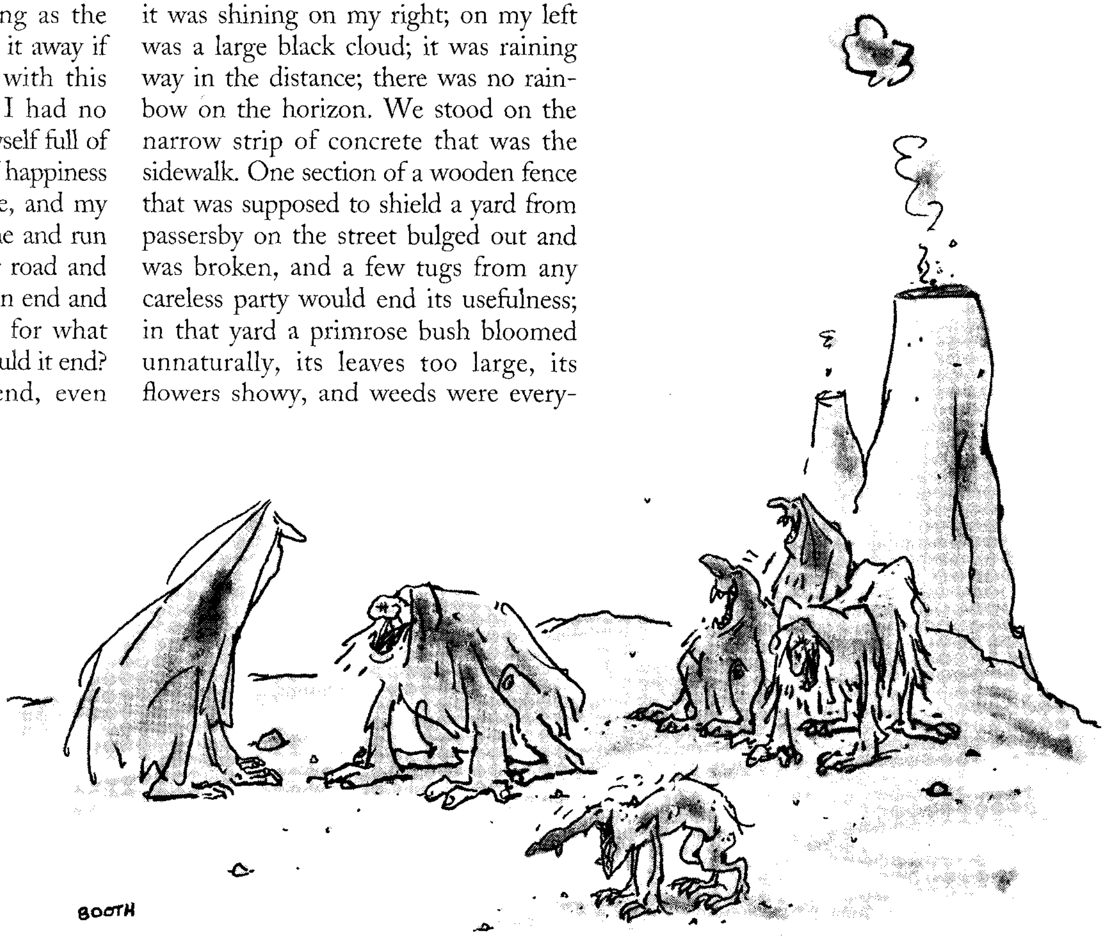
When he saw me looking at him, he opened his mouth wider, and that must have been the smile. I saw then that he had a large gap between his two front teeth, which probably meant that he could not be trusted, but I did not care. My dress was damp, my shoes were wet, my hair was wet, my skin was cold, all around me were people standing in small amounts of water and mud, shivering, but I started to perspire from an effort I wasn't aware I was making; I started to perspire because I felt hot, and I started to perspire because I felt happy. I wore my hair then in two plaits and the ends of them rested just below my collarbone; all the moisture in my hair collected and ran down my two plaits, as if they were two gutters, and the water seeped through my dress just below the collarbone and continued to run down my chest, only stopping at the place where the tips of my breasts met the fabric, revealing, plain as a new print, my nipples. He was looking at me and talking to someone else, and his mouth grew wide and narrow, small and large, and I wanted him to notice me, but there was so much noise: all the people standing in the gallery, sheltering themselves from the strong rain, had something they wanted to say, something not about the weather (that was by now beyond comment) but about their lives, their disappointments most likely, for joy is so short-lived there isn't enough time to dwell on its occurrence. The noise, which started as a hum, grew to a loud din, and the loud din had an unpleasant taste of metal and vinegar, but I knew his mouth could take it away if only I could get to it; so I called out my own name, and I knew he heard me immediately, but he wouldn't stop speaking to the woman he was talking to, so I had to call out my name again and again until he stopped, and by that time my name was like a chain around him, as the sight of his mouth was like a chain around me. And when our eyes met, we laughed, because we were happy, but it was frightening, for that gaze asked everything: who would betray whom, who would be captive, who would be captor, who would give and who would take, what would I do. And when our eyes met and we laughed at the same time, I said, "I love you, I love you," and he said, "I know." He did not say it out of vanity, he did not say it out of conceit, he only said it because it was true.

HIS name was Roland. He was not a hero, he did not even have a country; he was from an island, a small island that was between a sea and an ocean, and a small island is not a country. And he did not have a history; he was a small event in somebody else's history, but he was a man. I could see him better than he could see himself, and that was because he was who he was and I was myself but also because I was taller than he was. He was unpolished, but he carried himself as if he were precious. His hands were large and thick, and for no reason that I could see he would spread them out in front of him and they looked as if they were the missing parts from a powerful piece of machinery; his legs were straight from hip to knee and then from the knee they bent at an angle as if he had been at sea too long or had never learnt to walk properly to begin with. The hair on his legs was tightly curled as if the hairs were pieces of thread rolled between the thumb and the forefinger in preparation for sewing, and so was the hair on his arms, the hair in his underarms, and the hair on his chest; the hair in those places was black and grew sparsely; the hair on his head and the hair between his legs was black and tightly curled also, but it grew in such abundance that it was impossible for me to move my hands through it. Sitting, standing, walking, or lying down, he carried himself as if he were something precious, but not out of vanity, for it was true, he was something precious; yet when he was lying on top of me he looked down at me as if I were the only woman in the world, the only woman he had ever looked at in that way—but that was not true, a man only does that when it is not true. When he first lay on top of me I was so ashamed of how much pleasure I felt that I bit my bottom lip hard—but I did not bleed, not from biting my lip, not then. His skin was smooth and warm in places I had not kissed him; in the places I had kissed him his skin was cold and coarse, and the pores were open and raised.

Did the world become a beautiful place? The rainy season eventually went away, the sunny season came, and it was too hot; the riverbed grew dry, the mouth of the river became shallow, the heat eventually became as wearying as the rain, and I would have wished it away if I had not become occupied with this other sensation, a sensation I had no single word for. I could feel myself full of happiness, but it was a kind of happiness I had never experienced before, and my happiness would spill out of me and run all the way down a long, long road and then the road would come to an end and I would feel empty and sad, for what could come after this? How would it end?

Not everything has an end, even though the beginning changes. The first time we were in a bed together we were lying on a thin board that was covered with old cloth, and this small detail, evidence of our poverty—people in our position, a stevedore and a doctor's servant, could not afford a proper mattress—was a major contribution to my satisfaction, for it allowed me to brace myself and match him breath for breath. But how can it be that a man who can carry large sacks filled with sugar or bales of cotton on his back from dawn to dusk exhausts himself within five minutes inside a woman? I did not then and I do not now know the answer to that. He kissed me. He fell asleep. I bathed my face then between his legs; he smelt of curry and onions, for those were the things he had been unloading all day; other times when I bathed my face between his legs—for I did it often, I liked doing it—he would smell of sugar, or flour, or the large, cheap bolts of cotton from which he would steal a few yards to give me to make a dress.

WHAT is the everyday? What is the ordinary? One day, as I was walking toward the government dispensary to collect some supplies—one of my duties as a servant to a man who was in love with me beyond anything he could help and so had long since stopped trying, a man I ignored except when I wanted him to please me—I met Roland's wife, face to face, for the first time. She stood in front of me like a sentry—stern, dignified, guarding the noble idea, if not noble ideal, that was her husband. She did not block the sun, it was shining on my right; on my left was a large black cloud; it was raining way in the distance; there was no rainbow on the horizon. We stood on the narrow strip of concrete that was the sidewalk. One section of a wooden fence that was supposed to shield a yard from passersby on the street bulged out and was broken, and a few tugs from any careless party would end its usefulness; in that yard a primrose bush bloomed unnaturally, its leaves too large, its flowers showy, and weeds were everywhere, they had prospered in all the wet. We were not alone. A man walked past us with a cutlass in his knapsack and a mistreated dog two steps behind him; a woman walked by with a large basket of food on her head; some children were walking home from school, and they were not walking together; a man was leaning out a window, spitting, he used snuff. I was wearing a pair of modestly high heels, red, not a color to wear to work in the middle of the day, but that was just the way I had been feeling, red with a passion, like that hibiscus that was growing under the window of the man who kept spitting from the snuff. And Roland's wife called me a whore, a slut, a pig, a snake, a viper, a rat, a lowlife, a parasite, and an evil woman. I could see that her mouth formed a familiar hug around these words—poor thing, she had been used to saying them. I was not surprised. I could not have loved Roland the way I did if he had not loved other women. And I was not surprised; I had noticed immediately the space between his teeth. I was not surprised that she knew about me; a man



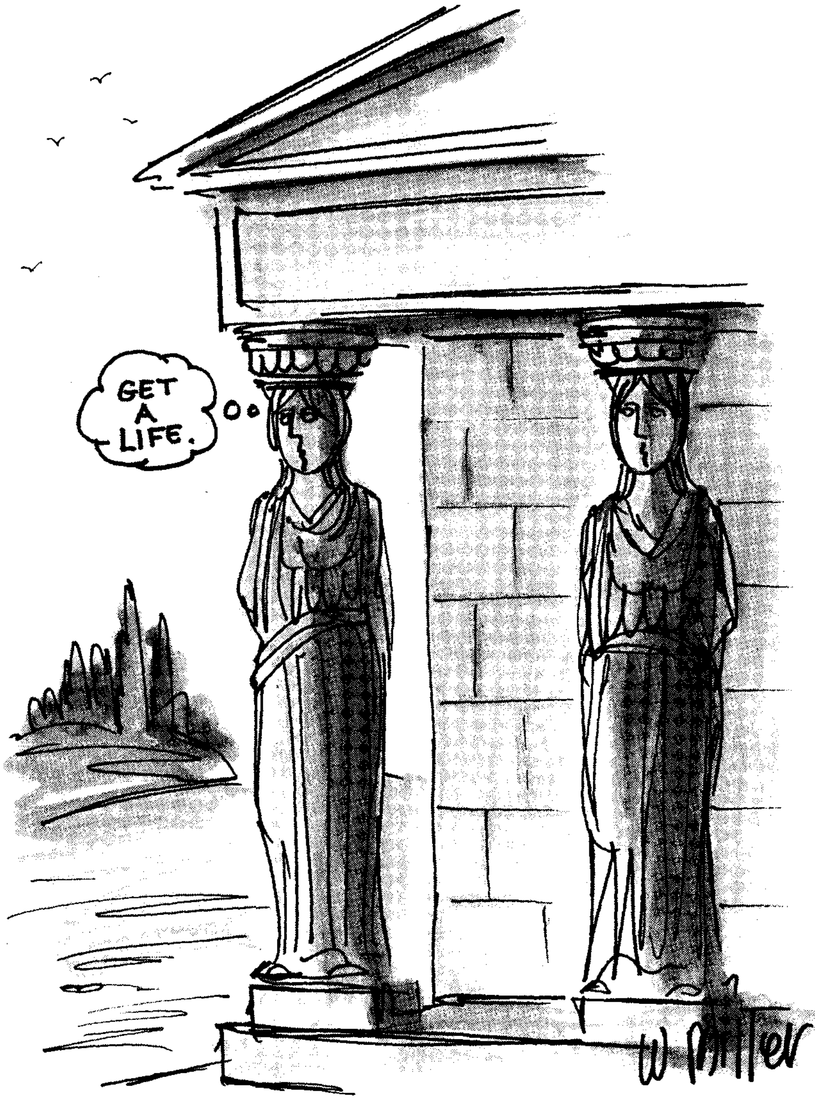
"Nothing is funny. We're just having a good laugh."

cannot keep a secret, a man always wants all the women he knows to know each other.

I believe I said this: "I love Roland; when he is with me I want him to love me; when he is not with me I think of him loving me. I do not love you. I love Roland." This is what I wanted to say, and this is what I believe I said. She slapped me across the face; her hand was wide and thick like an oar; she, too, was used to doing hard work. Her hand met the side of my face: my jawbone, the skin below my eye and under my chin, a small portion of my nose, the lobe of my ear. I was then a young woman in my early twenties, my skin was supple, smooth, the pores invisible to the naked eye. It was completely without bitterness that I thought as I looked at her face, a face I had so little interest in that it would tire me to describe it, Why is the state of marriage so desirable that all women are afraid to be caught outside it? And why does *this woman*, who has never seen me before, to whom I have never made any promise, to whom I owe nothing, hate me so much? She expected me to return her blow but, instead, I said, again completely without bitterness, "I consider it beneath me to fight over a man."

I was wearing a dress of light-blue Irish linen. I could not afford to buy such material, because it came from a real country, not a false country like mine; a shipment of this material in blue, in pink, in lime green, and in beige had come from Ireland, I suppose, and Roland had given me yards of each shade from the bolts. I was wearing my blue Irish-linen dress that day, and it was demure enough—a pleated skirt that ended quite beneath my knees, a belt at my waist, sleeves that buttoned at my wrists, a high neckline that covered my collarbone—but underneath my dress I wore absolutely nothing, no undergarments of any kind, only my stockings, given to me by Roland and taken from yet another shipment of dry goods, each one held up by two pieces of elastic that I had sewn together to make a garter. My declaration of what I considered beneath me must have enraged Roland's wife, for she grabbed my blue dress at the collar and gave it a huge tug; it rent in two from my neck to my waist. My breasts lay softly on my chest, like two small pieces of unrisen dough, unmoved by the anger of this woman; not so by the touch of her husband's mouth, for he would remove my dress, by first patiently undoing all the buttons and then pulling down the bodice, and then he would take one breast in his mouth, and it would grow to a size much bigger than his mouth could hold, and he would let it go and turn to the other one; the saliva evaporating from the skin on that breast was an altogether different sensation from the sensation of my other breast in his mouth, and I would divide myself in two, for I could not decide which sensation I wanted to take dominance over the other. For an hour he would kiss me *in this way* and then exhaust himself on top of me in five minutes. I loved him so. In the dark I couldn't see him clearly, only an outline, a solid shadow; when I saw him in the daytime he was fully dressed. His wife, as she rent my dress, a dress made of material she knew very well, for she had a dress made of the same material, told me his history: it was not a long one, it was not a sad one, no one had died in it, no land had been laid waste, no birthright had been stolen; she had a list, and it was full of names, but they were not the names of countries.

What was the color of her wedding day? When she first saw him was she overwhelmed with desire? The impulse to possess is alive in every heart, and some people choose vast plains, some people choose high mountains, some people choose wide seas, and some people choose husbands; I chose to possess myself. I resembled a tree, a tall tree with long, strong branches; I looked delicate, but any man I held in my arms knew that I was strong; my hair was long and thick and deeply waved naturally, and I wore it braided and pinned up, because when I wore it loosely around my shoulders it caused excitement in other people—some of them men, some of them women, some of them it pleased, some of them it did not. The way I walked depended on who I *thought* would see me and what effect I wanted my walk to have on them. My face was beautiful, I found it so.



"Sure, we need more research in alchemy, necromancy, and sorcery, but where is the money going to come from?"

• •

And yet I was standing before a woman who found herself unable to keep her life's booty in its protective sack, a woman whose voice no longer came from her throat but from deep within her stomach, a woman whose hatred was misplaced. I looked down at our feet, hers and mine, and I expected to see my short life flash before me; instead, I saw that her feet were without shoes. She did have a pair of shoes, though, which I had seen: they were white, they were plain, a round toe and [illegible]t laces, they took shoe polish well, she wore them only on Sundays and to church. I had many pairs of shoes, in colors meant to attract attention and dazzle the eye; they were uncomfortable, I wore them every day, I never went to church at all.

My strong arms reached around to caress Roland, who was lying on my back naked; I was naked also. I knew his wife's name, but I did not say it; he knew his wife's name, too, but he did not say it. I did not know the long list of names that were not countries that his wife had committed to memory. He himself did not know the long list of names; he had not committed this list to memory. This was not from deceit, and it was not from carelessness. He was someone so used to a large fortune that he took it for granted; he did not have a bankbook, he did not have a ledger, he had a fortune—but still he had not lost interest in acquiring more. Feeling my womb contract, I crossed the room, still naked; small drops of blood spilt from inside me, evidence of my refusal to accept his silent offering. And Roland looked at me, his face expressing confusion. Why did I not bear his children? He could feel the times that I was fertile, and yet each month blood flowed away from me, and each month I expressed confidence at its imminent arrival and departure, and always I was overjoyed at the accuracy of my prediction. When I saw him like that, on his face a look that was a mixture—confusion, dumbfoundedness, defeat—I felt much sorrow for him, for his life was reduced to a list of names that were not countries, and to the number of times he brought the monthly flow of blood to a halt; his life was reduced to women, some of them beautiful, wearing dresses made from yards of cloth he had surreptitiously removed from the bowels of the ships where he worked as a stevedore.

At that time I loved him beyond words; I loved him when he was standing in front of me and I loved him when he was out of my sight. I was still a young woman. No small impressions, the size of a child's forefinger, had yet appeared on the soft parts of my body; my legs were long and hard, as if they had been made to take me a long distance; my arms were long and strong, as if prepared for carrying heavy loads; I was not beautiful, but if I could have been in love with myself I would have been. I was in love with Roland. He was a man. But who was he really? He did not sail the seas, he did not cross the oceans, he only worked in the bottom of vessels that had done so; no mountains were named for him, no valleys, no nothing. But still he was a man, and he wanted something beyond ordinary satisfaction—beyond one wife, one love, and one room with walls made of mud and roof of cane leaves, beyond the small plot of land where the same trees bear the same fruit year following year—for it would all end only in death, for though no history yet written had embraced him, though he could not identify the small uprisings within himself, though he would deny the small uprisings within himself, a strange calm would sometimes come over him, a cold stillness, and since he could find no words for it, he was momentarily blinded with shame.

One night Roland and I were sitting on the steps of the jetty, our backs facing the small world we were from, the world of sharp, dangerous curves in the road, of steep mountains of recent volcanic formations covered in a green so humble no one had ever longed for them, of three hundred and sixty-five small streams that would never meet up to form a majestic roar, of clouds that were nothing but large vessels holding endless days of water, of people who had never been regarded as people at all; we looked into the night, its blackness did not come as a surprise, a moon full of dead white light travelled across the surface of a glittering black sky; I was wearing a dress made from another piece of cloth he had given me, another piece of cloth taken from the bowels of a ship without permission, and there was a false pocket in the skirt, a pocket that did not have a bottom, and Roland placed his hand inside the pocket, reaching all the way down to touch inside of me; I looked at his face, his mouth I could see and it stretched across his face like an island and like an island, too, it held secrets and was dangerous and could swallow things whole that were much larger than itself; I looked out toward the horizon, which I could not see but knew was there all the same, and this was also true of the end of my love for Roland. ♦

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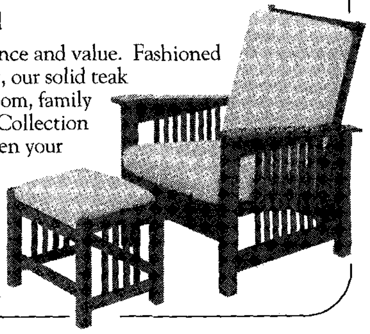


THE CRITICS

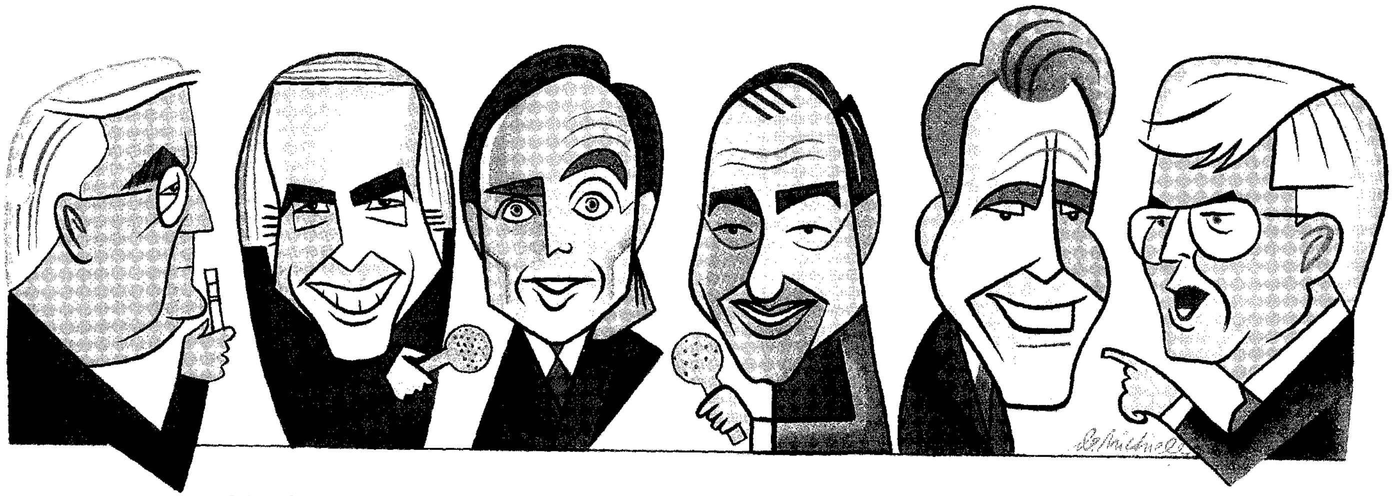
ON TELEVISION

THEY TALK BY NIGHT

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

THE last time I was in Los Angeles, I thought I saw a ghost. I was strolling along Sunset Boulevard, past the sidewalk cafés filled with beautiful phonies (so beautiful, so phony), when a blur clouded the corner of my eye. I stopped and turned, and there, emanating from the driveway of a parking lot, was Tom Snyder, TV's once future king. I had almost forgotten he languished among us. As the host of NBC's "Tomorrow" show, Snyder typified the seventies as much as bell-bottoms, wide lapels, and atomic Afros. (His interview with John Lennon is the one everyone remembers—funny, barbed, foreshadowing.) Also a powerful newscaster, Snyder was touted as the next anchor for NBC's "Nightly News," the next host of "Today," even a wild-card choice to succeed Johnny Carson. But Snyder always seemed too outsized and ungainly to suit the TV medium, a jumbo order trying to fit into an economy box. And then there was his temper: no one could ever say Tom Snyder wasn't in touch with his anger. His "good" laugh, the one imitated by Dan Aykroyd, was boisterous; his "bad" laugh was a ticking bomb. Which made Snyder a dubious pacifier for the nation in a time of crisis—a function that a network's newsman must fill. (Notice the catch in Dan Rather's voice when bad things happen to good countries.) For whatever reason, Snyder never ascended the ladder of legitimacy in the news biz. After "Tomorrow" was cancelled—near the end, someone had the bright idea of teaming him with that busybody Rona Barrett—he took a shuddering fall. He did a local show in Los Angeles and, later, a syndicated radio show, but he never swung the same size wood. I studied him a moment, there in Los Angeles. Time had taken it out of ol' Tom. His shoeblack hair was now cracked white paint. He stood with a golfer's stoop. He looked like one of those men digging a slow grave for themselves on the green.

But no television personality is ever truly laid to rest. The reclusive Jack Paar pops out of his personal time warp every now and again to wave to a puzzled studio audience. Ed Sullivan even managed to enjoy a comeback on CBS while deceased. So it didn't seem that far out when the announcement came that CNBC had plucked Tom Snyder from the phantom zone to host a nightly talk show. CNBC needs brand names, no matter how marked down. Owned by General Electric, the parent company of NBC, CNBC has an identity problem: it's two channels in one. By day, it's a financial network, featuring news, interviews, investment tips, and commentary on the debt, equity, currency, and commodities markets. Stock quotations snail across the bottom of the screen as the significance of the stream of data is analyzed ad nauseam. By night, CNBC is a slate of hot-topic chat shows aimed at



ROBERT DEMICHIELL

Mouthing off: CNBC's McLaughlin, Snyder, Cavett, Pozner, Berkowitz, and Donahue.

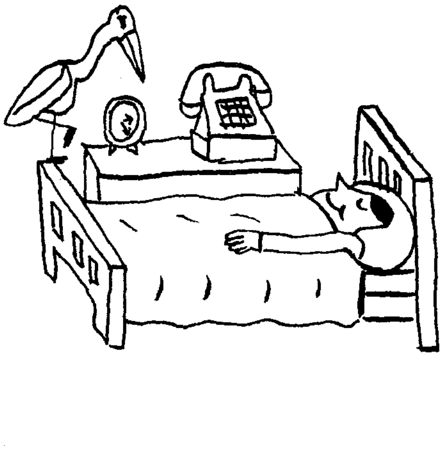
men ready to put their big feet up and give their wallets a rest. And I do mean men. Just as Lifetime cable is skewed toward female earners, CNBC courts male execs "whose first coronary is coming like Christmas," to quote Philip Larkin. The dual nature of CNBC (Wall Street by day, Heartbreak Hotel by night) has left it lopsided. The channel's stock-market niche has been established, but its talk format sounds like supplemental noise.

To promote and define its line of gab, CNBC herded its celebrity hosts into a studio at Rockefeller Center on March 8th for a special live broadcast to kick off the network's "Talk Back America" week. It made for quite a rhubarb, having so many mighty mouths under one roof. There they were, CNBC's prime-time lineup in person: Dick Cavett, John McLaughlin, Phil Donahue, Donahue's Russian sidekick, Vladimir Pozner, and, flown in from the Coast, Tom Snyder. The moderator for this mixer was the host of the CNBC series "Real Personal," Bob Berkowitz. Both prurient and nonjudgmental, "Real Personal" tours the Motel 6 of tacky sexuality: men trapped in women's bodies, women trapped in men's bodies, married men and their mistresses, dominatrixes, tattooed strippers, dildo devotees. The new kid on the block, Berkowitz is something of a plastic replica himself, having modelled his on-camera manner (his inquisitive stammer, his spatula hands) on Tom Snyder. It was odd seeing them together onstage: Snyder and Son of Snyder, laughing the same laboratory laugh. They had much to pretend-laugh about. It did not go unremarked that this was a stag affair, which led to a lot of self-conscious kidding about the panel's Caucasian persuasion and testosterone level. In honor of "Talk Back America" week, the panel fielded questions from callers and the studio audience.

All the stars performed to spec. Berkowitz cast aspersions on the size of Snyder's penis. Donahue, understudying Mario Cuomo in the role of doubt-stricken Catholic intellectual, twisted on a torture rack of his own devising whenever he thought aloud. McLaughlin, the attention of "Saturday Night Live" and Jay Leno having fattened his head, tried to part the Red Sea with every foghorn pronouncement. Cavett, his dithery self, brought the show to a dead halt when he pulled a scrap of paper from his pocket and asked if Pozner could identify the author of the following quotation: "Americans who take naturally and automatically to whatever is idiotic have nevertheless refused to embrace Communism." Pozner didn't know. Nobody knew; nobody cared. "It was H. L. Mencken, one of our own journalists, from Baltimore," Cavett explained, stuffing the paper back into his pocket. "Well, this segment is dying a fast death," Berkowitz observed.

Under the strained banter was a deeper unease, laid bare by Snyder when he mentioned having been dumped as a golfing buddy by Donald Trump once he was no longer a network star. That was the discomfort and chagrin dogging the panel—the suspicion that simply being on CNBC indicates a drop in status. "CNBC—Home of the Over-the-Hill Gang" was a mock slogan proposed for the network by one wise guy at a cocktail party preceding the telecast. And, true enough, Phil Donahue has peaked, Dick Cavett fidgets in the past, John McLaughlin has become a sonorous snore. They're all too conscious of being Professional Communicators to chafe in public about their weakening clout. All except Snyder. He isn't too proud to flare.

As witness his set-to with Tom Arnold on March 1st. When the star of "The Jackie Thomas Show" appeared on Snyder's program, bouncing in his seat as if he had a big itch, Snyder made the mistake of referring to Arnold's wife as Roseanne Barr, for which he immediately asked forgiveness. "I can forgive you, but it's not like you aren't in the media and shouldn't know better," Arnold snapped. It was an honest mistake, said Snyder. "I really feel badly that you jumped me on it." Arnold said, "I wasn't correcting you as a human being, because I feel sorry for you." Snyder chuckled at this little put-down, his eyes blackening like bullets. Near the end of the segment, Arnold asked Roseanne, who had been sitting off-camera the whole time, if she was mad. "I was a little bit bored, frankly," she cracked. "Well, I didn't do most of the talking," Snyder countered, washing his hands of both of them with a Pontius Pilate shrug. As for the Arnolds' upcoming special, "If you want to watch, fine; if not—it matters not to me."



The problem with CNBC is that such spurts of electricity are rare. With its viewer call-ins and cereal-box-head hosts, nighttime CNBC is fundamentally talk radio with familiar faces attached. For talk TV to succeed, it has to foster spontaneity and free association, no matter how foolish. Too much of the CNBC talk seems canned, studio-stale, and it needn't be. Its prime-time lineup isn't a total wash. Dick Cavett draws intelligent guests, John McLaughlin is capable of conducting a decent inquisition, and Tom Snyder supplies a tense trigger. (He's like a scary father figure.) If CNBC lost the deadwood and developed an inspired roster of riff artists (why not let Stanley Crouch or Paul Rudnick hold the microphone hostage?), talk TV might take off as a concept. One or two real finds would be better than the fake democracy of viewer phone-ins the network advertises now. "Talk Back America," my patootie. If viewers had anything to say, they'd have their own shows. ♦

GREAT MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC

[*From the Gainesville* (*Fla.*) *Sun*]

The United Methodist Church says that Ronald Mason, identifying himself as an offic[illegible] of the Ku Klux Klan, has said it would halt unauthorized use of the church's cross and flame symbol.

The church, which protested use of the symbol in some Klan promotional material, said Mason replied that the usage had been "without clearance from our imperial office," and use of the symbol had been ordered halted.

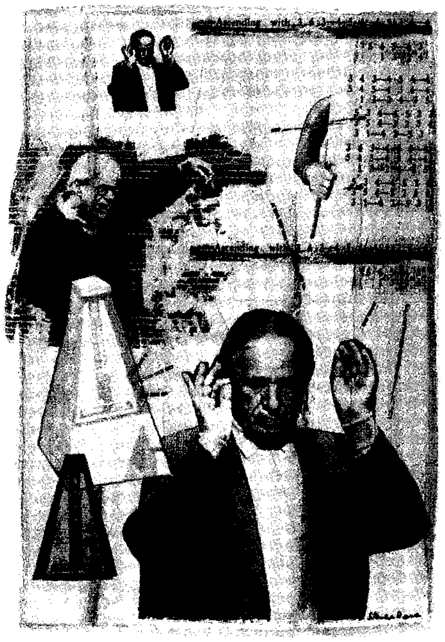
The church said Mason promised that Klan groups would be encouraged to "go back to our usual symbol of the machine gun."

MUSICAL EVENTS

BODY LANGUAGE

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

IT'S hard to say who learned more: the four young conductors who became Pierre Boulez's apprentices for a couple of days with the Cleveland Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last month or the audience at this Professional Training Workshop, since the need to explain himself obliged Mr. Boulez, one of the most undemonstrative of conductors, to show his hand—or, rather, his two hands, his two hands capable of maintaining different rhythms independently, of thinking apart. That was one problem for his would-be disciples. Mr. Boulez's advice was directed solely to matters of technique, and to the musical issues technique can address. Without his technique, the four young men stood little chance of rising to his expectations of them, however straightforwardly and encouragingly those expectations were expressed, and however much support and good will was coming for the brave volunteers from both orchestra and audience. (The only bulls at this corrida were the mutely demanding scores, by Debussy and Messiaen.) No closer approach to the Boulez ideal could have been expected from conductors early in their careers: few seasoned professionals can chop or mold time with his virtuosity.



Signature time: Pierre Boulez (front) and György Ligeti conducting master classes.

STEVEN DANA

But the concentration on the purely musical—on the printed notes, on what can be determined from the printed notes, and on how the fruits of observation can be realized with an orchestra—was at least an education in Mr. Boulez's approach. In the introductory session, of classroom study, he rapidly passed over the scenario of Debussy's ballet "Jeux" and said hardly a word about the bird songs of Messiaen's "Chronochromie," about that work's concern with the projection of color through harmony and instrumentation, or about its use of sound to, as the title suggests, give a color to time. What Mr. Boulez asked his trainees to notice was, rather, Debussy's way of transforming motifs, and his own way of transforming Messiaen's metronome marks in order to make the music playable.

In elucidating the Debussy score, he was following what he had learned fifty years before, when he was a student in Messiaen's class. Messiaen, he told us, had pointed out how threads of connection pass through the fugitive melodic ideas of "Jeux": how an important theme may become secondary or vice versa, how the same theme may recur differently harmonized, how rhythms can be expanded or contracted. "Maybe you can have an intuition of this, but I doubt it. The relationships are to be"—and here he brought a heavy downbeat emphasis on the participle—"discovered." There, in a word, was the passion of Mr. Boulez's engagement, and also the objectivity, the view of the score as something to be inspected, learned, and understood. Once discovered, the motivic relationships are, for him, to be conveyed to the orchestra wordlessly, simply by rehearsing thematically connected passages side by

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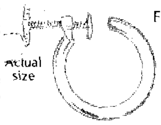

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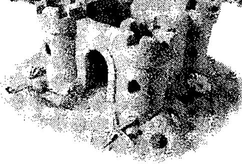

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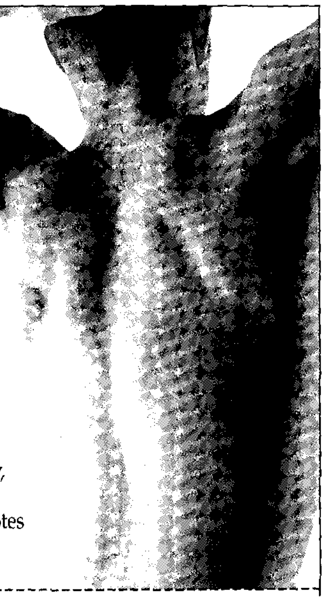

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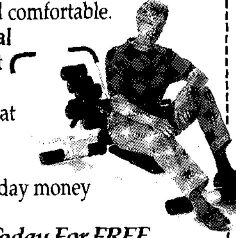

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side. Analysis is for the conductor to do in his workroom; rehearsal is about making things happen, about the activeness on which Mr. Boulez was constantly insisting, both in what he said and in his examples of productive gestures.

When, later in the exercise, the question of the baton came up, he looked physically pained at the idea of becoming, as he put it, a sort of Captain Hook of the podium, losing the fluidity and immediacy with which he can work with his hands on the orchestra. Time and again, he stressed how the conductor must play the orchestra, must use his hands with a keyboard player's feeling for qualities of attack and volume ("You do yourself what you want to hear"), but always with a sense not of controlling the players but of enabling them, of giving ("You give and you receive. You receive what they play: you listen. And you give them what they need"). To offer a cue, the right hand slices swiftly forward on the horizontal, palm down, and then, at the last moment, the digits spread, giving the signal to the musicians, not grasping it close to the body, tightfisted, as Mr. Boulez criticized one of his junior colleagues for doing. "That's not only in order to be precise. That's much more important than to be precise: that's to be"—again an intense final emphasis—"acting."

Another fault would be—and here, too, an example was provided by one of the students—to do more with the hands than is required, to "put too much lace around the gesture." Mr. Boulez's gestures, famously economical and exact, are at once controlled and loose: controlled in that the arms move in a shallow vertical space, from waist height to head height, and from a stationary torso; loose in that the hands are held well away from the body, and in that the whole arm, from shoulder to fingertips, works in a single, smooth flow. By comparison with his pupils, whose hands flailed high and elbows chugged, he often appeared to be conducting more slowly, even when his tempos were faster. But though he evidently prizes elegance as a virtue in itself, and said so, there are other reasons for it. A distinct vocabulary of movement clarifies communication with the orchestra. And the extension of the arms is the outer manifestation of an inner attitude: one of giving, of generosity to and care for the players, but also of distance from the score, of holding the music explicitly at arm's length. Don't come too close: "You have to be looking at the painting and making the painting at the same time."

Beyond that, the fluidity of the Boulez style is needed—following his idea of the conductor as super-player of the orchestra—to achieve fluidity in the music, and especially in Debussy's music, and most especially in "Jeux." He urged his students to find a "flexibility which does not destroy rhythm," and on another occasion remarked how "the arabesque in Debussy should be always precise but not rigid," those contrasted adjectives again opening a verbal window into his whole way of thinking. Everything must be thoroughly considered and rigorously executed, and yet the feel must be supple. In his talk about the Debussy piece, and in his answers to questions, another phrase kept recurring: "But not too much, but not too much."

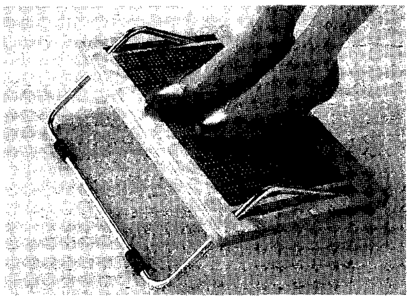
Apropos of Messiaen, we heard those words much less. The hurdles for the young conductors in "Chronochromie" were, rather, those of acquiring coördination and keeping it all the way through irregular rhythms that would pass at high speed and be suddenly supplanted. Mr. Boulez's cavalier reinterpretation of the metronome speeds was a help, relaxing the extreme prestissimos and adjusting neighboring tempos to simpler proportions—though one was left wanting more justification than the glib assertions that, first, Messiaen never objected, and, second, composers' metronome marks are always wrong (except in the case of Stravinsky's "Les Noces").

But, even with the path thus smoothed, pitfalls abounded when we came to the practical session on this piece. At an awkward point in the first movement, where an imitation of the narcissus flycatcher requires a quick rebound—from high woodwinds and xylophones to low brass, bassoons, and percussion, then back again—Mr. Boulez asked his student to find the substance of the motif not in imagining the bird but in himself: "You must live the rhythm in your body." This incorporation of the music—he shook as he spoke—is probably necessary to the active conducting he demands. Then, there was a passage in the Coda where one of the young conductors kept experiencing difficulties with the simultaneous combination of values: thirty-second notes in the woodwinds, triplet thirty-second notes in xylophones, longer durations in bells, gongs, and cymbal, and an entry for the brass. "You forgot your trombones!" The apprentice nodded; it was getting to be too much. Quietly, ruefully, Mr. Boulez brought the trial to an end: "You must try to think of everything."

The trouble is that these matters—living in avian rhythms, thinking of everything, and then acting everything for the orchestra—depend on qualities of mind and physique that are particular to Mr. Boulez and not easily communicated. "Chronochromie" dates from a period in Messiaen's life, that of the late fifties and early sixties, when he was listening not only to birds in the woods and fields but also to Mr. Boulez's performances in Paris. Since the sea change in the senior composer's orchestral style occurred between "Réveil des Oiseaux" (1953) and "Oiseaux Exotiques" (1955-56)—across the time of his pupil's début as a concert conductor—it's tempting to conclude that there was some link, that now he knew it would be possible to compose differently, since he had seen and heard the necessary performing technique in action.

Anyone else who faces an orchestra with "Chronochromie" on the music stand therefore has to become Mr. Boulez a little, and it was no surprise that each of the workshop conductors in turn should have found the accommodation tricky when the model was standing behind his left shoulder. If, nevertheless, the four remained good-humored, that was due not only to Mr. Boulez's determination on their behalf but also to the interest, care, and honesty of the Cleveland players. The orchestra's musical readiness in the two workshop scores must have been helped by the experience of performing both pieces in Cleveland the previous week under Mr. Boulez's direction, in concert and for Deutsche Grammophon. But its responsiveness was just as remarkable: each conductor could see his different exaggerations and faults, and occasionally his different successes, in a perfect mirror.

The permanent mementos of Mr. Boulez's recent time in Cleveland should



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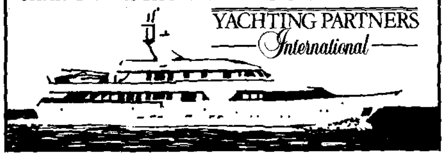

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be interesting. Meanwhile, the Debussy recordings he made there two years ago—of the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Images," and "Printemps"—have been released (on DG 435 766-2), and show the grand sweep and the luxury texture of his current preferences. The contrast with his Debussy of a quarter century ago, when he recorded the "Images" with the same orchestra, is startling: speeds are much the same, which is to say generally brisk, but the sound is fuller and the continuity more traditional; there's not the quasi-Japanese feeling for fierce tension in a formal gesture, for fire in ice, or the willingness to sound out the weirdness in Debussy. Where Mr. Boulez's sixties view was that of a fellow-composer, his new recordings are those of a master conductor, and they provide a more sumptuous sort of pleasure. One also gets a vivid impression, in sound alone, of those separately mobile hands as they trigger an entry or wave in the air an arabesque that's precise but not rigid.

While Mr. Boulez was polishing conductors at Carnegie Hall, György Ligeti was coming to the end of a longer residence at the New England Conservatory, where he'd been working for nine days with students and faculty members on what must have been one of the most thorough surveys of his music undertaken anywhere. The range was from relatively familiar classics (the compact, comic-strip operas "Aventures" and "Nouvelles Aventures") to rarer items like the "Poème Symphonique," for a hundred metronomes (done, because clockwork metronomes are hard to find even in a music school these days, in a "chamber version" for twenty-four machines, ticking into silence at different rates); from pieces written in Budapest in the forties to music of the present decade, including at least two brand-new chords created on the spot to bring "Mysteries of the Macabre"—a concert portrait of the crazed coloratura-soprano police chief from Mr. Ligeti's full-scale opera "Le Grand Macabre"—to a typically exact and funny close, with a squeaked B-majorish cadence. I was able to hear a vivid rehearsal of this last piece, with the astonishing Lisa Saffer and a crack student ensemble conducted by John Heiss.

Such a retrospective was bound to excite admiration for the variety of fifty years of music; the greater revelation was the consistency, since we're used to imagining this composer as having undergone a metamorphosis when he escaped to the West, in 1956. Maybe that kind of self-congratulatory Cold War thinking is no longer tenable, or maybe closer acquaintance and further distance together are revealing how the pre-1956 music already displays his taste for comedy joined to adventure, and how the later work still responds to the example of folk music.

The first day's concerts in Boston made the point. A student woodwind quintet gave a wonderfully smart, witty performance of the Six Bagatelles (1953), and Colin Carr, with his rich tone and urgency, showed the Sonata for solo cello (1948-53) to be just as madly frenetic as "Loop," for solo viola (1991), which Marcus Thompson played alertly but with an easy feel. (The marking is "molto vivace, rythmico—with swing.") "Loop," the detachable first movement of a promised sonata, ties itself up in elegant, puzzling knots with the help of a couple of thematic ideas in characteristically lopsided harmony, but at the same time, like the piano Études we heard, it reveals Mr. Ligeti's continuing entanglement with ethnic music. This is only partly a matter of, for instance, his admiration for Caribbean cross-rhythms. There's also a natural growth to each of his constructions, and a sense that each piece is exemplary, the representative of a musical dialect. The whole program—an unusual gathering of instrumental pieces that also included the harpsichord solo "Continuum" and the symphonic poem for metronomes—gave the impression of an evening with the folk music of Ligetiland.

The composer was evidently buoyed by the enthusiasm of performers and audiences at these concerts, following the success of his recent stay in California, where he'd composed the finale for the set of Études. His original idea, he said, had been for an upbeat conclusion, the music of Caliban's isle "full of noises," to contrast with the downward-treading, depressive "Automne à Varsovie," which ends the first half of the set. However, the February weather on the West Coast had brought other tempests and, with them, other music. ♦

THE THEATRE

THE FOREST AND THE TREES

BY JOHN LAHR

JOY is in short supply on Broadway these days. If you luck into any, you should seize and cherish it. Joy comes with the first beats of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company's "The Song of Jacob Zulu," at the Plymouth, when the rusting corrugated backdrop, which simulates a township fence, rises up and Ladysmith Black Mambazo, a nine-man a-cappella group that serves here as a chorus, march into view, in their white tunics, and then down the raked stage toward us. "*Lalelani, lalelani,*" they chant, in the mournful, sonorous harmonies that have made them world famous as the backup group for Paul Simon's "Graceland" album. The words of the song, and of the English ones that follow, are projected on a screen above the proscenium, so the audience can follow their South African English patois, but it hardly matters. The heart knows what they're saying, and it inexplicably lifts at their sound. We are in the presence of something pure and wholly original. Ladysmith Black Mambazo step in place, idling as their song continues:

Voices of freedom: Joseph Shabalala and members of Ladysmith Black Mambazo in "The Song of Jacob Zulu."

The fire is burning.
It lights up the sky. . . .
It is taking the children
It is eating the future.

The Zulu word for music—*sicathamiya*—comes from dancing and means "tiptoe." To Western eyes, the group's step is something between a hitch kick and a karate kick; but the movement, so beautiful to see, is neither frivolous nor aggressive. It bears the stamp of all Zulu gesture—economical, elegant, and starkly dramatic. Freedom needs a song, and Ladysmith Black Mambazo give voice and body to both the struggle and the longing. Broadway rarely sings about freedom, and when it does the songs are usually connected to Broadway's favorite themes of individualism and abundance, which turn a blind eye to issues of justice. But Ladysmith Black Mambazo live the passion of the oppressed with their audience. Sometimes ecstatic, sometimes reflective, their energy is palpable, unimpeachable, and direct. It glows especially through the smoky, lilting coloratura of their lead singer, Joseph Shabalala, whose brother, also a member of the group, was murdered, outside Durban, in 1991. The words of the opening song that Shabalala and the group intone, celebrating the awesome hope and the awful loss in the black South African struggle for justice, are like a punch to the heart:

This is a song of those for whom the
 good news,
The good news, the good news, the
 good news,
Of the end of apartheid (if it really is
 the end)—
Amen—
Comes too late.
Hallelujah!

The moment is gorgeous. There is no irony in these simple, subtle words—just a fierce desire to embrace in song the paradox of a community on the verge of its precarious new beginning.

The real news in "The Song of Jacob Zulu" is the grammar of Zulu expressiveness in Ladysmith Black Mambazo's performance, and not the story of Jacob, a righteous Christian teen-ager who gives up the hope of immortality of the soul in the next world for revolutionary

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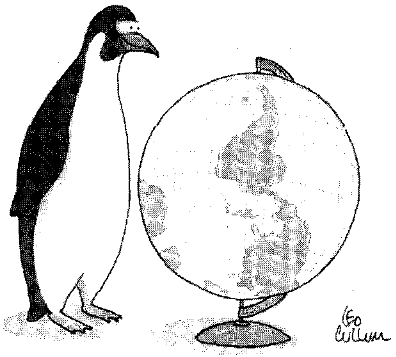

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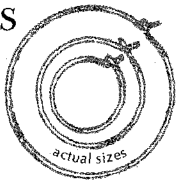

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immortality in this one. Jacob learns terrorism and avenges the death-dealing white world by planting a bomb in a shopping center, which kills four innocent people. The play does succeed in steering a tricky narrative course between the revolutionary's choice of violence and regret about using it. (Although the show is based on an actual event, the story is archetypal. We know it.) But what the playwright (Tug Yourgrau) and the director (Eric Simonson) don't seem to know is that it's not as important to do political theatre as it is to do theatre politically. The first song broadcasts the outcome of Jacob Zulu's fate, and so the audience spends the rest of the two and a half hours undramatically biding its time while the show factors out the psychological and political detail of the case in cinematic scenes whose psychology trivializes the spiritual, mythic resonance of Ladysmith Black Mambazo's songs. In his obsession with his research, Mr. Yourgrau, who is American-educated, and who is a documentary filmmaker, has pushed Ladysmith Black Mambazo to the side of his story—literally and figuratively—when they should be telling it in their own poetic, mysterious, and expressive Zulu style. In fact, the evening would be more aptly titled "The Background Music of Jacob Zulu." Despite an understated and compelling performance by K. Todd Freeman as Jacob, the scenes really acquire oxygen and size only when Ladysmith Black Mambazo are in them. The joy and pain are in Ladysmith Black Mambazo's sound, not in the earnest street-theatre dumb show, and the power of their spiritual music lingers long after the memory of the agitprop scenes that vamp over it has faded.

Four flights up the backstage stairs of the Plymouth Theatre, in an airless gray room with only one vase of opening-night flowers—a gift from Paul Simon—on display, I found Joseph Shabalala sitting on a divan in a turquoise shirt and a black-and-white Japanese baseball cap. He was a long way from his home, which is two hundred miles outside Durban, but was glad to be on Broadway. "To sing for the people is *wonderful,*" he said, gently rolling the "r"s on his tongue. "If you have something, you feel like 'I must tell people.' When I was listening to this sound at night, this sound healed me. Otherwise, I was like Jacob. I was angry, taking stones and telling the people we are not going to work until the people give us more money. The sound came to me and make me happy. I'm angry, but I'm happy. All people—all politician people—respect us. They say, 'You guys, you brought honor to us.' Glory. Confidence. Respect. Our people, they don't like themselves very much. Now white people start to ask, 'What is that? Where does that come from?' And we tell them: 'That is us. That is for us. We black people.' " He paused, and fixed me with his gaze, his eyes wide with a ferocious sense of the marvellous, which is what makes Shabalala's presence and his music so moving. "I don't say I'm going to sing, I say I'm going to talk to the people. I'm going to tell them something. In our culture, we believe that music is something to make people know each other. Once you have a chance to stand and dance, the people are going to know who you are, where you're from, who's your father, who's your mother. You're not just dancing for yourself. When I sing, I know that I'm standing for my people, for my family. Now I must try to do a good thing, so my people will be known."

Shabalala's fame is now international, but his mission has remained the same since he first started to differentiate the sounds of Zulu life, in 1958. "I grew up on a farm," he said. "There are goats. Their sound is different from sheep. There are cows. Their sound is different from the donkey. That's the music. The frogs—the way they sound. That's the music. The waterfall. The way it sound. That's the music. You keep everything and draw on it. I remember when I was bringing this group together, and the sound from home came back to me." Shabalala made a rounded, grinding "grrrr," which on his tongue sounded like the heavy purring of a cat. "I say to myself, 'What is that?' " he explained. "When we bring in the oxen to kill it—big ox with his big horns—you can't tie that oxen up except to touch his forehead. So you say 'grrrr, grrrr' as you touch the ox. Now that sound came to me and I thought sometime I must use that sound. We use it in the show. It's just like ululation. You put it in anytime. We sing '*shee-ta-sssh-da-sssh*.' My father was doing that sound teaching me how to dance. That sound was way back in 1949."

Shabalala is now a professor at the University of Natal and goes to Zulu villages to improve the people's singing. "Zulu people love to sing. Music is the life of the people. We use for *everything*," he said. He made a spooky tremolo with his voice, and looked up. "Nobody composed it. It just came spiritually, because Zulus are spiritual. That's their way, their life. When you sing, you must *feel* the music and dedicate yourself to your dancing and singing. The music just takes over. The music makes you like you can fly." He was struggling with English words, glancing into a little marbled notebook in which he'd written English expressions to explain himself. "Western music sounds very good. But it's different from our music. How can I say? It's following the note, not following the heart." He shut his eyes to call up another thought in English. "Song is like a prayer. It's for praising and prayer. When you catch the right note, you feel it. The blood accepts it. Says, 'Yes, this is the right place.' "

"REDWOOD CURTAIN," at the Brooks Atkinson, is the wrong place to be unless you are interested in seeing Marshall W. Mason, after his direction this year of "The Destiny of Me" and "The Seagull," complete a hat trick of execrable productions. It gives me no pleasure to report this, since I admire the play's author, Lanford Wilson, with whom Mason has had such a long and fruitful collaboration. In this show, too, the coup de théâtre occurs at curtain rise, when the audience is face to face with a stage full of John Lee Beatty's enormous redwoods, which reach up to the flies and are made even more dramatic by a dense fog settled around them. (It vanishes all too quickly.) Jeff Daniels, a good actor cast here as a kind of Billy Goat Gruff called Lyman, charges through the trees led by a real dog, who hits his mark, says his bark, and has the good sense to hightail it out of the proceedings. Lyman is a traumatized Vietnam vet who hides his wound and himself away from the world in the impenetrable calm of the forest. He is somehow tracked by a pint-size Vietnamese orphan called Geri (Sung Yun Cho), who in the way of things in this play turns out to be a musical prodigy, adopted by a wealthy family that happens to own this particular piece of the planet, soon to be torn down because corporate raiders have got hold of the family business.

Not only that but Geri has magical powers. We know this because every time she announces her extrasensory gift there's a little offstage *ping*. Geri needs all the help she can get to survive this play and to explain how, in the middle of nowhere, her search for her biological father leads her smack to the name on the adoption papers: it's none other than Lyman's. Geri, a rebellious youth, doesn't want her bright future, and Lyman, a rebellious outcast, hasn't got one. In the fullness of what feels like an eternity, we find out that Geri's dead adoptive father was in fact her real one, having sired her in 'Nam and dreamed up the adoption-papers wheeze to get her to America and hide her paternity from his Stateside wife. If this sounds unbelievable, uninspired, and unbearable—well, it is. Into his hobo stew of themes Wilson stirs Vietnam, ecology, homelessness, a smidgen of history, the souring of the American dream, the crisis of American identity, and spices it with some good jokes that pander to the audience but don't reveal character. With so many people in the audience nodding off, you could mistake the Brooks Atkinson for an opium den instead of a playhouse. Occasionally, around me, a head was roused from its stupor, rolling to attention like a trout to a dry fly, to laugh at a one-liner—delivered, usually, by Debra Monk, who is winning as Geri's affectionate, rebarbative Aunt Geneva. "The real-estate Dough Boy was literally salivating," she explains to Geri about her plan to sell the family's expensive but uncharacteristically ugly Northern California house. "He said, 'We'll just keep this listing between ourselves.' I said, 'No way! I want the whole state of California to know I'm out of here. Put up a sign with the finger on it.' " I laughed, too. At least somebody in this show had a plot. ♦

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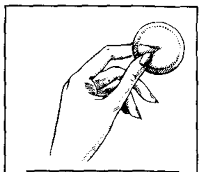
A calcium-rich diet and exercise play an important part in preventing osteoporosis. Estraderm can help, too. Estraderm is a clear patch that delivers estradiol through your skin into the bloodstream, similar to the way your ovaries did before menopause. Sometimes the patch can cause skin irritation, although this happens less often when it's worn on the buttocks.

BENEFITS VS RISKS OF ESTRADERM

It's important to balance risks against proven benefits. Estraderm has been used safely by millions of women to relieve hot flashes, night sweats, and other menopausal symptoms. And a study at the Mayo Clinic has confirmed that Estraderm can halt bone loss and prevent postmenopausal osteoporosis. Of course, this doesn't mean that Estraderm is for every woman. For example, pregnant women should avoid estrogen therapy. Also, estrogen therapy has been associated with an increased risk of uterine cancer. Women should tell their doctor if they have ever had cancer of the breast or uterus, unusual vaginal bleeding, abnormal blood clotting or any cardiovascular disease.



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IMPORTANT ISSUES TO DISCUSS WITH YOUR DOCTOR:

Q. *Am I at risk for postmenopausal osteoporosis?*

– All women will lose some bone during menopause. But some will lose more than others. You should discuss osteoporosis and the benefits and risks of estrogen therapy with your doctor as part of your regular checkup.

Q. *What can I expect from Estraderm as part of an osteoporosis-prevention program?*

– This depends on when you start therapy, the condition of your bones when you start, and how long you continue. You should remember that a calcium-rich diet and exercise are also an important part of an osteoporosis-prevention program.

A FREE MENOPAUSE INFORMATION PACK

A complete menopause information pack (with facts about postmenopausal osteoporosis) and a sample nonmedicated patch to try are yours for the asking. Just call 1-800-521-CIBA, or send this coupon.

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ESTRADERM® ESTRADIOL TRANSDERMAL SYSTEM
AVAILABLE IN 0.05 MG AND 0.1 MG STRENGTHS.

See next page for additional important information.

Estraderm

ESTRADIOL TRANSDERMAL SYSTEM

NOW THE CHANGE OF LIFE DOESN'T HAVE TO CHANGE YOURS.

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CIBA

Important Information on Estraderm Continued from Previous Page

Estraderm®
estradiol transdermal system
Continuous delivery for twice-weekly application

BRIEF SUMMARY (FOR FULL PRESCRIBING INFORMATION, SEE PACKAGE INSERT).

ESTROGENS HAVE BEEN REPORTED TO INCREASE THE RISK OF ENDOMETRIAL CARCINOMA.

Three independent case control studies have reported an increased risk of *endometrial cancer in postmenopausal women exposed to exogenous estro*gens for more than 1 year. This risk was independent of the other known risk *factors for endometrial cancer. These studies are further supported by the* finding that incidence rates of endometrial cancer have increased sharply since 1969 in eight different areas of the United States with population-based cancer-reporting systems, an increase which may be related to the rapidly expanding use of estrogens during the last decade.

The three case control studies reported that the risk of endometrial cancer in estrogen users was about 4.5-13.9 times greater than in nonusers. The risk appears to depend both on duration of treatment and on estrogen dose. In view of these findings, when estrogens are used for the treatment of menopausal symptoms, the lowest dose that will control symptoms should be utilized and medication should be discontinued as soon as possible. When prolonged treatment is medically indicated, the patient should be reassessed on at least a semiannual basis to determine the need for continued therapy. Although the *evidence must be considered preliminary, one study suggests that cyclic* administration of low doses of estrogen may carry less risk than continuous *administration; it therefore appears prudent to utilize such a regimen.*

Close clinical surveillance of all women taking estrogens is important. In all cases of undiagnosed persistent or *recurring abnormal vaginal bleeding*, adequate diagnostic measures should be undertaken to rule out malignancy.

There is no evidence at present that "natural" estrogens are more or less hazardous than "synthetic" estrogens at equiestrogenic doses.

ESTROGENS SHOULD NOT BE USED DURING PREGNANCY.

The use of female sex hormones, both estrogens and progestogens, during early pregnancy may seriously damage the offspring. It has been shown that women who had been exposed *in utero* to diethylstilbestrol, a nonsteroidal estrogen, have an increased risk of developing in later life a form of vaginal or cervical cancer that is ordinarily extremely rare. This risk has been estimated as not greater than 4 per 1000 exposures. Furthermore, a high percentage of such exposed women (30-90%) have been found to have vaginal adenosis, epithelial changes of the vagina and cervix. Although these changes are histologically benign, it is not known whether they are precursors of malignancy. Although similar data on the use of other estrogens are not available, it cannot be presumed they would not induce similar changes.

Several reports suggest an association between intrauterine exposure to female sex hormones and congenital anomalies, including congenital heart *defects and limb-reduction* defects. One case control study estimated a 4.7-fold increased risk of limb-reduction defects in infants who had been exposed *in utero* to sex hormones (*oral contraceptives*, hormone withdrawal tests for pregnancy, or attempted treatment for threatened abortion). Some of these exposures were *very short and involved only a few days of treatment*. The data suggest that the risk of limb-reduction defects in exposed fetuses is somewhat less than 1 per 1000.

In the past, female sex hormones have been used during pregnancy in an attempt to treat threatened or habitual abortion. There is considerable evidence that estrogens are ineffective for these indications, and there is no evidence from well-controlled studies that progestogens are effective for these uses.

If Estraderm is used during pregnancy, or if the patient becomes pregnant while taking this drug, she should be apprised of the potential risks to the fetus and of the advisability of continuation of the pregnancy.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE

Estraderm is indicated for the treatment of the following: moderate-to-severe vasomotor symptoms associated with menopause; female hypogonadism; female castration; primary ovarian failure; and atrophic conditions caused by deficient endogenous estrogen production, such as atrophic vaginitis and kraurosis vulvae; and prevention of osteoporosis (loss of bone mass).

Estrogen replacement therapy is the most effective single modality for the prevention of postmenopausal osteoporosis in women. Case-controlled studies have shown a reduction of approximately 60% in the incidence of hip and wrist fractures in women who began estrogen replacement therapy within a few years of menopause. A recent, well-controlled, double-blind, prospective trial conducted at the Mayo Clinic has demonstrated that treatment with Estraderm prevents bone loss in postmenopausal women at a dosage of 0.05 mg per day.

Treatment with Estraderm 0.05 mg showed full maintenance of bone density with slight (0.8%), but not significant, increase. Placebo treatment resulted in a significant loss of *more than 6% below baseline vertebral bone mass*. Patients using either Estraderm 0.1 mg, or 0.05 mg, had significantly greater bone densities than those using placebo.

Other studies suggest that estrogen replacement therapy reduces the rate of vertebral fractures.

Peak bone mass is reached at age 30 to 35 and can best be maximized by adequate calcium intake and exercise during the adolescent and early adult years. *Early menopause* is one of the best predictors for the development of osteoporosis. White women are at higher risk for osteoporosis than white men, black women are at higher risk than black men, and thin women are at higher risk than obese women. Cigarette smoking may be an additional risk factor. Calcium deficiency has been implicated in the pathogenesis of this disease. Therefore, when not contraindicated, a calcium intake of 1000-1500 mg/day either by diet or supplements is recommended for post*menopausal women.*

Immobilization and prolonged bedrest produce rapid bone loss, while weight-bear*ing exercise has been shown to both reduce bone loss* and to increase bone mass. The optimal type and amount of physical activity that might lower the risk of osteoporosis have not been established.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

Estrogens should not be used in women or men with any of the following conditions:

1. known or suspected cancer of the breast;
2. known or suspected estrogen-dependent neoplasia;
3. *known or suspected pregnancy* (see Boxed Warning);
4. undiagnosed abnormal genital bleeding;
5. active *thrombophlebitis or thromboembolic* disorders;
6. history of thrombophlebitis, thrombosis, or thromboembolic disorders associated with *previous estrogen use*.

WARNINGS

1. *Induction of Malignant Neoplasms.* Long-term continuous administration of natural and synthetic estrogens in certain animal species increases the frequency of carcinomas of the breast, cervix, vagina, and liver. There are now reports that estrogens increase the risk of carcinoma of the endometrium in humans. (See Boxed Warning.)

At the present time, there is no satisfactory evidence that estrogens given to postmenopausal women increase the risk of breast cancer, although a recent long-term follow-up study has raised this possibility. Because of the animal data, there is a need for caution in prescribing estrogens for women with a strong family history of *breast cancer or who have breast nodules*, fibrocystic disease, or abnormal mammograms.

2. *Gallbladder Disease. A recent study has reported a two- to threefold increase* in the risk of surgically confirmed gallbladder disease in postmenopausal women receiving oral estrogens, *similar to the twofold increase previously noted in users of oral* contraceptives.

3. *Effects Similar to Those Caused by Estrogen-Progestogen Oral Contraceptives.* There are several serious adverse effects of oral contraceptives and other high-dose oral estrogen treatments, most of which have not, up to now, been documented as consequences of postmenopausal estrogen replacement therapy. This may reflect the comparatively low doses of estrogen used in postmenopausal women.

a. *Thromboembolic Disease.* It is now well established that users of oral contraceptives have an increased risk of various thromboembolic and thrombotic vascular diseases, such as thrombophlebitis, pulmonary embolism, stroke, and myocardial infarction. Cases of retinal thrombosis, mesenteric thrombosis, and optic neuritis *have been reported in oral contraceptive* users. There is evidence that the risk of several of these adverse reactions is related to the dose of the drug. An increased risk of *postsurgery thromboembolic complications* has also been reported in users of oral contraceptives. If feasible, estrogen should be discontinued at least 4 weeks before surgery of the type associated *with an increased risk of thromboembolism, or during* periods of prolonged immobilization.

While an increased rate of thromboembolic and thrombotic disease in postmenopausal users of estrogens has not been found, this does not rule out the possibility that such an increase may be present or that subgroups of women who have underlying risk factors or who are receiving relatively large doses of estrogens may have increased risk. Therefore, estrogens should not be used in persons with active thrombophlebitis or thromboembolic disorders, and they should not be used in persons with a history of such disorders in association with estrogen use. They *should be used with caution* in patients with cerebral vascular or coronary artery disease and only for those in whom estrogens are clearly needed.

Large doses of estrogen (5 mg conjugated estrogens per day), comparable to those used to treat cancer of the prostate and breast, have been shown in a large prospective *clinical trial in men to increase the risk of nonfatal myocardial infarction, pulmonary* embolism, and thrombophlebitis. When estrogen doses of this size are used, any of the thromboembolic and thrombotic *adverse effects associated with oral contracep*tive use should be considered a clear risk.

b. *Hepatic Adenoma.* Benign hepatic adenomas have been associated with the use of oral contraceptives. Although benign and rare, these tumors may rupture and cause death from intra-abdominal hemorrhage. Such lesions have not yet been reported in association with other estrogen or progestogen preparations, but they should be considered if abdominal pain and tenderness, abdominal mass, or hypovolemic shock occurs in patients receiving estrogen. Hepatocellular carcinoma has also been reported in women taking estrogen-containing oral contraceptives. The causal relation*ship of this malignancy* to these drugs is not known.

c. *Elevated Blood Pressure.* Women using oral contraceptives sometimes experience *increased blood pressure which, in most cases, returns to normal* upon discontinuing the drug. There is now a report that this may occur with use of oral estrogens in the *menopause and blood pressure should be monitored with estrogen use, especially if* high doses are used. Ethinyl estradiol and conjugated estrogens have been shown to increase renin substrate. *In contrast to these oral estrogens, transdermally adminis*tered estradiol does not affect renin substrate.

d. *Glucose Tolerance.* A worsening of glucose tolerance has been observed in a significant percentage of patients on estrogen-containing oral contraceptives. For this reason, diabetic patients should be carefully observed while receiving estrogen.

4. *Hypercalcemia.* Administration of high doses of estrogens may lead to severe hypercalcemia in patients with breast cancer and bone metastases. If hypercalcemia occurs, use of the drug should be stopped and appropriate measures should be taken to reduce the serum calcium level.

PRECAUTIONS

General

1. A complete medical and family history should be taken before initiation of any estrogen therapy. The pretreatment and periodic physical examinations should include special reference to blood pressure, breasts, abdomen, and pelvic organs, as well as a cervical Papanicolaou test. As a general rule, estrogen should not be prescribed for longer than 1 year without another physical examination being performed.
2. Because estrogens may cause some degree of fluid retention, careful observation *is required* when conditions that might be influenced by this factor are present (e.g., asthma, epilepsy, migraine, and cardiac or renal dysfunction).
3. *Certain patients may* develop undesirable manifestations of excessive estrogenic stimulation, such as uterine bleeding, mastodynia, etc.
4. *Prolonged administration of unopposed* estrogen therapy has been reported to increase the risk of endometrial hyperplasia in some patients. Estrogens should be used with *caution in patients who have or have had endometriosis.*
5. Studies of the addition of a progestin for 7 or more days of a cycle of estrogen administration have reported a *lowered incidence of endometrial hyperplasia. Mor*phological and biochemical studies of endometrium suggest that 12 to 13 days of progestin are needed to provide maximal *maturation of the endometrium and to* eliminate any hyperplastic changes. Whether this will provide protection from endometrial carcinoma has not been clearly established. There are possible additional risks that may be associated with the inclusion of progestin in estrogen replacement regimens. The potential risks include adverse effects on carbohydrate and lipid metabolism. The choice of progestin and dosage may be important in minimizing these adverse effects.
6. *Oral contraceptives* appear to be associated with an increased incidence of mental depression. Although it is not clear whether this is due to the estrogenic or progesto*genic component of the contraceptive*, patients with a history of depression should be carefully observed.
7. *Preexisting uterine leiomyomata may increase in size during prolonged estrogen* use. If this occurs, estrogen therapy should be discontinued while the cause is investigated.
8. In patients with a history of jaundice during pregnancy, there is an increased risk that jaundice will recur with the use of *estrogen-containing oral contraceptives. If* jaundice develops in any patient receiving estrogen, the medication should be discontinued while the cause is investigated.
9. Estrogens may be poorly metabolized in patients with impaired liver function and should be administered with caution in such patients.
10. Because the prolonged use of estrogens influences the metabolism of calcium and phosphorus, estrogens should be used with caution in patients with metabolic bone diseases associated with hypercalcemia and in patients with renal insufficiency.

Information for Patients

See Patient Package Insert printed below.

Drug/Laboratory Test Interactions

The results of certain endocrine and *liver function tests may be affected by estrogen*-containing oral contraceptives. The following changes have been observed with large doses of oral estrogen:

1. increased sulfobromophthalein retention;
2. increased prothrombin time; increased factors VII, VIII, IX, and X; decreased antithrombin 3; increased norepinephrine-induced platelet aggregability;
3. increased thyroxine-binding globulin (TBG), leading to increased circulating total thyroid hormone (T_4) as measured by column or radioimmunoassay; free T_3 resin uptake is decreased, reflecting the elevated TBG; free T_4 concentration is unaltered; TBG was not affected in clinical trials of Estraderm;
4. reduced response to the metyrapone test;
5. reduced serum folate concentration;
6. increased serum triglyceride and phospholipid concentration, and decreased *pregnanediol excretion.*

The pathologist should be informed that the patient is receiving estrogen therapy when relevant specimens are submitted.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

See WARNINGS and Boxed Warning.

Long-term continuous administration of natural and synthetic estrogens in certain animal species increases the frequency of carcinomas of the breast, cervix, vagina, and liver.

Pregnancy Category X

See CONTRAINDICATIONS and Boxed Warning.

Estrogens should not be used during pregnancy.

Nursing Mothers

As a general principle, the administration of any drug to nursing mothers should be *done only when clearly necessary since many drugs are excreted* in human milk.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

See WARNINGS and Boxed Warning regarding potential adverse effects on the fetus, induction of malignant neoplasms, increased incidence of gallbladder disease, and adverse effects similar to those of oral contraceptives, including thromboembolism.

The most commonly reported adverse reaction to Estraderm in clinical trials was redness and irritation at the application site. This occurred in about 17% of the women treated and caused approximately 2% to discontinue therapy. Reports of rash have *been rare.*

The following additional adverse reactions have been reported with estrogenic *therapy, including oral contraceptives:*

Genitourinary System: Breakthrough bleeding, spotting, change in menstrual flow; *increase in size of uterine fibromyomata; change in cervical erosion and amount of* cervical secretion.

Endocrine: Breast tenderness, breast enlargement.

Gastrointestinal: Nausea, vomiting; abdominal cramps, bloating; cholestatic jaundice have been observed with oral estrogen therapy.

Eyes: Steepening of corneal curvature; intolerance to contact lenses.

Central Nervous System: Headache, migraine, dizziness.

Miscellaneous: Change in weight, edema, change in libido.

DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION

The adhesive side of the Estraderm system should be placed on a clean, dry area of the *skin on the trunk of the body, (including the buttocks and abdomen). Estraderm should not be applied to the breasts.* The sites of application must be rotated, with an interval of at least 1 week *allowed between applications to a particular site.* The area selected should not be oily, damaged, or irritated. The waistline should be avoided, since tight clothing may rub the system off. The system *should be applied immediately* after opening the pouch and removing the protective liner. The system should be pressed firmly in place with the palm of the hand for about 10 seconds, making sure there is good contact, especially around the edges. In the unlikely event that a system should fall off, the same system may be reapplied. If necessary, a new system may be applied. In either case, the original treatment schedule should be continued.

Initiation of Therapy

Treatment of menopausal symptoms is usualy initiated with Estraderm 0.05 mg applied to the skin twice weekly. The dosage should be adjusted as necessary to control symptoms. The lowest dosage necessary for the control of symptoms should be used, especially in women with an intact uterus. Attempts to taper or discontinue the medication should be made at 3- to 6-month intervals.

Prophylactic therapy with Estraderm to prevent postmenopausal bone loss should be initiated with the 0.05 mg/day dosage as soon as possible after menopause. The dosage may be adjusted if necessary to control concurrent menopausal symptoms. Discontinuation of estrogen replacement therapy may reestablish the natural rate of bone loss.

In women not currently taking oral estrogens, treatment with Estraderm may be *initiated at once.* In women who are currently taking oral estrogen, treatment with Estraderm should be initiated 1 week after withdrawal of oral hormone replacement *therapy, or sooner if menopausal* symptoms reappear in less than 1 week.

Therapeutic Regimen

Estraderm therapy may be given continuously in patients who do not have an intact uterus. In those patients with an intact uterus, Estraderm may be given on a cyclic schedule (e.g., 3 weeks on drug followed by 1 week off drug).

HOW SUPPLIED

Estraderm 0.05 (estradiol transdermal system)—*each 10 cm^2 system contains 4 mg* of estradiol USP for nominal* delivery of 0.05 mg of estradiol per day

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Carton of 6 Patient Calendar Packs of 8 Systems	NDC 0083-2310-62
Carton of 1 Patient Calendar Pack of 24 Systems	NDC 0083-2310-24

Estraderm 0.1 (estradiol transdermal system)—each 20 cm^2 system contains 8 mg of estradiol USP for nominal* delivery of 0.1 mg of estradiol per day

Patient Calendar Pack of 8 Systems	NDC 0083-2320-08
Carton of 6 Patient Calendar Packs of 8 Systems	NDC 0083-2320-62
Carton of 1 Patient Calendar Pack of 24 Systems	NDC 0083-2320-24

*See DESCRIPTION.

Do not store above 86°F (30°C).
Do not store unpouched. Apply immediately upon removal from the protective pouch.
C91-37 (Rev. 9/91)

C I B A

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Division of CIBA-GEIGY Corporation
Summit, New Jersey 07901

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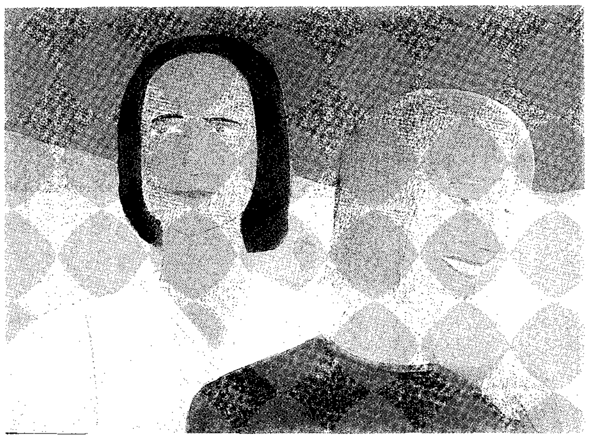
THE CURRENT CINEMA

DRIFTERS

BY ANTHONY LANE

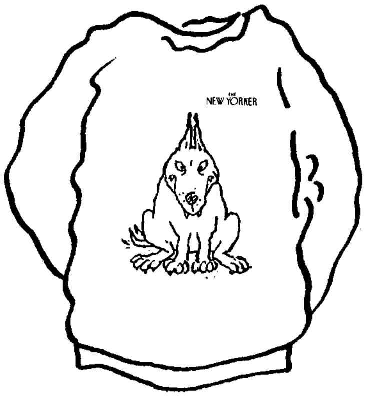
"BODIES, REST & MOTION" started life as a stage play by Roger Hedden. Now he has adapted it for the screen, and some of that life lingers on. In the hands of Michael Steinberg, who co-directed "The Waterdance," the story has been opened up, but it remains essentially a quartet—a drama scored for four main characters and the ceaseless weaving of their burdens and refrains. We keep sensing chords of contentment, but they swell and die away, or modulate into something more restive and uncertain. Take Nick (Tim Roth) and Beth (Bridget Fonda), living together in the Southwestern town of Enfield. Near the start, we see them strolling home one evening, joshing happily enough, relaxed even in their disagreements. You sense at once that these two could never hate each other, but that only makes you wonder if they've ever really been in love. The movie comes across as feline, but with all the laziness and none of the claws. Myrna Loy used to lash out her lines at William Powell, and you could smell the excitement of drawn blood; by comparison, the modern movie couple is all ease and equality, and the only danger is that passion may simply get cheesed off and go away. Such is the thrust—or, at least, the gentle push—of Steinberg's film: How can a generation sold on cool get around to heating up?



Young and disaffected: Eric Stoltz and Bridget Fonda in "Bodies, Rest & Motion."

It won't get much help from Carol (Phoebe Cates), that's for sure. She used to go out with Nick, and they still get along suspiciously well. This dull glow of old flames makes Beth more uneasy than jealous, though, especially since Carol has become her best buddy. Everything is pretty tight and close in this movie—friendship whisked up with betrayal. You can't predict who will say what to whom; there's a promiscuous tang to all the talk. Cates is ideal for this, being a great flirt: there's no flutter, no loss of control—just a sheen of pride as she sits there in summer cottons and lets the flattery, like the joint, pass back and forth. You wonder what it would take to faze her; she looks more capable stoned than the others do with clear heads.

As the action begins, Nick and Beth are planning to quit Enfield and Carol for a new life in Butte, Montana. But they never quite make it, and neither does the film. There's nothing homey or rooted about this, though; Steinberg is no Frank Capra, and the most unnerving thing about his movie is the way it drills into small-town culture and drains away a whole tradition of feeling. The most beautiful sight in "Bodies, Rest & Motion" is also the most vacant: a parking lot on the roof of a mall, with a lonely car sitting there like a new red toy. Even the architecture could have been planned by a child: great sandy building blocks clipped together—a temple dedicated to nothing in particular, apart from a little shopping. Steinberg and his cameraman, Bernd Heinl, catch to perfection the adamantine desert light, so clear it spooks you. You can imagine Edward Hopper pausing to capture such a place: it has the curt, angled shadows that he favored, and the proper shimmer of expectancy. In its naked rooms and landscapes,



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Enfield seems to hold its breath, hoping for something to come around the corner.

And it does come; this is a movie, after all, and not just a sequence of still-lifes. But Steinberg doesn't like to spring adventures on us; he slips them in like casual asides. Fed up with selling electrical appliances, Nick decides to filch one instead. "I'm thinking about stealing a TV," he tells Carol. "Good!" she replies briskly, as if he were a young delinquent who had just declared an interest in helping the disabled. When the stolen set arrives, Beth stares at it and says, "This is the nicest thing I've ever owned." Fonda flattens her delivery of the line, playing down its pleasure and leaving the ruefulness exposed; she really means it, and just for a second she sounds like Andy Warhol. The movie adores this brand of deadpan fetishism, taking in everything from the squeak of a felt highlighter marking circles on a map to a fake Indian headdress worn without a smile. A painter called Sid (Eric Stoltz) helps Beth to unpack the TV, and seems far more entertained by the plastic bubble wadding it's wrapped in. "Excellent!" he says, popping it with the solemn glee of a two-year-old.

Sid is there to get Nick and Beth's house ready for new tenants; he wanders into the movie, and surprises you by staying there. He comes on first to Carol, telling her, "You've got a subtle tan." Maybe it's envy: Sid looks pale and patchy, and it's hard to believe in the winning sexual languor that the movie ascribes to him. But Stoltz isn't just the star; he's also one of the film's producers, and has maneuvered himself into the core of its concerns. He turns it into a dialectic—too stiff for its own good, I think, and too much of a setup. You can feel the ideas squaring off against each other. If Nick is fired by the need to take flight, Sid represents the will to stay put. "You've lived here your whole life?" Beth says. "You've never gone *anywhere*?" He charms her and beds her, but that seems beside the point; his real task is to declaim a point of view. "Come hold me, and you'll be happy," he informs her—a sentiment that would just about pass muster if it were sung by Howard Keel in a plaid shirt but has no business here.

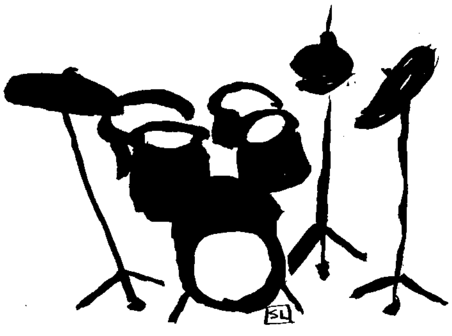
Something goes badly wrong with "Bodies, Rest & Motion," and it's Stoltz who leads the slide. The movie is precarious to begin with, though you have to admire Steinberg's poise, sifting through shades of boredom; once Sid takes command, however, that refinement slumps into hippie doodling. "I want to be inside you," he tells Beth. "I want to be able to put myself inside of you." Ah, soul-sex: that old excuse. Bridget Fonda yields to it gracefully—or sleepily, at any rate. It's never easy to tell what's going on behind her long fringe and lowered gaze. Fonda and Stoltz live together in real life, so we're probably supposed to get an extra peeper's squirm out of seeing them in bed. Steinberg contributes to the kinkiness with his camera placings: when Sid goes down on Beth, we see it from behind her pillow—two heads with but a single thought. It plainly doesn't do much for her, though, since the next morning she makes it sound as if they'd taken a box at the opera: "It's been passionate, it's been comfortable, but it hasn't been *important*."

That's a lousy line by any standard, and it hums with a self-conscious fear that spreads through the entire film. Steinberg gets going with a comedy of manners, then grows nervous and tries to jack it up toward the sublime. While Sid is holding conversations about inner happiness with Beth in the back garden, Nick has taken off on his own—into a one-man road movie. He stops at a gas station run by a Native American, to whom he condescends with daft inquiries about the spirit of the elements. You can see the guy sizing Nick up and thinking, quite rightly, What a jerk. Behind the two men, the heavens are filtered into an absurd tangerine dream, gusting with freak clouds; it looks like a nuclear-firestorm sequence from one of the "Terminator" movies. In other words, the sky rhymes with all the bullshit that Nick is trying on—it's trickery posing as portent.

The strain keeps on showing. In one scene, Nick revisits his old house, in the hope that his parents might still be living there. Not a chance. Instead, there's an old man, very tall and very deaf, cared for by a beautiful granddaughter. Alicia Witt plays her with touching desperation, but even she can't overcome the heavy-duty symbolism at work—distance and repression piled on until we can hardly breathe. Worse still, Nick then has to drive back to Enfield, the lessons of this fable ringing in his skull, and tell it all over again to Carol. This is unfair to Tim Roth, who does his spiky, jangling best to tie the role down; he even makes you laugh—something that the other characters, cocooned in hipness, would never dream of doing. One day soon, Roth will find the right part—less attacking, more wounded—to match that skinny frame, and when it happens he'll twang a public nerve.

You get that here briefly in the car-smash scene—or the near-smash. Nick is driving in the dark, fighting with a route map, and doesn't see the truck blaring toward him. He yelps, you brace yourself, and nothing happens, except that Steinberg forgoes any cooling long-shots and cuts directly to Nick's face: the drained stare of a man who should be dead. It's a great moment, as serious as any in the film, but played and choreographed as speedy black farce: mortality swings up and raps you on the forehead like a rake. It gives you all of Steinberg's skill, and the sharpness of his eye, but also the nub of his dilemma: here is a movie that seeks to dramatize the absence of high drama.

"Bodies, Rest & Motion" continues a movement that started with "sex, lies and videotape," in 1989, and looks set to press on through the decade. It can gather up styles ranging from Steinberg's refinement to the quizzical roughness of "Slacker," but the intention stays the same—to chart the drift of disaffection. The characters, all in their twenties, question the temper of the times, just like the teen-age hot shots who strutted through the movies of the nineteen-fifties. The only difference is that they can't be bothered to do much about it—there's just no cause to be a rebel. Evasions, indecisions, tricks of the light: even with Steinberg's intelligence, these make flimsy material, and as the film proceeds you can feel a gauze of tedium beginning to fall and settle. "Bodies,



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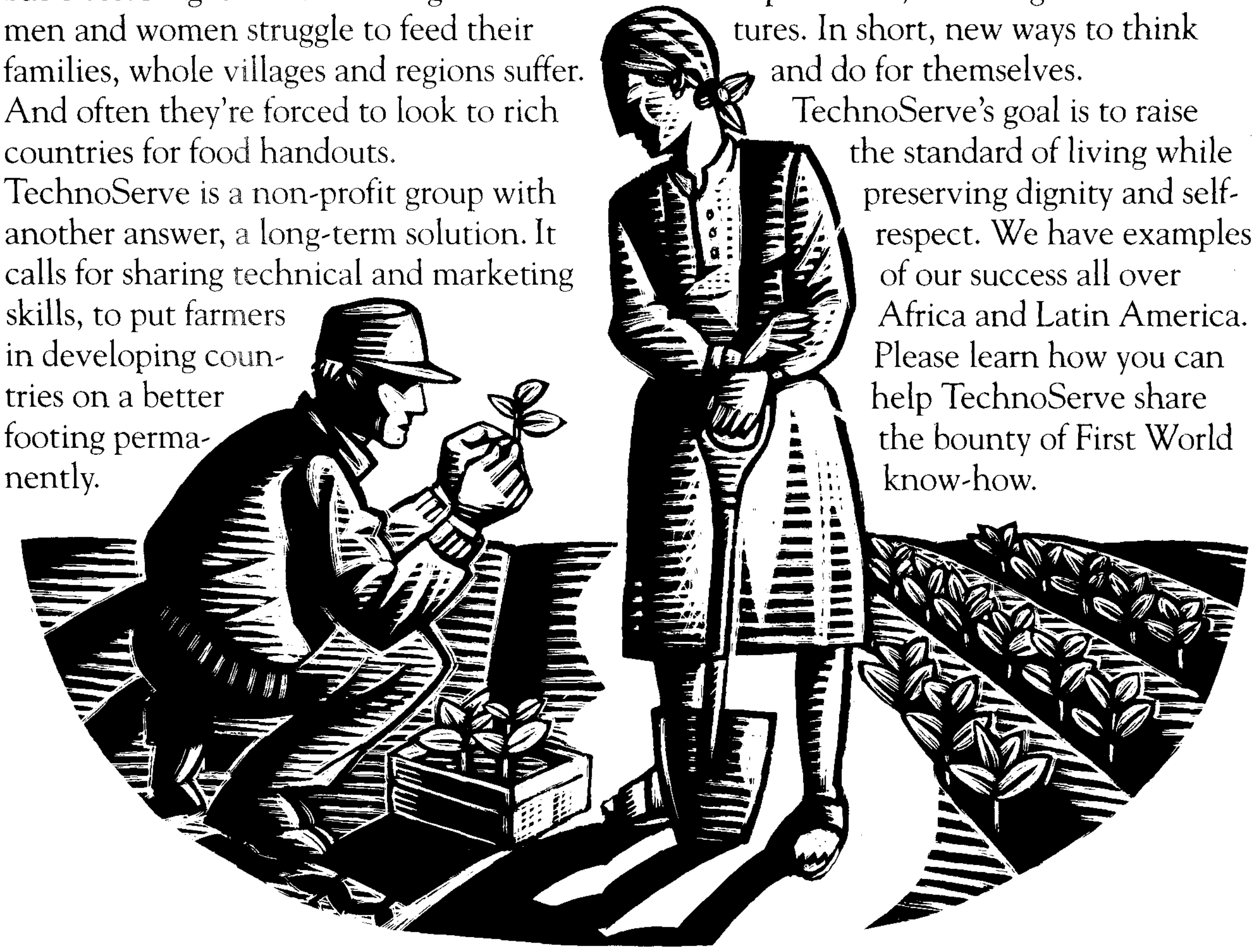

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Rest & Motion" often looks lovely, and beguiles you in unlikely ways; but beguilement isn't enough when you really want to be grabbed.

"LÉOLO," on the other hand, has no such problem. Even before the title comes up, we see a man jerking off into a tray of Sicilian tomatoes. Maybe it's a coded warning of what's to come: by the end, virtually all the main characters have turned into complete vegetables. The movie, Jean-Claude Lauzon's second feature, is almost too inventive for its own good; it seems petrified of normality, while forgetting how tiresome wackiness can be. The hero is a young boy named Leo (Maxime Collin), who likes to be called Léolo, as part of an elaborate belief that he's Italian. The sad truth is that he's a French Canadian, living with his family in Montreal. But the film tries to make it up to him, indulging his fantasies to the limit When Grandfather pushes his head underwater in a tiny plastic pool, Léolo immediately imagines himself on the ocean floor, diving for treasure. Unfortunately, he doesn't just dive for it; he tells us what he's doing—"dreaming about the beauty of the treasure." The movie is bloated and betrayed by too much voice-over; you migh think that, having concocted these startling images, Lauzon would allow them to carry the day, but he obviously feels the need fo verbal backup. "My mother had the strength of a frigate plowing through troubled water," Léolo tells us. The camer rewards her by prowling under her skirt while she sits on the toilet, a recurring theme in the movie—part of its concerted effort to shock our hygienic souls. It presumes that all lunacy is creative, that ever childhood is a feverish dream, and lets th rest of life go hang. At this frail pitch o silliness, you might as well lie back and enjoy the soundtrack—an engaging medley of Tom Waits, Tibetan voices, and, a the very start, what sounds like a choir o tigers trapped in a sewer. Lauzon even brings in what no other director (as far as know) has dared to touch: Tallis's "Spem in Alium," the apotheosis of English church music, scored for forty parts. Yo can imagine Ron Howard or someon using it for a climactic kiss by the seashore Not this guy. He plays it while a sma boy lies reading soft porn on the bathroom floor, with a warm slab of live tucked down his shorts. "Spem in Alium I wonder what Lauzon thinks it means.

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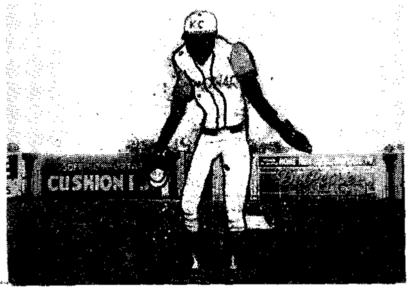

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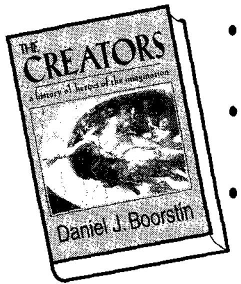

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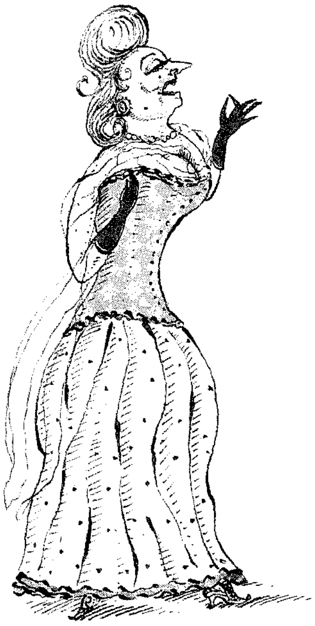
BOOKS

GRAND SEDUCTIONS

BY ALEX ROSS

IN "The Queen's Throat: Opera, Homosexuality, and the Mystery of Desire" (Poseidon; $22) Wayne Koestenbaum sets out to explore the attraction opera holds for gay men. It is a subject that has never been fully acknowledged. Floating between rumor and reality, it has seemed either too vague or too obvious to be discussed seriously. Koestenbaum breaks the silence, and claims opera as an institution of gay culture: "I want to 'out' opera," he announces. The intense adulation of female divas, the fanatical absorption in trappings and trivia, the sorrows and joys of solitary musical consumption: these are all taken into the open, perhaps for the first time outside gay fiction. Passionate, compassionate, and dispassionate at once, this book records a conversation between an art form and a way of life.



EMMANUEL PIERRE

What makes the subject difficult to approach is the haziness of its boundaries. We are dealing, first of all, with a stereotype—the "opera queen." Opera has nothing to do with the lives of most gay men, past or present. Conversely, most operagoers, fanatics included, are not gay in the least. Opera cannot serve as a synonym for homosexuality, because operagoing expresses no essential sexuality, gay or straight. All the same, gay fans make up a distinct subculture; since the turn of the century, they have taken refuge in opera's anachronistic spaces. Perhaps the only generalization one can safely make is that truly manic fans of opera tend to be men.

At first glance, "The Queen's Throat" does not seem ready to confront these matters. Chapters entitled "The Codes of Diva Conduct," "The Callas Cult," and "A Pocket Guide to Queer Moments in Opera" promise a tour guide rather than a dissertation. Indeed, the focus through much of the book is on the raw material of fandom: catty anecdotes about prima donnas, memories of the smells of boxed record sets, prose poems to particular divas (elsewhere Koestenbaum has published an "Ode to Anna Moffo"), autobiographical sketches. The style is poised, urbane, aphoristic: "The opera queen must choose one diva. The other divas may be admired, enjoyed, even loved. But only one diva can reign in the opera queen's heart; only one diva can have the power to describe a listener's life, as a compass describes a circle." The musical discussion is smart but not terribly sophisticated; Koestenbaum freely admits that he came to opera after immersing himself in the achievements of Judy Garland and Barbra Streisand.

But beneath the always entertaining, sometimes irritating surface serious issues are at play. While luxuriating in the intensity of his fandom, Koestenbaum points to the gray edges around the category of the opera queen. Opera does not necessarily resolve sexual uncertainty; sometimes it increases it. "Tastes are mysterious," he muses. "Where do they come from? Can we determine them, change them, refuse them? I discovered, long ago, that I had a taste for records. Some time later, I discovered I had a taste for men's bodies." He is working toward the admirable idea that homosexuality need not have a solely sexual base, that gay desire can express itself as culture rather than as lust. But tastes are ultimately intangible, even in the arena of opera; the idea of a sexuality born out of mystery and metaphor, despite its literary appeal, does not transfer well to people's lives. Koestenbaum addresses this fact when he remarks that "the opera queen is lonely *because* he listens to opera: opera isolates him from the sexual marketplace."

"Lonely" might seem a strange word for a social ritual in which people are pressed together, in which glances are sometimes exchanged. But Koestenbaum is speaking more of opera heard in private. In the chapter entitled "The Shut-In Fan: Opera at Home," he studies the pages of the Metropolitan Opera Guild's magazine. "*Opera News,* from the 1930s to the 1960s, was obsessed with the crippled, the infirm, the shut-in, and the pathetically lonely," he says. "The implied or ideal listener of the Metropolitan Opera Saturday afternoon broadcasts was a girl, boy, woman, or man fated to extreme sensory and social deprivation." Koestenbaum reads social as well as physical sicknesses into this "shut-in" audience: not only injured soldiers, and girls dying of leukemia but also innumerable confused souls scattered across the country. He watches them float like phantoms through *Opera News's* correspondence section:

> Consider a friendship founded on our mutual love of opera.
>
> I am the only person around our neighborhood of my age who is interested in opera.
>
> I actually do not know a single person who is interested in opera.

Does opera serve as a network for these shut-ins, these quite possibly closeted listeners, or does it provide merely the illusion of a network, a reinforcement of solitude? Koestenbaum crosses this territory with extreme caution: "It is impossible to listen to opera without thinking about solitude, but I avoid the subject because I dread the specter of the 'lonely homosexual.' " He is too honest to ignore the essential solitude of listening, but he also tries hard to banish it from his mind. He makes, for example, this tenuous claim: "Opera has the power to warn you that you have wasted your life. . . . You've silenced your passions. The volume, height, depth, lushness, and excess of operatic utterance reveal, by contrast, how small your gestures have been until now, how impoverished your physicality." Apparently, the idea is that opera inspires by example: entering the silence of my life, opera's grandeur makes me want to speak out. Just as likely, though, opera's grandeur is absurdly irrelevant to my life, and confirms my sense of anonymity.

Koestenbaum also implies that the opera queen escapes his isolation by communing with the diva. But here another tense subject presents itself: the obsession some gay men have with larger-than-life femininity. The spectre now is the idea that gay men have a "problem" with women. In the chapter on the cult of Callas, Koestenbaum asks forthrightly, "Worshipping Callas, am I behaving like a vulture?" There is indeed something unsettling about the opera enthusiast's attitude toward the diva. We are past the age when onstage hysteria alone drew shouts of "Brava!" but female singers still suffer from cruel language—dismembering phrases like "The voice went into decline" and "The instrument is superb." (Susan McClary, a groundbreaking feminist musicologist, has reported the practice of sending bouquets of dead flowers to aging sopranos.) Koestenbaum responds with a largely sympathetic re-creation of the diva's world. He regards the relationship between fan and prima donna with the utmost seriousness: there is no trace of sexist mockery in his discussion. And he argues that gay enthusiasts are only playing by heterosexual rules, that they're not responsible for the objectification of women: "Callas, an icon already circulating through culture, was not placed on the market at gay men's instigation."

"The Queen's Throat" ends in compelling, provocative confusion. Koestenbaum has defended the opera queen throughout, but he has also maintained a distance. His ambivalence culminates in what seems to be a passionate defense of old-fashioned ill-defined sexuality—almost a defense of the closet itself:

> Sexuality, whether homo or hetero, does not arrive only once, in that moment of revelation and proclamation that we call "coming out." Our body is always coming out. . . . You *are* the OUT into which sexuality comes. Coming out is a way of telling a coherent story about one's sexuality, and it has worked political wonders, and it is a morally and psychologically cleansing process. But coming out is only one version of the vocalization underlying sexuality itself.
>
> I have chosen to be vocal about sexuality (though many parts of sexuality—including my own—remain silent, inexpressible, resistant to category and phrase). And yet even if I didn't choose to be vocal about sexuality, even if I didn't come out, I'd already be vocalizing, for sexuality (as we know it) is always vocal, is ineluctably vocal, is structurally vocal.
>
> Do we sing our sexualities, or do our sex-

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ualities sing us? Do we send sex out like tone into the air, or does sex send *us* into the air, propel *us* into repetitions and travesties we call "desire"?

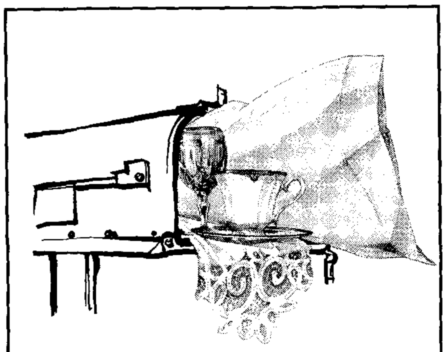
In other words, when the opera queen sings along with his Callas records, when he goes to the opera in odd outfits, he is voicing his sexuality, even if he may never announce to anyone that he is gay. This is a very eloquent, seductive piece of writing, but does it really mean what it says? The crucial words are "even if I didn't choose to be vocal." Koestenbaum, a young professor of English now noted for being gay, is himself outside the shadowy world he describes. Its delights and sadnesses are ultimately observed from afar.

"THE QUEEN'S THROAT" produces a rich, sumptuously self-contained vision of opera; in the process, it leaves some stuff out. Benjamin Britten, for example: operas like "Peter Grimes," "Billy Budd," and "Death in Venice," in which homosexuality is identifiable, rather than imaginary, might have received at least a passing mention. More notable, though, is the book's coy treatment of Richard Wagner. Koestenbaum prefers to think of opera as a timeless art, and he therefore gives Wagner's history-drenched, history-drenching music dramas a low profile. There are some complaints about "Wagner's endless quest for masculinity," and a few paragraphs on Nietzsche's diatribes against Wagner. Then, at the end of the book, the death of Isolde glides in suddenly as the ultimate "queer moment in opera." The singularly intense cult called Wagnerism gets lost in the general narrative. Koestenbaum knows perfectly well what he is doing: Wagner, destroyer of the diva's art, godfather of Decadence and Fascism, does not fit comfortably in a recuperative, ahistorical, healthily shy pastiche on queenly desire. But Wagner must be paid heed to; he has revolved like a dark planet beneath nebulous formations and deformations of gay identity, in this century and the last.

Wagner continues to exercise an extraordinarily befogging effect on discussions of sexuality. A recent example is provided by Richard D. Mohr's "Gay Ideas," a collection of essays on politics and culture. Mohr's book begins strongly, with an ingenious defense of outing, but goes astray in a huge chapter inspired by Wagner. Like Koestenbaum, Mohr wants to appropriate opera as a gay art: "The fundamental value ritualistically enacted and advanced in this 'sacred dramatic festival' is equality between persons, for which institutionalized homoerotic attraction between males serves as the sign." The sacred festival in question is "Parsifal," Wagner's tale of an angelic young man who resists the temptations of a seductress in order to preserve the brotherhood of the Grail. Eager to take hold of this shimmering vision of maleness, Mohr is not troubled by the ecstatic death of the seductress, Kundry, amid the opera's final tableau. On the contrary, he embraces this very moment: "Her absence is required for the completion of the masculine world toward which the opera presses." How a scenario that requires a woman's absence is a harbinger of "equality between persons" Mohr's book fails to explain; he wanders away from Wagner into a cataloguing of hypermasculine hard-core pornography, then veers back into a wildly erroneous discussion of Richard Strauss. I want to think that Koestenbaum supplies the antipode to this morass of self-indulgence and exclusion; but, distressingly, he shows up on the back cover of "Gay Ideas" with an enthusiastic blurb.

Mohr echoes a line of argument about Wagner that is nearly a hundred years old. Around the turn of the century, a radical wing of the German gay-rights movement published a book entitled "Wagner and Homosexuality" that extolled the relationship between Wagner and Nietzsche as an example of "spiritual homosexuality" (a wonderful irony, considering that Nietzsche had slurred Wagner as a seducer of male youth). Led by Adolf Brand, this hypermasculine gay group set itself in opposition to the idea of effeminate homosexuality (the "third sex") promulgated by the gay-rights pioneer Magnus Hirschfeld; instead, its members envisioned an élite community of men and boys bound together by sexualized friendships. "Parsifal" provided the ideal. Under the influence of what they perceived as homoeroticism in Wagner, these men could not bring themselves to explicit declarations of sexual identity; nor could they escape the mire of misogyny. Some were eventually subsumed into the proto-Fascist male cadres that terrorized Weimar Germany.

Koestenbaum stays away from "Parsifal," an opera that has always gleamed



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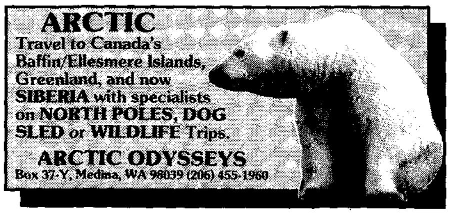

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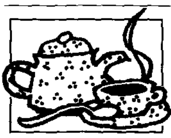

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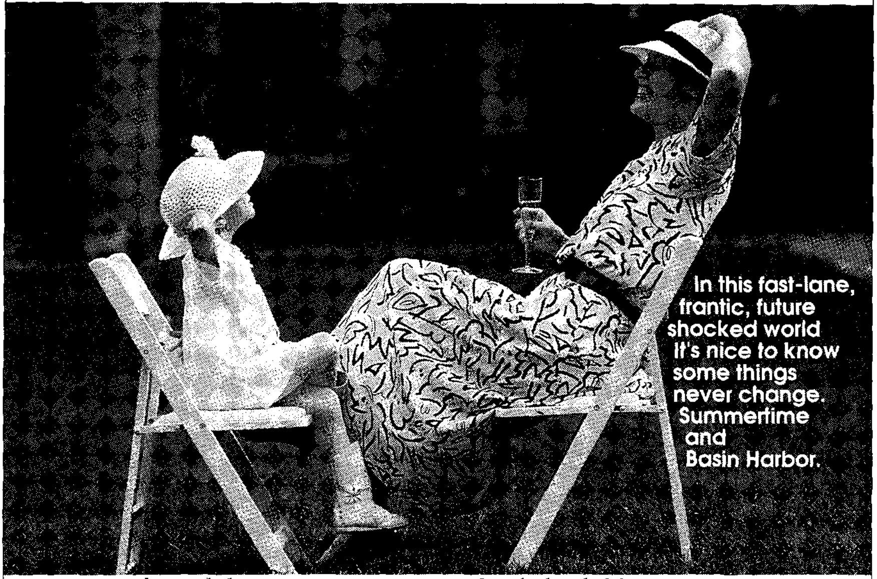

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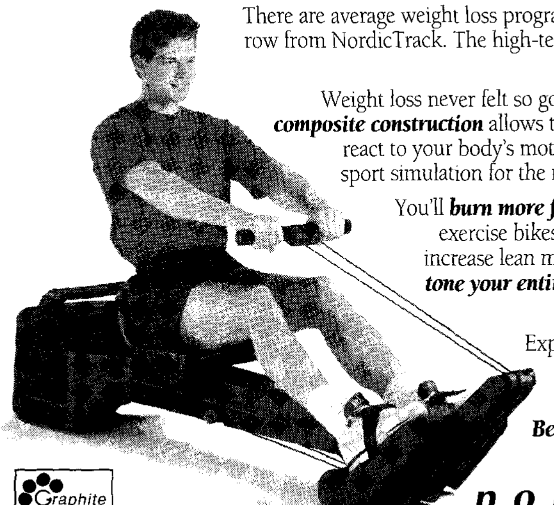

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at the center of gay men's fascination with Wagner. His book also omits the most notorious opera queen of them all—"Mad" King Ludwig II of Bavaria, Wagner's patron and biggest fan. Ascending to the throne at eighteen, Ludwig saved Wagner from poverty and gave him the means to finish "Der Ring des Nibelungen" and to write "Parsifal." More than anything else, their relationship has promoted the illusion that something essentially homosexual, or sexually ambiguous, inhabits Wagner's music. The folk wisdom (actually printed in a British ad for a Technics stereo system) is that Wagner and Ludwig had an affair. In fact, Ludwig did not find the fifty-year-old composer attractive; he was interested in the music, not the man. It was Wagner who supplied the homoerotic element. He babbled endlessly and compulsively about the young king's beauty. Was Wagner therefore a repressed homosexual, or bisexually constituted, as approximately ten thousand Freudian commentaries have claimed? There is a simpler explanation: Wagner hated women, and he needed to manipulate and control other men. He was the first well-documented case of a type that has proved obnoxious and destructive ever since: the heterosexual who enjoys playing at homosexuality. In one of his glancing encounters with Wagner, Koestenbaum nails the problem precisely: "The dread of homosexuality and the desire to drown in it are often indistinguishable impulses."

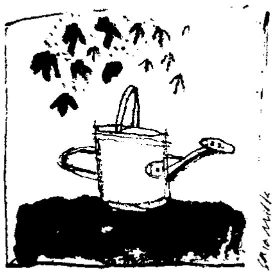
"Parsifal," the drama of renunciation, was written with Ludwig in mind. The King received a novelistic draft of the story immediately after his twentieth birthday, and innocently inquired, "What is the significance of Kundry's kiss?" Wagner replied, "That, my belovèd, is a terrible secret!" Let's try to unravel it. Kundry, Parsifal's would-be seductress, is in the thrall of Klingsor, a grotesque magician who has castrated himself in the hope of joining the Grail brotherhood. Klingsor is the final refinement of Wagner's malformed Jewish type, already used throughout the "Ring" and now given the added improvement of sexual deviance. "Ah! He is beautiful, this boy!" Klingsor exclaims as Parsifal climbs the walls of his magic castle; a flotilla of Flower Maidens and, later, Kundry are deployed to attempt the seduction of Parsifal that Klingsor cannot manage himself. In his original sketch of the plot, Wagner calls Klingsor "the dæmon of hidden sin, the raging of impotence against sin," the subject of "vague, incomprehensible rumors," who "traps and seduces the noblest of Knights" and employs Kundry as the "most exquisite instrument of seduction." After momentarily succumbing to temptation, Parsifal conjures this effeminate villain away with the sign of the cross. The "secret" of Kundry's kiss is that Klingsor looms behind it: the message is to renounce the sexual impulse that leads one astray. (Once the threats of degenerate sexuality are dispelled, normal family life can resume; at some unspecified later date, Parsifal fathers Lohengrin.)

"Parsifal" taught silence, secrecy, the closet. It paired the idea of homosexuality with the necessity of its repression. Ludwig's diaries show its influence unambiguously: the King signed esoteric pacts with himself, abjuring fantasies about stableboys and other unholy thoughts. (He committed suicide, or perhaps was murdered, while he was under the control of "mentalists" appointed by the various Bismarckian and Catholic schemers who deposed him; Ludwig may have been not only the first homosexual held in thrall by Wagner but also the first gay man to perish at the hands of the modern science of psychiatry.) When "Parsifal" became an inspiration for sexually ambiguous literature at the turn of the century, it taught that homosexuality could not be separated from a miasma of illness, woundedness, and doom—that the fog could lift only if temptation was renounced. Paul Verlaine's poem "Parsifal" is spoken by a Ludwiglike figure who swears to resist both women and "the flesh of boys." T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (whose play-homosexuality Koestenbaum has carefully documented in an earlier book, "Double Talk: The Erotics of Male Literary Collaboration") circles around the Grail and Parsifal myths, quoting the Verlaine poem and hinting at the briefest sexual consummation ("The awful daring of a moment's surrender/Which an age of prudence can never retract"). Gustave von Aschenbach, the utterly unfulfilled hero of Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice," is said to have cultivated a "virginal manliness" in his writing: he is Parsifal grown old. But the most haunting Wagnerians are characters in Virginia Woolf: Mrs. Dalloway, floating through high society, haunted by the memory of a woman she loved, treasuring an overwhelming experience at Bayreuth; the disembodied men and women of "The Waves," all in love with a dead young man named Percival.

Then there was Oscar Wilde. In the whole muffled turn-of-the-century crowd, he alone defied the Parsifal silence. While seeming to epitomize a decadent life style, Wilde in fact radiated an irrepressible urge to overcome its ambiguities. Consider this dialogue from "The Picture of Dorian Gray":

> "I like Wagner's music better than anybody's. It is so loud that one can talk the whole time without other people hearing what one says. That is a great advantage; don't you think so, Mr. Gray?" . . .
>
> "I am afraid I don't think so, Lady Henry. I never talk during music, at least during good music." . . .
>
> "Ah! that is one of Harry's views, isn't it, Mr. Gray? I always hear Harry's views from his friends."

The satire is aimed not only at babbling Wagnerians but at Wagner himself, who either drowns you out or fills your silence with his views. The importance of talking and being heard is a simple but profound fact of Wilde's radicalism: Dorian Gray is a young man who never says anything real, because his collection of Decadent bric-a-brac speaks for him instead. Wilde's most deliberate stab at Wagner came in "Salomé," whose title character repudiates the ecstatic self-sacrifice embraced by Wagnerian women. Salomé dares to eroticize the prophet Jokanaan, to inventory the charms of his body, his hair, his mouth, and, finally, his head. She makes the male body an object of open desire. Her last words are simple and defiant: "They say that love hath a bitter taste. . . . But what of that? What of that? I have kissed thy mouth, Jokanaan." I kissed the head of John the Baptist, she says—what's it to you? Herod's soldiers immediately descend on her—and English law eventually descends on Wilde—because the spell of sexuality's "terrible secret" has been broken.



In a quick traversal of this territory, Koestenbaum comes to very different conclusions. He argues that ambiguity has been a protective veil for gays and lesbians: "In music we can come out without coming out, we can reveal without saying a word. Queers identify with shadow because no one can prosecute a shadow." He draws "The Picture of Dorian Gray" into this notion: "Lord Henry Wotton's 'musical words said with musical utterance' awaken homoeroticism in the inexperienced Dorian because they evade explicit meaning." Once again, Koestenbaum comes to the defense of the implicit, the semi-closeted. But what about the other side of this equation—the gay identity partly formed, trying to define itself as a tangible social presence? Here ambiguity becomes oppressive. Magnus Hirschfeld's movement in Germany and Oscar Wilde's solitary martyrdom in England were both swamped in the tide of Decadence. Their protests were drowned in the cult of play-homosexuality and fooling around: the Marquess of Queensberry, it should be remembered, accused Wilde of *posing as* a sodomite. Ambiguity can be a way of keeping gays and lesbians under control, of shutting them up. It is a strategy that is perpetually coming back into fashion.

Ambiguity was Wagner's finest weapon of control; it surrounds his most hideously explicit pronouncements. In his epoch-making anti-Semitic diatribe of 1850, "Judaism in Music," the parting blast at the Jews is "*Untergang!*"—a terrifying German word indicating, variously, "going under," "decline," and "destruction." Wagner remained vague until the end of his life about exactly what he wanted done with the Jews: assimilation, expulsion, or perhaps something worse. (The most ardent Wagnerians actually have the temerity to mark this indecision as a point in his favor.) In reality, the vagueness of *Untergang* allows metaphysical notions to disguise raw violence. Paul Lawrence Rose, in "Wagner: Race and Revolution," has identified another aspect of the same process: the transference of meaning from "Jews" in Wagner (there are none) to "Jewishness" (it is everywhere). Again, the vague notion hides the real one: "The operas . . . are parables of re-

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demption, and there is no place in them for the Jews, who are really beyond redemption. . . . But this does not prevent his operas being faithful mythological reflections of what he mourns in his essays as a German world corrupted by a Jewishness." The category of "Jewishness" was the most powerful of Wagner's myths; its meticulous vagueness, its ambiguity, allowed it to become a divisive political tool. Once it had been transformed into myth, Jewishness also slid sidewise: turn-of-the-century theorists of "degeneration," like Max Nordau and Otto Weininger, blurred Jewishness, effeminacy, womanliness, and homosexuality into a single society-destroying pathology. And these empty categories have had an incalculable influence throughout our century.

I'm willing to admit that the demonization of Wagner no longer serves any real purpose. Sensible people argue that while the composer is damaged as a whole, he projects compassion in certain fragments. Koestenbaum tries this defense at the end of his book. Extolling the Liebestod of "Tristan und Isolde," he writes, "A complete harmonious society (an audience, an orchestra) surrounds Isolde, and affirms her as power's mouthpiece, even while she performs the diminuendos of a scapegoat." It's an echo of Theodor Adorno's incomparable "In Search of Wagner," which brutalizes the composer for most of its length, traces his suppression of freedom, his silencing of the individual, his "ritual of permanent catastrophe," but suddenly finds last-minute solace in the tumultuous third act of "Tristan": "By voicing the fears of helpless people, it could signal help for the helpless, however feebly and distortedly. In doing so it would renew the promise contained in the age-old protest of music: the promise of a life without fear." Amid piles of records in my lonely homosexual apartment, I am listening in vain for this solace, this harmoniousness. "It could . . . it would"—what of that? It didn't. ♦

CLEAR DAYS ON THE POLITICAL SCENE

[*From the Daily Mississippian, student newspaper of the University of Mississippi, in Oxford*]

JACKSON—Sen. Hainon Miller, D-Greenville, has filed a bill that would make drive-by shooting a crime.

FICTION

Poor Things
by Alasdair Gray
(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $21.95)

THE conceit of this comic Scottish novel is that it is made up of a nineteenth-century autobiography and an afterword by its author's wife. In the husband's version, the woman he marries represents the dream of many men, having been created by an artful doctor from a mature body and the brain of an infant. Her baby brain operates with selective precocity: she learns Shakespearean verse but is infantile in her sexual selfishness and trustfulness. She discovers in herself an inclination toward socialist feminism of a recognizably late-twentieth-century cast, and eventually becomes a noted doctor. In the wife's version, not surprisingly, her brain is very much her own. The extremely funny introduction (as much an invention as all the rest) sets one up to hope for more amusing ironies within the documents, and wittier discrepancies between them, than one actually gets. The author, who is an artist as well as a novelist, designed and illustrated the book.

The Promise of Light
by Paul Watkins
(Random House; $20)

PAUL WATKINS has often been compared to Hemingway, but—aside from the fact that he is partial to short declarative sentences—it is not easy to see why. He is no tight-lipped sentimentalist but, rather, a full-fashioned romantic, as is evident here, in his fourth novel. Young Ben Sheridan, the son of Irish immigrants long settled on the Rhode Island shore, tells the story of his widowed father's death, of how he learns that the old man was not his real father, of how he is required to travel to Ireland to scatter the old man's ashes near his former home, in County Clare. But it's 1921, the time of the Troubles, and Ben's ship, he learns too late, is a freighter carrying arms to the I.R.A. Once ashore, he is hunted by the Black and Tans, is rescued and recruited by a band of I.R.A. guerrillas, some of whom may have known both of his fathers, and comes violently of age. Watkins is vividly aware of every burning cottage, every hedgerow ambush, every body thrown on the road—of the powerful emotional magic of that distant scene.

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

This I Cannot Forget: The Memoirs of Nikolai Bukharin's Widow
by Anna Larina, translated from the Russian by Gary Kern
(Norton; $24.95)

WHEN Mikhail Gorbachev was still hoping for a "reformed," or anti-Stalinist, socialism, he dug into the past and revived the reputation of one of Stalin's most prominent enemies, Nikolai Bukharin. As an advocate of a less draconian policy of industrialization and a more flexible attitude toward intellectuals, Bukharin had been sentenced to death in 1938, a pivotal event in the Great Purge. His widow, Anna Larina, waited half a century for her husband's rehabilitation. In the meantime, and in secrecy, she wrote a memoir about the revolutionaries of her youth, her husband's trial, and her own long journey through the camps and internal exile. Although Russians are no longer much interested in Bukharin as a thinker or a model, this memoir is sure to endure. Written with the passion of an acolyte and the attention of a witness, it adds a unique angle of vision to what we know of the cruelty and absurdity of the Stalin era. While Larina's book cannot approach, even remotely, the literary force of "The Gulag Archipelago" or Anna Akhmatova's "Requiem," it's an astonishing account that loses very little for her being blindly in love with its hero.

Fireworks at Dusk: Paris in the Thirties
by Olivier Bernier
(Little, Brown; $24.95)

A WRITER who has delighted readers with books about France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries moves on to modern times. In the last decade of the Third Republic, Paris was the home of great artists and a marketplace for their art; the setting for great performances of music old and new; the source of high fashion in women's clothes and the decorative arts; and a playground for international high society. At the same time, the worldwide depression was worsened in France by the policies of right-wing governments whose ignorance of economics imposed much suffering on a population that had no safety net—no unemployment compensation, no sick pay or health benefits. The political system guaranteed nothing but the perquisites of politicians. Bernier's portraits of France's political leaders suggest more continuity between the Third Republic and collaborationism than the French nowadays would like to admit. We get a little too much Schiaparelli, and the book slightly disappoints for what it leaves out—no mention of science or philosophy or scholarship—but it does invite us to think about a perplexing, paradoxical era, in which an unjust society and an antiquated economy coexisted with flourishing art.

The Same River Twice
by Chris Offutt
(Simon & Schuster; $18)

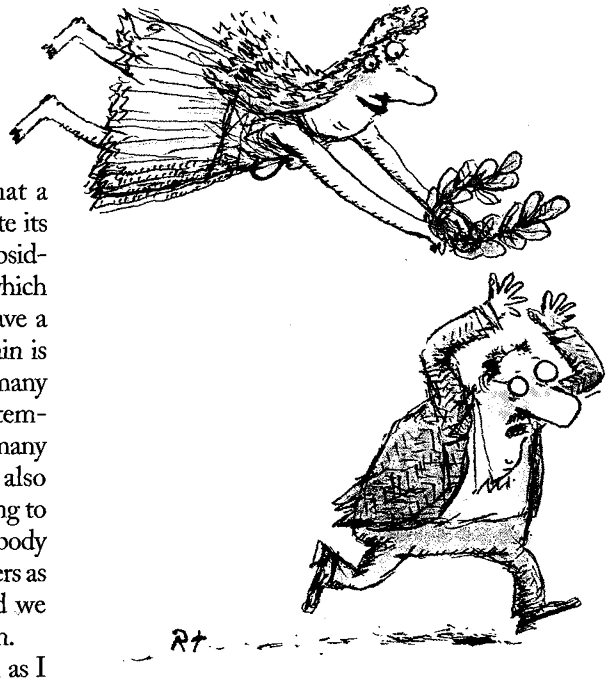
CHRIS OFFUTT is a short-story writer who hails from the eastern end of Kentucky, where the foothills "are humped like a kicked rug." In this memoir of the decade leading up to his son's birth, he picks up where Daniel Boone left off, thumbing his way out of Appalachia in search of new frontiers. What follows is a coast-to-coast picaresque, in which he encounters Ecuadoran gangsters in Minneapolis, vegan culture in Boston, dehydration in the desert, and the realization that his quest for freedom is becoming an inability to hold down a job. As his journey unfolds—he eventually hitchhikes into a hurricane in the Everglades—he tells the tale of another journey: his wife's pregnancy and their life together by the banks of the Iowa River. Here his wanderings are closer to home; he paces the woods around his house, meditating on the nature of marriage and the landscape of parenthood. The "softly undulating quality" he finds in the Iowa prairie moves through his prose, which captures the silliness of wearing a walrus suit in a travelling circus as wonderfully as it reveals the comforts and terrors of maturity. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ENDURING HONORS

BY NORMAN RUSH

I WENT to Dublin late last year to collect the International Fiction Prize sponsored by the *Irish Times* and Aer Lingus. Writers covet and disdain prizes. We disdain them because we have the conviction that a book, a poem, an oeuvre should create its own following, over time, without subsidiary assistance, and that those works which succeed against the heaviest odds have a special valor and glamour. Our disdain is amplified by our awareness of how many great writers of the past never got temporal honors, to speak of, and how many certified mediocrities did. But we also covet prizes, because somebody is going to get them and if we are not the somebody the award may mislead potential readers as to the stature of our own work, and we would greatly prefer that not to happen.



The mechanisms of honoring (or, as I find myself thinking of it, honorizing, as if it were analogous to simonizing) seem to be evolving toward the excruciating. More and more, big literary awards are decided at the last minute and announced and presented in real time, with the finalists mingled sweating together, ignorant of who has won until the moment of public declaration. And the manner of announcement has grown more theatrical. At the 1986 National Book Awards ceremony, where I was a losing finalist, someone at my table sought to comfort me with the story of a previous finalist who had not only lost but who had been perversely and lengthily fixed by the spotlight when the real and unlit winner was being announced. In England, the Booker Prize ceremony is telecast live, which means that attention fixed on the movements of the camera crew can yield, whole minutes in advance, knowledge of who the winner is.

Writers are so peculiar and various that generally applicable rules of thumb for prize-taking are hard to imagine. One might be: If you accept a prize, accept quickly, and quickly sequester any emolument that comes with it, because prizes can be taken away. A major South African award—the Rapport Prize, for literature in Afrikaans—was given to Koos Prinsloo and then taken away from him when the judges realized that they had overlooked one little line in his collection of short stories—the one that refers to the president of the country as a nigger-fucker (*meidenaaier*). The Irish Literature Prize of the *Irish Times* and Aer Lingus was in 1991 given to and taken away from Nina FitzPatrick (for her "Fables of the Irish Intelligentsia"). She was unable to document to the sponsors' satisfaction any Irish background at all, and was increasingly suspected of being a front-persona for others. She had earlier rattled the judges by supplying for publicity purposes a photograph of a striking woman not herself. Another rule of thumb—one that might be comforting when you make the unhappy discovery that not all your friends rejoice in your good luck—is: Hold the thought that your prize may do good in utterly mysterious ways. John Leonard told me that the Japanese novelist Kobo Abe (recently deceased) had, after reading García Márquez's "One Hundred Years of Solitude," fallen into depression and writer's block that lasted for years. Leonard kept sporadically in touch with Abe, and was surprised to learn during one visit that Abe was, at last, vigorously and happily writing again. "García Márquez has won the Nobel Prize," Abe's relieved wife explained. "And, as he is among the immortals now, there need no longer be any question of competition."

For writers agitated at being honored, a spectrum of postures of diffidence is available. There is outright refusal (Sartre/Nobel). There is the option of accepting and denouncing an award at the same time (John Berger/Booker). There is also the option of *losing* and thereupon denouncing the award, as Peter Taylor did when he learned that E. L. Doctorow was going to receive the National Book Award for Fiction in 1986, and as Salman Rushdie did when "Shame" failed to get the Booker. Finally, there is the rather opaque option of accepting an award but refusing to be present to receive it (Cormac McCarthy/National Book Award). All these options are tricky, but accepting can also lead to great personal unhappiness, as the art critic, poet, novelist, and longtime a[illegible]chist pamphleteer Herbert Read discovered when he became a Sir. His comrades—friends of many years but, after all, anarchists—heaped terrible obloquy on him. And then, as a true limiting case, there is the fate of the ancient Greek tyrant Draco, who appeared in a stadium to accept accolades for something or other and died suffocated in the festive avalanche of caps and cloaks his resourceful subjects hurled down upon him. ♦

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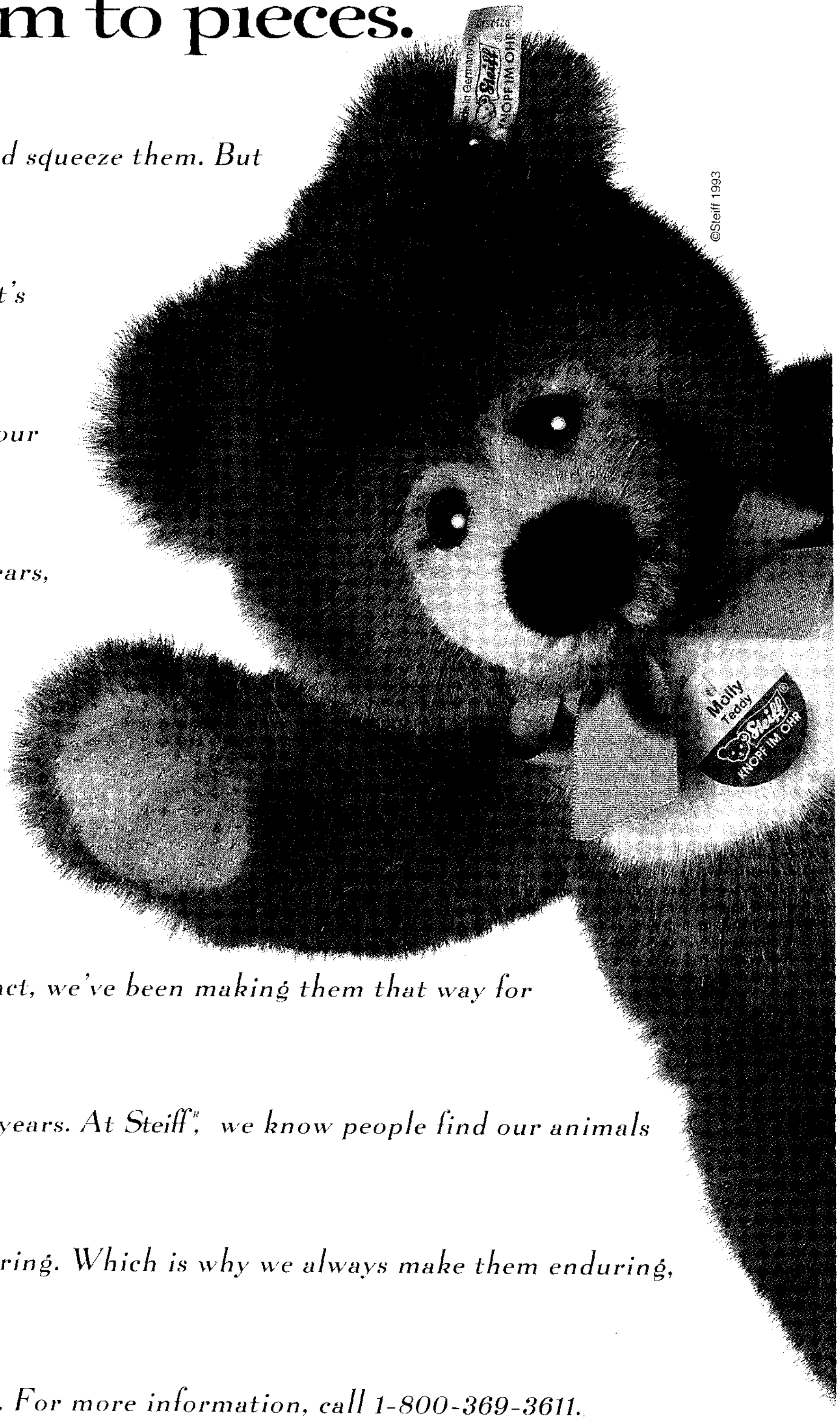
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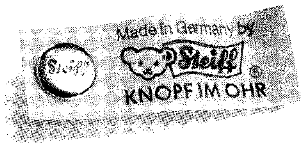
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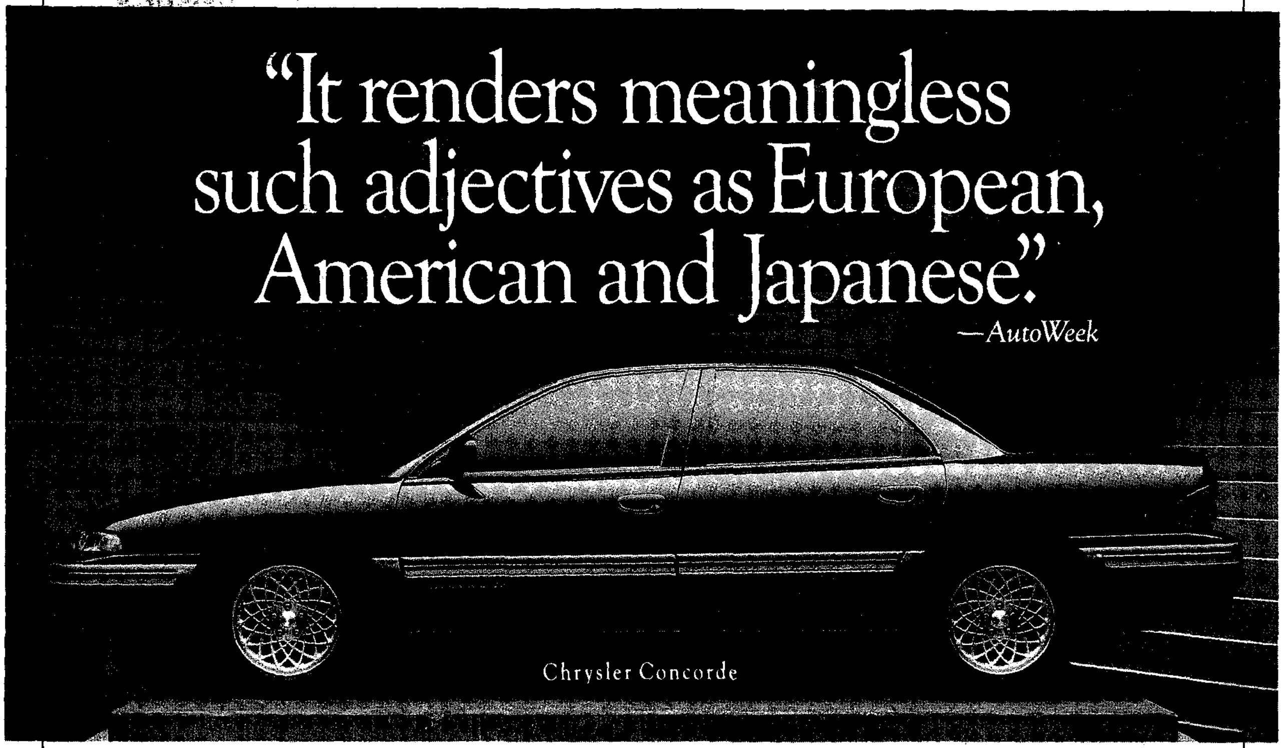
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